



W. G. 1781.

Burghers delin. et sculp.



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Titus Lucretius Carus
His Six Books
OF
Epicurean Philosophy,
Done into English V E R S E,
with N O T E S.

The Third Edition.

*Demetri, Teq; Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras;
I, Puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Anthony Stephens*, Bookseller
near the Theatre in *Oxford*, 1683.

THE SIX BOOKS

OF

EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY

Done into English VERSE

With NOTES

The Third Edition

DO NOT

Printed by J. B. Smith, at the Press of the University of Cambridge

TO
His Highly Esteem'd Friend
GEORGE PITT Junior,
of Stratfield-Sea Esq;

SIR,

Manuscript 15 Dec 1741 F.R. Brown ed 3, 1083
THis bath had the good fortune to wait on you so often, that it must now be grown somewhat familiar and acquainted, which will excuse you from a considerable part of the trouble of being told what it is, and why it presumes on your protection. And certainly, Sir, you had been wholly freed, if it were not pleasant, now I am safe on shore, to look back, and
(a 2 *) smile

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Smile at the impotent malice of that Sea that tost me, and gratefully acknowledge his goodness to whom I stand principally indebted for my Safety: Envy, Sir, according to the usual description, bears a very frightful figure, thin, pale, meager is her face, and Whips and Snakes her Ornaments: such the Painters draw, such the Tragedians represent her, and who then, Sir, would be acquainted with so gastly a Vice? who in love with deformity it self? No, we must guess from her general influence on Mankind, that this Picture shows but one side, the other is smooth and gay, smiling and as well drest as Flattery; as it carries the poyson of a Serpent, so it bath
the*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the shining of its scales, and creeps
with as little noise. I could point
out some, were it safe, whom you
must acknowledge safe for this very
draught, who threw a Snake or two
to envenom every line, and then
cry'd out against it as noxious in it
self, and full of its own Poyson; but
that design failing, a thousand little
stories came abroad, and innume-
rable personal reflections; each man
clapt together what he thought was
worst, and made a more ridiculous
composition then Horace's Painter
could have contriv'd from all the
various parts of the Creation: so
that when I look't upon myself as I
came from their hands, Heavens!
how much was I chang'd from your
old

The Epistle Dedicatory.

old Acquaintance ! Some should be mention'd, could I perpetuate their folly without injury to my self, but there is so close a Connexion that I cannot venture them but in such private entertainments as you are pleas'd now and then to divert your self withal : These were pretty sure Cards, but they wanted Art to play the Game, and therefore the other Face was turn'd, and all seem'd fair and pleasant to look upon ; Fame attended me forsooth, and my flying Daphne was presently chang'd into a Laurel : And this, Sir, had almost intic'd me to a Præcipice, till your judgment discovered, and your kindness shew'd me the danger ; till I received

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*ceived instructions how to avoid
the present, and prevent future
Practises ; till you were pleas'd,
to innumerable others, to add this
Obligation of my safety, and pre-
serve me in a condition to be in-
tirely,*

*Wadham Colledge,
August the 12th, 1683.*

Your Humble Servant,
Thomas Creech:

THE

The Epistle Dedicatory.

mixed instructions how to avoid
the present and prevent future
Practices; till you are brought
to innumerable others, to which
Obligations of necessity, and pre-
sents are in a condition to be in-
terpreted.

Washed in Colledge
Nov 10 1683

Your Humble Servant
Thomas Cusack.

THE

TO Mr. CREECH immediately after
the Second Edition of his *LUCRETIVS*, occa-
sioned by two of the foregoing Copies.

DOing you Right will my own Credit raise,
I get myself, but add not to your Praise;
As some to Wit, have put in their Pretence,
From keeping Company with Men of Sense.
Yet, Sir, believe me, no such mean Designs
Drew from my hasty Pen these worthless Lines.
From Cham the sharers of your Sacred Flame
Had made their generous Presents to your Fame,
Their Verse so Noble, and so brave their Love
All but their boundless Theme they soar'd above.
This made that willing Fool my Muse aspire
(Tho unacquainted with an equal Fire,)
To Pay the Tribute She presum'd was due
In common Gratitude to Them, and You.

Think not, Learn'd Youths, we lov'd or honour'd less,
Because none here their Sentiments express;

Or that possesst of unexhausted Store,
Like Indians made by useless Riches Poor,
We knew not how to prize the Noble Ore.
We lov'd his Judgment, we admir'd his Heart,
And knew the endless Treasures of his Wit.
But they must now to double Value rise,
With new Attractions please our wondring Eyes,
Since to their Charms our Town indebted stands
For the sweet Touches of your Master Hands.
And he may quit those Sums our want did owe,
So Nobly lent from a Vast Fond by You.

St. Johns Oxon.
Feb. 22. 1683.

T. Hoy.

TO Mr. CREECH on his *Lucretius*.

Others, dear Friend, more early might appear
Thy Pompous Train of Fancy's Robes to bear;
They first did hear the Trumpet of thy Fame,
And therefore first to these thy Triumphs came:
I was made Thine, not by Report, or Noise;
But by weigh'd Judgment, and deliberate choice:
Much

*Much more I heard than I could well believe ;
But more I saw than Fame it self could give
Than e'en a Friends best thought might own ; much
These scanty Verses perfectly express : (less*

*Thy Work, thy First born Work, thy earlier piece
As Carus dear, and lovely as Lucrece :*

*This e'en thy Foes admire, but lewdly feign
That Thou art not so charming as thy strein :*

*As if but once, by chance thou wert inspir'd,
And thy whole self not much to be desir'd :*

Believe me, Sir, tho little else I boast

My Sense is not in envious Mazes lost :

I cannot scorn : nay, rather must admire

E'en Cottages to which the Gods retire ;

E'en silent Oaks, or rough unpolish'd Wood

On which the Deity of Wit hath stood :

But thou'rt not so (tho so I once had heard)

I'me by thy self, as by thy Verse, endear'd :

My Creech as smooth as Love, or Wit, or Wine,

As sweet as rapturous thoughts, or Joys Divine.

From all that's weak, or mean, or trivial, free ;

As Whigs from Sense, or Faith, or Loyalty :

Great

*Great as the Proud Mans hopes, or Fools pretence
 And full of Sacred Art, and solid Sense :
 Witness these Ears of mine, which Fate would have
 Deaf to the Foppish, Foolish, and the Grave ;
 When they their usual Bars with ease remov'd,
 And gladly heard the charming Voice they lov'd ;
 But if this Book not perfectly commends,
 Nor Envy shews thy worth, nor we thy Friends,
 Then hast my Creech, and all thy Glories show,
 Encrease those Debts the Learn'd already owe ;
 And like bold Scipio daunt the Guilty Bar
 Transmitting to thy Judges all thy fear :
 And say, — My gentle Criticks hold your Peace,
 This Day I've Conquer'd Italy and Greece ;
 And you, my Friends accompany my Call
 Whilst Glorious I ascend the Starry Capitol :*

*Cambridge, July
 20th, 1683.*

*Jo. Barnes Fellow of
 Emanuel Colledge.*

Errata.

P *Age 1. Line 1. best read blast. p. 1. l. 10. r. bar. p. 29. l. 28. r. too.*
p. 38. l. 31. r. now. p. 59. l. 25. insert easily. p. 154. l. 27. r.
this. p. 163. l. 33. r. she. p. 168. l. 21. r. no. p. 178. l. 1. r. what. p.
211. l. 27. r. party. Notes p. 20. l. 15. r. half. p. 45. l. 8. r. him. in M.
Behn's Verses l. 14. for undisturb'd read distur'b'd.

To

The LIFE of
LUCRETIVS

THe present design doth not require an exact search into the rise of *Philosophy*, nor a nice Enquiry whether it began amongst the *Brachmans*, and thence (as * *Lucian* ranks the Countreys) visited *Ethiopia*, *Egypt*, *Scythia*, *Thrace*, and *Greece*; or whether *Curiosity* or *Necessity* was the Parent; the advantageousness of the *Plains* invited the *Chaldeans* to *Astronomy*, and the overflowing of *Nile*, forc'd the *Egyptians* to be curious in the *Properties* of *Figures*. But I shall take it for granted, That it came from the East; and Thus (not to mention * *Laertius* his weak oppositions) the Travels of *Thales*, and *Pythagoras*, of *Democritus*, *Plato*, and others sufficiently evince: and the *Egyptians* affirm These Mens several methods of *Philosophy* to be their notions disguised, dress'd after a *Greek* fashion, and in that Garb proposed to their Admirers: And thus 'tis probable *Democritus* received his Notions from the *Phenician* *Moschus*, of the *Priests* of *Egypt*; whose ambition for

(A)

Anti-

The LIFE of

Antiquity made them embrace some of those absurd Opinions, or if he Travelled further he might have learnt the whole System of his Philosophy, the *Fortuitous* beginning of the World, and the *Origine* of Man, from the *Indians*, That being now the Opinion of the Principal Philosophers in * *China*, whither the Learning of all *India* long ago retired. This *Hypothesis* tho commended to men as the strongest Expedient against Cares, and the exactest method for obtaining Tranquility, yet found not many Admirers, till *Epicurus* by infinite Volumes endeavoured to illustrate, and commend it, adding *Declination* to an Atom, that being (as *Plutarch* assures) the only improvement he made in the *Hypothesis*: What this Man was in his Morals is hard to imagine, for sometimes he seems to be so Temperate and Modest, that *Seneca* often uses his sentences as ornaments in his most serious Epistles: Sometime his Books declare him a most loose and dissolute Voluptuary, and * *Tully* makes such a confident appeal to mankind for the sincerity of his quotations, that we cannot but be amazed at the unsettled humour of the man. But He dying, tho in his Will he made great provision for the perpetuity of his Sect, His Opinions were but coldly received, and the School decayed, till *C. Memmius* a man of an

An-

Athenaeus
l. 12. c. 12.
De fin. l. 2.
Sect. 7.

Titus Lucretius Carus.

Ancient Nobility, restored the Garden, and designed to raise a publick *building for the advancement of *Epicurism*: His fame and authority drew many after him, and we find registered at once as famous, *Velleius*, *Patro*, and *Lucretius*; of this man Antiquity hath left us very few *memoires*, perhaps for the same reason that * *Ælian* refuseth to make mention of *Diagoras* Θεοῖς γὰρ ἐχθροῖς Διαγόρας, καὶ ἡμεῖς ἡδῖον ὀπιπλεῖσιν *Lib. 2. Cap. 23.* *μεμνήσθαι αὐτοῦ*: But in his own testimony assures us He was a Roman, and his Name directs us to the Noble and antient family of the *Lucretii*, which being divided into a great many branches, gave *Rome Consuls*, *Tribunes*, and *Prætors*, great supports and Ornaments of the Common wealth: 'Tis uncertain from which branch our *Lucretius* sprang, and the time of his Birth is almost as doubtful, some placing him in one year, some in another, and in this, as in most Things else, making good that inverted taunt of * *Seneca*: *Citius inter Horologia quam Authores conveniet*: *Eusebius* brings him forth in the 171 Olympiad, *Domitius Ahenobarbus*, and *Cassius Longinus* then *Consuls V. C. 657*. *Lydiat* leaves it doubtful whether these were *Consuls* the first year of the 171, or, the fourth of 170 Olympiad, but *Vossius* makes him born in the second year of the 171 whilst others place him in the 172: so that difference

The LIFE of

is not very great, and his Age certain; we therefore supposing him to be nobly descended, and a man of a sprightly wit, it is an easy inference, that he received a suitable education, that he studied at *Athens*, and heard *Zeno* the Master of the Gardens: and how he spent his Time, how studiously improved it let this *Books* speak. Thus fitted for the best Company, He grew intimate with * *Pomponius Atticus*, and *Memmius*, and no doubt with *Tully* and his *Brother*, who make such honourable mention of him: And if we look into his *Morals* we shall find him a man suitable to the *Epicurean* Principles, dissolved in Ease and Pleasure, flying publick imployment, as a derogation to wisdom, and a disturber of Peace and Quietness; avoiding those distractive cares which he imagined would make *Heaven* it self uneasy: As most of the other Poets, He had his share in sensual Pleasures; nor can the poor Excuse of *Catullus*, make me think better of him when I view his fourth Book: And the account some give of his Death strengthens this opinion; for as *Eusebius* relates it, he dyed by his own hands in the Forty Fourth year of his Age, being dementated by a Philtre given by his Mistress, tho others place his Death in the Twenty Sixth year, and believe his madness, proceeded from the

Cares

Cor. Nepos
vlt. Attici

Titus Lucretius Carus.

Cares and Melancholy that oppress him after the Banishment of his beloved *Memmius*; The only remains this great wit hath left us are his Six Books of the Nature of Things; an exact System of the *Epicurean* Philosophy, read and Admired by the Antients, and if *Ovid* could presage,

*Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti
Exitio Terras cum dabit una dies :*

These were written, as *Eusebius* declares, in his lucid intervals, when the strength of Nature had thrown off all the disturbing particles, and his mind (as 'tis observed of Mad men) was sprightly and vigorous: Then in a Poetical rapture he could fly with his *Epicurus* beyond the flaming limits of this World, frame and dissolve Seas and Heavens in an instant, and by some unusual sallies, be the strongest argument of his own opinion; for it seems impossible that some things which he delivers, should proceed from Reason and Judgement, or any Cause but Chance, and unthinking Fortune. *Tully* (for *Lambine* brings but very weak reasons against the assertion of *Eusebius*) corrected these writings, *Virgil* eagerly studied them, as *Macrobius* and *Gellius* witness; the latter also calling him *Poetam ingenio & facundia præcellentem*: and *Cornelius Nepos* hath placed him *inter Elegantissimos Poetas*. Wherefore if
some

The LIFE of &c.

Some great Divines have given him the ill name of *Canis*, it was not for any rudeness in his Verse, but due rather to his *Grecian Master: the Eternity of Matter*, and the like absurd Assertions, corrupting most of the Philosophies of *Athens*.

Ad

*Ad T.C. amicum suum ex paucis
ingeniique perpoliti.*

DOctus es interpres *Chrechi*, castusque piusque,
Et Caro quicquid carius esse potest.
Ut nocet ingenius non docti mos Epicuri,
Vita tui vatis morsque inhonesta probant.

E. Bernardus.

TO
Mr. CREECH,

On His accurate Version of *Lucretius*.

TIs true, Perswaded that there was rich Ore,
I boldly Launch'd, & would new Worlds explore:
Deep Mines I saw, and hidden Wealth to lie
In Rocky Entrails, and in Sierras high:

1

*I saw a fruitful Soil, by none yet trod,
Reserv'd for Hero's, or some Demi-God;
And urg'd my fortune on ;———
'Till rugged Billows, and a dang'rous Coast
My vent'rous Bark, and rash Attempt had Crost;
When Landing, un-known Paths, and hard access,
Made Me Despond of Pre-conceiv'd success;
I turn'd my Prow, and the Discov'ry made,
But was too Weak, too Poor my self to Trade,
Much less to make a Conquest and Subdue,
That glorious Enterprize was left for You:
Columbus ~~the~~, only discover'd Land,
But it was Won by Great Corteze's hand:
As with rich Spoils of godly Kingdoms fraught,
They immense Trersurè to Iberia brought,
So You the rich ~~rich~~ ^{rich} ~~Laetitia~~ ^{unknown}
To th'English world) bravely have made Your Own;
And by just Title, You deserve the Crown.*

J. Evelyn.

White-Hall

Decem. 15.

82.

To

To Mr. CREECH upon his

[Translation of *Lucretius*

into *English*;

How happy had our English tongue been made,
Were but our wit industrious as our Trade.
Wou'd we from hence to distant Countries go,
What *Greece* or *Rome* e're yields in *England* sow,
And teach th' Unlearned what the Learned know.
In this the *French* excell, but we take care
Not what they write, but only what they wear;
Vain tho they be, in them less Care we find
To dress the Body than adorn the Mind.
There, to know all, you only *French* shall need;
And the worlds Learning in one Language read.
Why should our Isle be by her Sons deny'd;
What, if obtain'd, wou'd prove her greatest Pride;
Shou'd some object our Language will not bear,

(B)

Let 'em but read thy Book, 'tis ~~Answer'd~~ there.

Thou above all seem'st for this Task design'd ;

Charming thy Pen, and matchless is thy mind ;

With all Youths Fire, and Ages Judgment blest,

Learning it self is seated in thy Breast :—

Thou hast *Lucretius* Englisht——

Nor has it suffer'd by the Change of Tongue,

We read, and find *Lucretius* all along.

Thee sure the God of Poets did inspire,

And warm'd thy Breast with his peculiar Fire ;

Pickt, from his several Sons, thy happier hand

To bless with Forreign Wit thy Native Land.

Thy Pen might make *Theocritus* appear

In English Dress, and wound the list'ning Ear.

The Heavenly *Virgil* Here has suffer'd wrong,

Taught by unskilful hands the English Tongue :

He begs thy Aid, for him the Land beside,

Can all these ask, and can they be deny'd ?

Horace we have in Paraphrastick dress,

(They who enlarge his Poems, make 'em less)

Tho baulkt before wou'd see us once agen,

And Courts th' assistance of thy Juster Pen :

On

On these, and such as these, if such there are,
Imploy those hours Convenience lets thee spare.

For this in *Wadham's* peaceful *Walls* reside,
Books be thy Pleasure, to do well thy Pride.

Believe me, Youth, for I am read in Cares,
And bend beneath the weight of Fifty years;
Dear bought Experience told me what was true,
And Friendship bids me tell those Truths to you.

Quit not for publick Cares thy Colledge Life,
Nor take, that sort of Settlement, a Wife.

Trust not the glittering Court, or noisy Town
Hang not on this Fools Laugh, nor that Knaves
But, as thou art, Lord of thy self appear, (Frown;
Thy hours thy own, not clogg'd with hopes or fear.
Thus we may every year expect to see,
Things we shall wonder at, and worthy Thee.

London. Jan.
25. 1682.

To His Ingenious Friend
Mr. CREECH: On his Excellent Transla-
tion of *Lucretius*.

TWas Bold for Youth *Lucretius* Heights to storm;
But Youth alone had Vigour to perform.
The stately Fabrick stood by all admir'd,
But none to Cappy the vast frame aspir'd:
All own'd some sacred power the work did guide,
Aids which our Author to the world deny'd.
What to attempt did so much wonder raise,
Perform'd so well must challenge greater praise:
With thine thy Countrey's Fame thou here dost show,
What British Wit and British Speech can do.
Lucretius Englisht! 'Tis so rich a prize,
Wee gaze upon't and scarce believe our Eyes.
We read, and see the Roman Genius shine,
Without allay in each bright Page of thine;
Then pause, and doubting still, again repair,
Again we find the Learn'd *Lucretius* there.

Thy

*Thy pains oblige us on a double score,
True to thy Author, to Religion more.
Whilst Learnedly his Errors thou dost note,
And for his Poyson bring'st an Antidote.
From Epicurus Walks thus weeding Vice,
No more the Garden but a Paradise.*

London
December 29,

82

N. Tate.

TO MR. CREECH

Upon his Translation of *Lucretius*.

SIR,

WHen your Book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good Nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read lest I should not commend.
Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake
The pow'r of English Verse to undertake.
This all men thought, but you are born, we find,
To outdo the Expectations of Mankind;
Since you've so well the noble Task perform'd,
Envy's pleas'd and Prejudice disarm'd:

For

For when the rich Original we peruse,
And by it try the Metal you produce;
Tho there indeed the purest Ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
Thus when the great *Lucretius* gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the Race:
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His Verse, and not so smooth a stroak maintain;
There the Advantage he receives is found,
By you taught Temper, and to choose his ground.
Next his Philosophy you've so exprest
In genuine Terms, so plain, yet neatly drest,
Those Murd'ers that now mangle it all day
In Schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say:
If *Aristoteles* Friends will shew the grace
To waye for one their Statute in that Case.
Go on then Sir, and, since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aym yet at Lawrels higher:
Secure great injur'd *Maro* from the wrong,

He

He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long,
In *Holburn Rhyne*, and lest the Book should fail,
Expos'd with Pictures to promote the sale;
So Tapsters set out *Signs*, for muddy Ale.
You're only able to retrieve his Doom
And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome* :
For sure when *Julius* first this Isle subdu'd,
Your Ancestors then mixt with Roman blood ;
Some near Ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace*, those three Sons of Fame ;
Since to their memory it is so true,
And shews their Poetry so much in you.
Go on in *Pitty* to this wretched Isle ;
Which ignorant Poetasters do defile,
With lousy Madrigalls for Lyrick Verse ;
Instead of Comedy with nasty Farce.
Would *Plautus*, *Terence* er'e have been so lewd
T' have dress'd Jackpudding up to catch the Croud ;
Or *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made
To shew a whining fool in Love betray'd
By some false Friend or slippery Chamber maid,
Then ere he hangs himself bemoan his Fall

In a dull Speech, and that fine Language call ?
No, since we live in such a fulsome Age, (Stage
When Nonsense loads the Press, and choaks the
When Block-heads will claym wit in Natures spight;
And every Dunce, that Starves, presumes to write,
Exert your self, defend the Muses Cause,
Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws
Make the dead Antients speak the British Tongue;
That so each chattering Daw who aymes at Song,
In his own Mother Tongue may humbly read
What Engines yet are wanting in his head
To make him equal to the mighty Dead.
For of all Natures works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a Poet born,
Unbred, Untaught he Rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senselesly, as Squirrels Jangle bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound, May therefore you
Be ever to your Friends the Muses true :
May our defects be by your powers supply'd:
Till as our Envy now, you grow our pride,
Till by your pen restor'd, in Triumph born
The Majesty of Poetry return.

London,

Jan. 10. 82.

The Otway

TO

To the Unknown DAPHNIS on his
Excellent Translation of *Lucretius*.

Thou Great Young Man permit amongst the Croud
Of those that sing thy mighty Praises Loud,
My humbler Muse to bring her Tribute too ;
Inspir'd by Thy vast Flights of Verse
Methinks I should some wondrous thing Reherse
Worthy Divine Lucretius, and Diviner You !
But I of feebl' Seeds design'd,
While the slow moving Atoms strove
With careless Heed to Form my Mind,
Compos'd it all of softer Love :
In Gentle Numbers all my Songs are drest ;
And when I would Thy Glories sing,
What in Strong Manly Verse should be exprest
Turns all to Womanish Tenderness within ;
Whilst that which Admiration does Inspire
In other Souls, kindles in Mine a Fire.

Let them Admire thee on—whilst I this newer way
Pay thee yet more than They,
For more I owe, since thou hast taught Me more,
Than all the Mighty Bards that went before ;
Others long since have paul'd the vast Delight,
In Duller Greek and Latine satisfy'd the Appetite :
But I unlearn'd in Schools disdain that Mine
Should treated be at any feast but Thine.

Till now I curst my Sex and Education,
And more the scanted Customs of the Nation,
Permitting not the Female Sex to tread
The Mighty Paths of Learned Heroes Dead :
The Godlike Virgil and Great Homer's Muse
Like Divinc Mysteries are conceal'd from us,
We are forbid all grateful Theams,
No ravishing Thoughts approach our Ear ;
The Falsom Gingle of the Times
Is all we are allow'd to Understand, or Hear.

But as of old when Men unthinking lay,
E're Gods were worship't, or e're Laws were fram'd
The wiser Bard that taught 'em first t' obey,
Wast next to what he taught Ador'd and Fam'd ;
Gentler

*Gentler they grew, their Words and Manners chang'd;
And Salvage now no more the Woods they rang'd;
So Thou by this Translation dost advance
Our Knowledge from the state of Ignorance;
And Equall'st Us to Man! Oh how shall Wee
Enough Adore, or Sacrifice enough to Thee!*

*The Mystick Terms of Rough Philosophy
Thou dost so Plain and Easily Express,
Yet Deck'st 'em in so soft and Gay a Dress,
So Intelligent to each Capacity;
That They at once Instruct, and charm the Sense
With heights of Fancy, Heights of Eloquence;
And Reason over all unfetter'd Plays,
Wanton and disturb'd as Summers Breeze
That gliding murmurs o're the Trees,
And no hard Notion meets, or stops its way;
It Pierces, Conquers, and Compells
As strong as Faiths resistless Oracles,
Faith the Religious Souls content,
Faith the secure Retreat of Routed Argument.*

*Hail Sacred Wadham! whom the Muses Grace,
And from the rest of all the Reverend Pile*

(62)

of

*Of Noble Palaces, design'd thy Space
Where they in soft retreat might dwell.
They blest thy Fabrick, and they said——do Thou
Our Darling Sons contain;
We Thee our Sacred Nursery ordain,
They said, and Blest, and it was so.
And if of old the Fanes of Sylvian Gods
Were worshipt as Divine Abodes;
If Courts are held as Sacred Things,
For being the Awful Seats of Kings:
What Veneration should be paid
To Thee that hast such wondrous Poets made?
To Gods for fear Devotion was design'd,
And safely made us bow to Majesty:
Poets by Nature Aw, and Charm the Mind,
Are born, not made or by Religion, or Necessity.*

*The Learned Thirsis did to Thee belong,
Who Athens Plague has so divinely sung;
Thirsis to Wit, as sacred Friendship true
Paid mighty Cowley's memory its due.
Thirsis, who while a greater Plague did reign
Than that which Athens did depopulate*

Scattering

*Scattering Rebellious Fury o're the Plain,
That Threatned ruine to the Church and State,
Unmov'd He stood and fear'd no Threats of Fate;
That Loyal Champion for the Church and Crown
Still did his Sovereign's Cause espouse,
And was above the Thanks of the mad Senate-House.*

*Strephon the Great, whom last you sent abroad,
Who writ, and Lov'd, and look't like any God.
For whom the Muses mourn, the Love-sick Maids
Are languishing in Melancholly shades;
The Cupids flag their Wings, their Bows untye,
And useles Quivers hang neglected by;
And scatter'd Arrows all around them lye:
By murmuring Brooks the Careless Deities are lay'd,
Weeping their Rifled Power now noble Strephon's Dead.*

*Ab Sacred Wadham couldst thou never own
But this Delight of all Mankind and thine,
For Ages past of Dulness this alone*

*This charming Hero would attone,
And make thee glorious to succeeding time.
But thou like Nature's self disdain'st to be
Stinted to singularity.*

As fast as she, thou dost produce,
And over all the sacred Mystery dost infuse.
No sooner was fam'd Strephon's Glory set,
Strephon the soft, the Lovely, Gay and Great,
But Daphnis rises like the Morning Star
That guides the wandring Traveller from afar,
Daphnis, whom every Grace, and Muse inspires
Scarce Strephon's Ravishing Poetick Fires
So kindly warm, or so Divinely cheer.

Advance Young Daphnis as thou hast begun,
So let thy mighty Race be run;
Thou in thy large Poetick Chace
Begins where others end the Race.
If now thy grateful numbers are so strong,
If they so Early can such Graces show
Like Beauty, so surprising, whilst so young:
What Daphnis, will thy riper Judgment do,
When thy unbounded Verse in their own streams shall
What Wonders will they not produce, (flow,
When they immortal fancy's loose.
Unfetter'd, Unconfin'd by any other Muse?
Advance Young Daphnis then, and may'st thou prove
Still happy in thy Poetry and Love. May

*May all the Groves, with Daphnis songs be Blest,
Whilst every Bark, is with thy Disticks drest :
May timorous Maids, learn how to love from thence,
And the Glad Shepherd Arts of Eloquence :
And when to solitudes thou wouldst retreat,
May their tun'd Pipes, thy welcome celebrate ;
Whilst all the Nymphs strow Garlands at thy Feet,
May all the purling streams, that murmuring pass
The shady Groves, and Banks of Flowers,
The low reposing Beds of Grass,
Contribute to thy softest Hours.
May'st thou thy Muse and Mistress there Caress,
And may one heighten t'others happiness ;
And whilst thou thus Divinely dost converse,
We are content to know, and to admire thee in thy Verse.*

London, Jan.
25. 1682.

A. Bebn.

TA

TO MR. CREECH on his
Translation of *Lucretius*.

A Ccept this praise, and so much more your Due,
From one that envies and admires you too.
I thought indeed before I heard your Fame,
No Lawrels grew but on the banks of *Cham* ;
Where *Chaucer* was by sacred fury fir'd,
And everlasting *Cowley* lay inspir'd.
Where *Milton* first his wondrous Vision saw,
And *Marvel* taught the Painter how to Draw :
Besides an issue which we blush to own,
Most of the scriblers that infest the Town,
Lay at our doors expos'd ; though after times
Shall have the pleasure not to hear their Rhimes,
But Now my pious Errour I condemn,
A Prophet's born out of *Jerusalem*.
And yet I wish Learn'd Youth, I wish thee ours,
Your vain Antiquity, your boasted Tow'rs,
Your stately Walls that *Sheldon's* Pomp express,
Nay *Bodley's* sacred Offerings move me less :

Hail

Hail wondrous Poet full of excellence,
That read'st in every Language, Wit, and Sense;
Thou great *Lucretius*; how I'm pleas'd to see
That so corrupt an Age can relish thee?
And Thou his equal, greater Friend to truth,
Who kindly dost instruct our lazy youth,
And tak'st this easiest way their Souls to fire,
To make 'um understand, and yet admire,
All Hail, —

Let me at least thy Piety Commend,
And own a kindness that yo've done my Friend;
Reviv'd anew; so when I've met before
An old Acquaintance on a Forreign shore,
With pleasing doubt, his person I review,
And scarce believe my Sences tell me true:
Are you then he whom I so dearly lov'd?
But Lord how much your chang'd, how much ill:
Your Native Roughness all is left behind, (prov'd:
But still the same good man tho more refin'd.

Here then our former friendship we restore,
And talk of wonders that we did before.

Kings Coll. Camb.
Jan. 1. 1682.

(D)

J. A.

To Mr. CREECH on his
Translation of *Lucretius*.

What to begin would have been madness
thought,

Exceeds our Praise when to perfection brought ;
Who could believe *Lucretius* lofty Song
Could have been reach'd by any modern Tongue ?
Of all the Suitors to immortal Fame

That by Translations strove to raise a Name
This was the Test, this the *Ulysses* Bow,
Too Tough by any to be bent by you.

Carus himself of the hard task complains
To fetter *Grecian* thoughts in *Roman* Chains,
Much harder thine in an unlearned Tongue

To hold in Bonds so easie, yet so strong,
The *Greek* Philosophy and *Latin* Song.

If then he boasts that round his sacred head
Fresh Garlands grow, and branching Lawrels spread,
Such as not all the mighty *Nine* before
E're gave, or any of their Darlings wore,

What

What Lawrels should be thine, what Crowns thy
Due,

What Garlands, Mighty *Poet*, shou'd be Grac'd by
you?

Tho deep, tho wondrous deep his Sence does flow,
Thy shining stile does all its Riches show ;
So clear the Stream, that thro it we descry
All the bright Gems that at the bottom lye,
Here you the troublers of our Peace remove,
Ignoble Fear, and more Ignoble Love:

Here we are taught how first our race began,
And by what steps our Fathers Climb'd to Man ;
To man as now he is—with Knowledge fill'd
In Arts of Peace and War, in manners skill'd,
Equal before to his fellow Grazers of the field.
Natures first state, which well transpos'd; and own'd,
(For Owners in all Ages have been found)
Has made a Modern Wit so much renown'd,
When Thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was Sung a Thousand Years before.

Thou only for this Noble Task wert fit,
To shame thy Age to a Just sense of Wit,
By shewing how the Learned *Romans* writ.

To teach fat heavy Clowns to know their Trade,
And not turn Wits, who were for Porters made,
But quit false Claims to the Poetick Rage,
For Squibs and Crackers, and a *Smithfield* Stage,
Had Providence e're meant that in despight
Of Art and Nature, such dull Clods shou'd write,
Bavius and *Mævius* had been fav'd by fate
For *Settle* and for *Shadwel* to translate,
As it so many Ages has for Thee
Preserv'd the mighty Work that now we see.

Cambridge,
Decemb.
18. 1682.

. 1150

R. Duke.

TO

TO MR. CREECH on his Transla-
tion of *Lucretius*.

W^Hat all men wisht, the few cou'd hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by Thee.
Thou from the Antient Learned Latine Store,
Giv'st us one Author, and we hope for more.
May They enjoy thy Thoughts---let not the Stage
The Idl'st Moment of thy hours engage.
Each Tear that Place some wond'rous Monster breeds,
And the Wits Garden is o'erun with Weeds.
There Farce is Comedy, Bombast call'd Strong,
Soft words, with Nothing in 'em, make a Song.
'Tis hard to say they steal 'em now adays,
For sure the Ancients never wrote such Playes.
These Scribbling Insects have what they deserve,
Not Plenty, nor the Glory for to Starve.
That Spencer knew, That Tasso felt before,
And Death found surly Ben. exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the Omen from their Image here,
May he with Joy the well plac'd Lawrel wear:
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind.

But

But let not this disturb Thy tuneful head,
Thou writ'st for thy Delight, and not for Bread.
Thou art not Curst to write thy Verse with care,
But art above what other Poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with Books, Himself at free Command!
Thou Know'st in Youth what Age has sought in vain,
And bring'st forth Sons without a Mothers Pain:
So easy is thy Sense, Thy Verse so sweet,
Thy work so proper, and Thy Phrase so fit,
We read, and read again, and still admire
Whence came this Youth, and whence this wondrous fire.

Pardon this Rapture, Sir, But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on Thee?
Thy Goodness may My several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live:
But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the Light;
Let 'em with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown,
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan,
But dying silently Your Justice own.

London, Feb. 6.

E. W.

Ad Thomam CREECH

De versione Lucretii.

UT nos dum legimus Lucreti nobile Carmen
Angliaco sermone, stupemus!
Ut dum Roma suum jactat scelerata Poetam
Sancta suum magis Anglia jactat!
Felix! bis Felix Adolescens divise venâ
Ac studio cultissime Vatum!
Haud Te Vulgus iners Scriptorum robore juncto
Pro meritis laudare valemus,
Cui Terra-motus, cui Voce Tonitrua sava,
Cui Fulmen, nec Inane profundum
Pegaseum remorentur iter, magnosq; Britanniam
Avertant molimine Musam,
Infinitum intras spatium, et Cunabula rerum
Scrutaris, Vacuumq; Atomosq;
Mente piâ citus inspectas, Ex millia diffi-
cultatum quam plurima pennis
Scandens aethereis, jam tandem erroris aperta
Dispellis ratione tenebras:
Metrum Lector habes Adamante perennius ipso,
Dulce Metrum, & sublimius Astris.

De Calle Equino
Aug. 30. 1683.

E. L.

London

Feb. 10.

To

To Mr. CREECH on his Translation of *Lucretius* into English Verse.

THere's scarce a Poultry Dawber in the Town,
Much like Apes me doat on what's our own)
But will pretend it expresses the Air, and Grace
Of each great Monarch, and Admired Face.
See how the dull neglected Trifles lye,
And scarce can gain a glance from passers by:
Unless we reckon the unthinking Fry
Who glare in Shoals at gawdy drapery;
But when with charming Strokes and Powerful lines
Some curious Titian the great work designs;
The lively figures all our Passions move,
And as if Real, we obey, and Love:
The Envious, pleas'd on force, here gazing stands
Whilst all true Artists wondering clap their Hands:
Each Novice may the likeness grossly hit,
He only Paints with Genius and with Wit,
That finds, or makes all Beautiful that sit;
No Scar, or Faults of Nature do appear,
Yet something that resembles them is there,
Strangely by wondrous Art made tempting fair.
Such is thy Genias, Creech, such is thy Art,
We have Lucretius like in every Part,
Yet no decays of Age, no roughness shown,
Thy Mastery; and Great, the Beauty's all thy Own.

London

Feb. 10.

32.

LU

LUCRETIVS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

KIND *VENUS*, glory of the best Abodes,
 Parent of *Rome*, and joy of Men and Gods;
 Delight of All, comfort of Sea and Earth;
 To whose kind powers all Creatures owe their birth.
 At thy approach, Great *Goddeſs*, ſtreight remove
 What e're are rough, and enemies to love;
 The Clouds diſperſe, the Winds do ſwiftly waſt,
 And reverently in Murmurs breath their laſt:
 The Earth with various Art (for thy warm powers
 That dull Maſs feels) puts forth their gawdy flowers:
 For Thee doth ſubtle *Luxury* prepare
 The choiceſt ſtores of Earth, of Sea, and Air;
 To welcome Thee ſhe comes profuſely dreſt
 With all the Spices of the wanton Eaſt;
 To pleaſure Thee e'ten lazy *Luxury* toils.
 The rougheſt Sea puts on ſmooth looks, and ſmiles:
 The Well-pleas'd Heaven aſſumes a brighter ray
 At thy approach, and makes a double day.

When firſt the gentle Spring begins t' inſpire
 Melting thoughts, ſoft wiſhes, gay deſire,
 And warm *Favonius* fans the Amorous fire;
 Firſt thro' the Birds the active flame doth move;
 Who with their Mates ſit down, and ſing, and love;

A

They

They gratefully their tuneful voice imploy
 At thy approach, the Author of their joy.
 Each Beast forgets his rage, and entertains
 A softer *fury*, thro the flowery Plains,
 Thro rapid Streams, thro Woods, and silent Groves
 With wanton Play they run to meet their Loves.
 Whole Nature yields unto your charms: the ways
 You lead, she follows, and *eagerly* obeys.
 Acted by those kind principles You infuse
 Each Bird and Beast endeavours to produce
 His kind, and the decaying world renews.

Thee, *Natures* powerful Ruler, without whom
 Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
 From darksome *Chaos* deep and ugly womb;
 Thee, now I sing of *Nature*, I must choose
 A Patron to my Verse, be thou my *Muse*;
 And make my lines, whilst I to *Memmius* write,
 Thy choice, thy most deserving Favorite:
 Inspire my breast with an unusual flame,
 Sprightly as *his* Wit, immortal as *his* Fame.
 Let Wars tumultuous noise and labours cease,
 Let Earth and Sea enjoy a solid Peace:
 Peace is thy gift alone: for furious *Mars*,
 The only Governor and God of Wars,
 Tired with heat and toil doth oft resort
 To taste the pleasures of the *Paphian* Court;
 Where on thy bosom he supinely lies,
 And greedily drinks Love at both his eyes;
 Till quite o'recome he snatches an *eager* kiss,
 And hastily goes on to greater bliss.
 Then 'midst his strict embraces clasp thine arms
 About his neck, and call forth all thy charms;
 Careless with all thy subtle Arts, become
 A flatterer, and beg a peace for *Rome*.

For 'midst rough Wars how can Verse smoothly flow,
 Or 'midst such storms the learned Laurel grow?
 How can my *Memmius* have time to read,
 Who by his Ancestors fam'd glory led
 To noble Actions, must espouse the Cause
 Of his dear Countrey's Liberties and Laws?
 And you, my *Memmius*, free from other cares,
 Receive right Reason's voice with well purg'd ears,
 Lest what I write and send you for your good,
 Be scorn'd and damn'd before well understood.

I treat of things abstruse, the *Deiry*,
 The vast and steddly motions of the Sky;
 The rise of Things, how curious *Nature* joyns
 The various Seed, and in one Mass combines
 The jarring Principles: what new supplies
 Bring Nourishment and Strength: how she unties
 The *Gordian* knot, and the *poor* Compound dies:
 Of what she makes, to what she breaks the frame,
 Call'd *Seeds* or *Principles*; tho either name
 We use promiscuouly, the Thing's the same,

The Sub-
 ject of the
 Poem.

For whatsoere's *Divine* must live in Peace,
 In undisturb'd and everlasting Ease:
 Not care for Us, from fears and dangers free,
 Sufficient to its own felicity:
 Nought here below, Nought in our power it needs;
 Ne're smiles at good, ne're frowns at wicked deeds.

Long time men lay oppress'd with slavish fear,
 Religion's Tyranny did domineer,
 Which being plac'd in Heaven look'd proudly down,
 And frighted abject spirits with her frown.
 At length a mighty one of Greece began
 T' assert the natural liberty of Man,
 By senseless terrors and vain fancies led
 To slavery; *streight the conquer'd Faintoms fled.*

Not the fam'd stories of the Deity,
 Not all the Thunder of the threatening Sky
 Could stop his rising Soul; thro' all he past
 The strongest bounds that powerful Nature cast;
 His vigorous and active Mind was hurl'd
 Beyond the flaming limits of *this* World
 Into the mighty Space, and there did see
 How Things begin, what can, what cannot be;
 How All must dye, All yield to fatal force,
 What stiddy limits bound their natural course;
 He saw all this, and brought it back to us.
 Wherefore by *his* success *our* Right we gain,
 Religion is *our* Subject, and *we* reign.

If you shall start at these bold Truths, and fly
 These lines as Maxims of Impiety,
 Consider, that Religion did, and will
 Contrive, promote, and act the greatest Ill.
 By that, *Diana's* cruel Altar flow'd
 With innocent and Royal Virgins blood.
 Unhappy Maid! with Sacred Ribbands bound,
 (Religion's pride,) and holy Garlands crown'd,
 To meet an undeserv'd untimely Fate,
 Led by the *Grecian* Chiefs in Pomp and State;
 She saw her Father by, whose tears did flow
 In streams, the only pity he could show:
 She saw the crafty Priest conceal the Knife
 From him, bless'd and prepar'd against her life;
 She saw her Citizens with weeping eyes
 Unwillingly attend the Sacrifice:
 Then dumb with grief her tears did pitty crave,
 But 'twas beyond her Fathers power to save;
 In vain did Innocence, Youth, and Beauty plead,
 In vain the first Pledge of his Nuptial Bed;
 She fell, e'en now grown ripe for Nuptial joy,

To

To bribe the Gods, and buy a wind for Troy :
So dy'd the innocent, the harmless Maid,
Such Divelish Acts Religion could perswade !

But still some frightful tales, some furious threats
By Poets form'd, those grave and holy Cheats,
May bias thee : E'en I could easily find
A thousand stories to distract thy mind ;
Invent new fears, whose horrid looks should fright,
And damp thy thoughts when eager on delight.

And reason good. But if it once appear
That after death there's neither Hope nor Fear.
Then men might freely triumph, then disdain
The Poets tales, and scorn their fancied pain :
But now we must submit, since pains we fear
Eternal after Death, we know not where.

We know not yet how our Soul is produc'd,
Whether with Body born, or else infus'd ;
Whether in Death breath'd out into the Air,
She doth confus'dly mix and perish there ;
Or thro' vast Shades, and horrid Silence go
To visit Brimstone-caves, and Pools below,
Or into Beasts retires....

As our fam'd *Ennius* sings, upon whose brow
The first and freshest Crowns of Laurel grow,
That ever Learned *Italy* could show ;
Tho he in lasting numbers doth expresse
The stately *Acherusian* Palaces,
Which neither Soul nor Body e're invades,
But certain pale and melancholly shades,
From whence he saw old *Homer's* Ghost arise,
An August Shade, down from whose reverend eyes,
Whilst his learn'd Tongue Natures great secrets
told,

Whole streams of tears in mighty numbers roll'd.
There-

Therefore Ple sing, to cure these wanton fears,
Why Sun and Moon mete out the circling Years,
How *Bodies* first begin; but chiefly this,
Whence comes the Soul, and what her nature is:
What frights her waking thoughts, what cheats her
eyes,

When sleeping or diseas'd she thinks she spies
Thin Ghosts in various shapes about her bed,
And seems to hear the voices of the Dead.

The dis-
ficulty.

I'm sensible the *Latin* is too poor
To equal the vast rich *Grecian* store:
New matter various *Nature* still affords,
And new Conceptions do require new Words:
Yet for respect of You with great delight
I meet these dangers, and I wake all night,
Labouring fit Numbers and fit Words to find,
To make Things plain, and to instruct your Mind,
And teach her to direct her curious eye
Into coy *Natures* greatest privacy. (Souls;

These Fears, that darkness that o'respreads our
Day can't disperse, but those *Eternal* rules
Which from firm Premises true *Reason* draws,
And a deep insight into *Natures* laws.

Well then, let this as the first *Rule* be laid,
Nothing was by the Gods of *Nothing* made.

For hence proceeds all our distrust and fear,
That many things in Earth and Heaven appear,
Whose Causes far remote and hidden lie
Beyond the ken of vulgar *Reason's* eye,
Therefore ascrib'd unto the Deity.

But this once prov'd, it gives an open way
To *Nature's* secrets, and we walk in day:
How things are made, and how preserv'd we'll
Without the trouble of the powers above: (prove

If

Book I.

Lucretius.

If *Nothing* can be fertile, what Law binds
 All *Beings* still to generate their own *kinds*?
 Why do not all Things variously proceed
 From every Thing? what use of similar Seed?
 Why do not *Birds* and *Fishes* rise from *Earth*?
 And *Men* and *Trees* from *Water* take their birth?
 Why do not *Herd*s and *Flock*s drop down from *Air*?
 Wild Creatures and untam'd spring every where?
 The *same* Tree would not rise from the *same* Root,
 The Cherry would not blush in the *same* fruit;
 Nought fixt and constant be, but every year
 Whole Nature change, and All things All things bear.
 For did not proper Seeds on all things wait,
 How then could *this* thing still arise from *that*?
 But now since constant Nature all things breeds,
 From Matter fitly joyn'd with proper Seeds,
 Their various shapes, their different Properties,
 Is the plain cause why All from All can't rise.

Besides, why is ripe Corn in Summer found?
 Why not *bald* Winter with fresh *Roses* Crown'd?
 Why not his Cups o'reflow with new-press'd Wine,
 But sweaty Autumn only treads the Vine?
 But because Seeds to vital union cast
 Spring and appear but whilst the Seasons last; (bear,
 Whilst Mother Earth hath warmth and strength to
 And can safely trust her Infant-fruits to the mild Air.

Things made of *Nothing* would at once appear,
 At any time and quarter of the year;
 Since there's no *Seed* whose *nature* might remit,
 And check their growth until the Season's fit.

Beside, no need of time for things to grow,
 For that would be a measure e'en too slow;
 But in one instant, if from Nought began,
 A *Shrub* might be a *Tree*, a *Boy* a *Man*.

But

But this is false; each mean Observer sees
Things grow from certain Seeds by just degrees,
And growing keep their kind; and hence we know
That Things from *proper* Matter rise, and grow;
By *proper* Matter fed, and nourish't too.

Again; the Earth puts forth no gawdy flowers,
Unless impregnated with timely showers;
And living Creatures too, that scarce receive
Supplies of food, nor can beget, nor live.
Wherefore 'tis better to conclude there are
Many *first common Bodies* every where, (pose,
Which joyn'd, as Letters *Words*, do *Things* com-
Than that from Nothing any Thing arose.

Besides, why doth weak Nature make such small,
Such puny Things for Men? Why not so tall,
That whilst they wade thro Seas and swelling Tides,
Th' *aspiring* waves should hardly reach their sides?
Why not so strong, that they with ease might tear
The hardest Rocks, and throw them thro the Air?
Why cannot she preserve them in their prime,
Above the power of devouring Time?
Why wanton Childhood ends in Youthful rage,
And Youth falls swiftly into doting Age?
But because Things on certain Seeds depend
For their Beginning, Continuance, and End.
Therefore unfruitful *Nothing* nothing breeds,
Since All things owe their life to proper Seeds.

Besides, Experience tells us, that wild Roots,
Better'd by Art and Soil, bear noble Fruits:
Whence we conclude, that Seeds, of Bodies lie
In Earth's cold womb, which set at liberty
By breaking of the clods in which they lurk,
Spring briskly up and do their proper work,
For were there none, tho we no help afford,

Things

Book I.

Lucretius.

9

No Annihilation.

Things would be better'd of their own accord.

Besides, as Nothing *Natures* power creates,
So *Death* dissolves, but not annihilates :

For could the *Substances* of Bodies die,
They presently would vanish from our eye ;
And without force dissolving perish all,
And silently into their *Nothing* fall :

But now since Things from Seeds eternal rise,
Their parts well joyn'd and fitted, Nothing dies,
Unless some force break off the natural ties.

Besides, if o're whatever years prevail,
Should wholly perish, and its Matter fail,
How could the Powers of all-kind *Venus* breed
A constant race of Animals to succeed ?

Or how the Earth eternally supply
With proper food each their necessity ?
How could the Springs and Rivers run so far,
And fill a Sea ? How the Air feed each Star ?
For whatsoe're could into Nothing wast,
That infinite space of Time already past
Had quite consum'd. —

But if those Bodies which compose this *All*
Could for so many Ages past endure,
They are Immortal, and from Death secure,
And therefore cannot into *Nothing* fall.

Again, the *same* force every thing would break,
Were not the *union* made more strong or weak
By the *immortal* Seeds ; nay, more than that,
One *single touch* would be the *stroke of Fate* :
For Things, where no *eternal* Seeds are found,
Would straight dissolve, and dye with *any* wound :
But since the Seed *eternal*, and the frame
Of Bodies and their union not the same,
Things may secure and free from danger stand,

B

Until

Until some *force* driven by an envious hand
Proportion'd to the *texture* breaks the band.

Thus Death dissolves alone, she breaks the chain,
And scatters Things to their first Seeds again.

Lastly, when *Father Æther* kindly pours
On fertile *Mother Earth* his seminal showers,
They seem to *perish* there; but streight new juice
Ferment, and various Herbs and Trees produce,
Whose trunks grow strong, and spreading branches
shoot,

Look fresh and green, and bend beneath their fruit :
These nourishment to Man and Beast do prove,
Hence our Towns fill with Youth, with Birds each
Grove,

Who sit and sing, and in a numerous throng
With new fledg'd wings clap and applaud their song:
These fat our *Cattel*, which distended lie
On fertile banks, their sprightful young ones by
Revelling on milk, which their swol'n udders yield,
Grow gay and brisk, and wanton o're the field :
And therefore Bodies cannot fall to Nought,
Since *one* thing still is from *another* brought
By provident *Nature*; who lets *Nothing* rise,
And *Be*, unless from something else that dies.

Now since we have by various reasons taught,
That *Nothing* rises from, or falls to Nought,
Lest you dissent, because these *Seeds* must lie
Beyond the ken e'en of the sharpest eye;
Know, there are Bodies which no eye can see,
But yet from their effects must grant to *Be*.
For first the Winds disturb the Seas, and tear
The stoutest Ships, and chase Clouds thro the Air :
Sometimes thro humble Plains their violent course
They take and bear down Trees with mighty force:

Some

There are
Seeds, tho
undiscern'd.

Sometimes they rise so high, their strength so great,
With furious storms they lofty Mountains beat,
And tear their Woods.—

These must be Bodies, tho unseen they be,
Which thus disturb Heaven, Earth, Air and Sea ;
Which hardest Oaks and Rocks, and all things tear,
And snatch them up in whirlings thro the Air :

They all rush on as headlong Rivers flow,
Swoln big with falling showers, or melting snow ;
Those Rocks and Trees o' return, and weighty Beams,
And whirl their conquer'd prey in rapid streams :

No Bridge can check, no force the stream controle,
It grows more wild and fierce, and beats the Mole :
Ruine and Noise attend where e're it flows,

It rolls great Stones, and breaks what dare oppose :
So rush the blasts of *Wind*, which like a flood,

Which way so e're they tend, drive rocks and wood,
And All before them ; sometimes upwards bear
In rapid turns, and whirl them in the Air :

'Tis certain then, these *Winds* that rudely fight,
Are *Bodies*, tho too subtle for our sight ;

Since they do work as strong, as furious grow
As violent *Streams*, which all grant *Bodies*, do.

Those numerous Odors too, whose Smells delight
And please the Nose, are all too thin for sight.

We view not Heat, nor sharpest Colds, which wound
The tender Nerves, nor can we see a Sound.

Yet these are *Bodies*, for they move the sense,
And straight sweet pleasures, or quick pains commence ;

They shake the Nerves ; Now whatsoe're doth touch,
Or can be touch'd, that must be granted such.

Besides, fresh Cloaths expanded near the Main
Grow wet, the same by th' Sun are dry'd again :

Yet what Eye saw when first the Moisture sate,
Or when it rose and fled before the heat?
Therefore we must conclude the drops t' have been
Dissolv'd to parts, too subtle to be seen.

Besides, 'tis certain, every circling year,
The Rings which grace the hands diminish there:
Drops hollow Stones; and whilst we plough, the Share
Grows less; the *Streets* by often treading wear.
The brazen Statues that our Gates adorn,
Shew their right hands diminished and worn
By th' touch of those that visit or pass by.
'Tis certain from all these some parts must fly,
But when those Bodies part, or what they be,
Envious *Nature* denies the power to see.

Lastly none, not the sharpest Eye e're sees
What parts to make things grow by just degrees
Nature doth add, nor what she takes away,
When Age steals softly on, and Things decay;
Nor what the Salt, to let the waters free,
Frets from the Rocks, and beats into the Sea:
'Tis certain then that much which Nature does,
She works by Bodies undiscern'd by us.

There is a
Void.

Yet *Bodies* do not fill up every place:
For besides those there is an Empty Space,
A *Void*; This known, this Notion fram'd aright
Will bring to my discourse new strength and light,
And teach you plainest methods to discern
The greatest secrets of Philosophy.

A *Void* is space intangible: Thus prov'd.
For were there none, no Body could be mov'd;
Because where e're the pressing motion goes,
It still must meet with stops, still meet with foes,
'Tis natural to Bodies to oppose.
So that to move would be in vain to try,

But

But all would fixt, stubborn, and moveless lie;
 Because no yielding Body could be found
 Which first should move, and give the other ground.
 But every one now sees that things do move
 With various turns in Earth and Heaven above;
 Which, were no *Void*, not only we'd not seen,
 But th' Bodies too themselves had never been:
 Ne're generated, for Matter all sides prest
 With other matter would for ever rest.

Tho free from Pores and Solid Things appear,
 Yet many Reasons prove them to be Rare:
 For drops distill, and subtle moisture creeps
 Thro hardest Rocks, and every Marble weeps:
 Juice drawn from food unto the Head doth climb,
 Then falls to th' feet, and visits every limb:
 Trees grow and at due seasons yield their fruit,
 Because the Juice drawn by the labouring root
 Doth rise i'th Trunk, and thro the branches shoot:
 Sounds pass thro well clos'd rooms and hardest stones,
 And rigorous Winter's frosts affect our bones.
 This could not be, were there no *empty space*,
 Thro which these Moveables might freely pass.

Besides, why have not *Bodies* equal weight
 With those whose *figure* is but just as great?
 For did as many equal *Bodies* frame
 Both *Wool* and *Lead*, their weight would be the same;
 For every part of *Matter* downward tends,
 By Nature heavy, but no *Void* descends:
 Wherefore those lighter *Things* of equal size
 Do less of *Matter*, more of *Void* comprise:
 But by the heavier more of Seed's enjoy'd:
 And these convincing Reasons prove a *Void*.

But some object, The Floods give Fishes way,
 Who cut their passage thro the yielding Sea,

Objection.

Because

Because they leave a space where e're they go,
To which the yielding waters circling flow;
And hence by an Analogy they prove,
That tho the world was full, yet things may move;
But this is weak.---

Answer.

For how could Fishes ply their natural Oars,
How cut the Sea, and visit distant shores,
Unless the waves gave way? how those divide,
Except the Fish first part the yielding Tide?
Well then, fight sense, deny what that will prove,
Discard all motion, and the power to shove;
Or grant a *Void*, whence things begin to move.

Let two broad bodies meet and part agen,
The Air must fill the space that's left between;
Yet tho suppos'd it flies as swift as thought,
E'en common sense denies it can be brought
O're all at once; the nearest first possess,
And thence 'tis hurried on, and fills the rest.

But now should some suppose these *Marbles* part,
Made firm by *Nature*, and polite by *Art*,
Because the *Air's* condens'd; they erre: 'tis plain
That a wide *Void* is made, and fill'd again:
Nor can the Air condens'd be thus employ'd,
Or if it could, yet not without a *Void*
Could all the parts contract to shorter space,
And be combin'd with a more close embrace:
Thus tho you cavil, yet at last o'recome,
You must ignobly grant a *Vacuum*.

Nor are these all, ten thousand Reasons more
Clear, firm, convincing, yet ne're heard before,
Might be produc'd: but these (my Curious youth)
Will guid thy searching mind to farther truth:

For as *Hounds* once in trace do beat about,
Pursue the scent, and find the Coverts out;

Book I.

Lucretius.

So you, my *Memmius*, may from one thing known
 To hidden Truths successfully go on;
 Pursue cōy *Truth* with an unerring sense
 Into her close recess, and force her thence:
 Go bravely on, and in such things as these
 Ne're doubt, I'll promise Thee deserv'd success:
 And my full soul is eager to declare
 So many secrets, that I justly fear,
 E're I shall prove but one particular,
 The Reasons flow in such a numerous throng,
 That Age, or hasty Death, will break the Song.

But to go on.—

This *All* consists of *Body* and of *Space*,
 This *moves*, and that affords the *Motion place*:
 That *Bodies* are, we all from sense receive,
 Whose notice if in this we disbelieve,
 On what can reason fix, on what rely?
 What *Rule* the truth of her deductions try
 In greater secrets of Philosophy?

Nothing be-
 sides Body
 and Void,

Suppose no *Void*, as former Reasons prove,
 No *Body* could enjoy a *Place*, or *move*.
 Besides these *two* there is no third degree
 Distinct from both; nought that hath power to Be.
 For if 'tis *Tangible*, and hath a *Place*,
 'Tis *Body*; if *Intangible*, 'tis *Space*:

Besides, whatever *is*, a Power must own,
 Or fit to *act*, or to be acted on,
 Or be a *Place* in which such things are done.
 Now *Bodies* only *suffer* and *act*, and *Place*
 Is the peculiar gift of empty *Space*:
 Well then, a different *Third* in vain is sought,
 And not to be discover'd by sense or thought.

For whatsoe're may seem of more degrees,
 Are the *Events* or *Properties* of These:

Of Events
 and Proper-
 ties.

Which

Which to explain; We call those *Properties*,
Which never part except the Subject dies:
So weight to *Stones*, so moisture to the *Sea*,
So *Touch* to *Body* is, and to be free
From *Touching* is to *Void*. But *Peace*, and *Wealth*,
War, *Concord*, *Slavery*, *Liberty*, and *Health*,
Whose presence or whose absence nor prevents,
Nor brings the *Subjects* ruine, are *Events*.

Time.

Time of it self is Nothing, but from thought
Receives its rise, by labouring fancy wrought
From things consider'd, whilst we think on some
As present, some as past, or yet to come.
No Thought can think on *Time*, that's still confess,
But thinks on *Things* in motion, or at rest.
Yet whilst the Sons of Fame their Songs employ
On *Helen's Rape*, or mourn the Fall of *Troy*,
Take heed, nor fancy from such tales as these
That *Actions* are, that they *subsist* confess:
Since all those whose *Events* they were, war's rage
Long since destroy'd, or more devouring Age:
For *Action*, or what e're from *Action* springs,
Is call'd th' *Event* of Countries or of Things.
Lastly, suppose no *Frame*, no *Seeds* had been
To act these *Things*, nor *Space* to act them in;
No gentle fire had warm'd kind *Paris* breast,
No flames from beauteous *Helen's* eyes increast,
And kindled dreadful war; no teeming Horse
Brought forth in one short night so great a force
As ruin'd stately *Troy*: which plainly show
That *Actions* not *subsist*, as *Bodies* do,
Neither as *Void*, but as *Events* alone
Of *Places* where, and *Things* by which they're done.
But farther, *Bodies* are of different kind,
Or *Principles*, or made of those combin'd:

The

The Principles of Things no force can break;
 They are too *solid*, and all strokes too weak;
 Tho such can hardly be believ'd; for Voice,
 Or Thunder's sound, or every louder noise,
 Breaks thro our walls, which yet remain entire:
 So Iron glows, and Rocks dissolve in fire:
 Strong flames divide the stubborn Gold and Brass;
 And to a liquid substance break the Mass:
 Thro Silver *Heat* and *Cold*; and each disdains
 And scorns a prison; tho in *precious* chains.
 This *Sense* perceives, for hold a Silver Cup,
 And pour some water gently in at top; (bands;
 Th' imprison'd *Heat* or *Cold* streight break their
 Grow fierce, fly thro, and *warm*, or *chill* the hands,
 These instances are strong; these seem t' explain,
 That *Beings* in their vast extent contain
 No perfect Solids: *Creatures of the Brain*.

But yet attend my *Muse*; she briefly sings,
 (Because right *Reason*, and the Frame of Things
 Such Seeds require) attend, she sweetly shows,
 And proves, that Things from perfect *Solids* rose.

Two sorts of *Beings* Reason's eye descry'd,
 And prov'd before, their difference vastly wide;
Body and *Void*, which never could agree
 In any one Essential Property;

For *Body*, as 'tis *Matter*, is from *Place*
Distinct, and *Void* from *Body*, as 'tis *Space*;
 Both these distinct subsist: And thus 'tis prov'd
 That *Seeds* are *solid*, and from *Space* remov'd.

But farther on; since *Things* of *Seed* compos'd
 Hold *Void*, that *Thing* by which that *Void's* en-
 Is perfect *solid*, for what else employ'd (clos'd
 Can hold a *Space*, or what contain a *Void*?

Now what can *Sense*, what searching *Reason* find,

Perfect *Solids*
lids

To hold this *Void*, but solid Seeds combin'd?
This solid Matter must for ever last,
Eternally endure, whilst Compounds waste.

So grant no *Void*, no Spaces unpossess'd,
Then all would solid be, and all at rest.
And grant no Solids which fill up that Place
They do possess, all would be Empty Space.
Well then, Seeds mixt with *Void* compose the Whole,
Not all is empty Space, not All is Full;
And solid Seeds exist, which fill their place,
And make a difference between Full and Space.

Seeds eter-
nal.

These, as I prov'd before, no active Flame,
No subtle Cold, can pierce and break their frame,
Tho' every Compound yields; no powerful blow,
No subtle Wedg divide, or break in two.
For nothing can be struck, no part destroy'd
By powerful blows, or cleft without a *Void*.
And those that hold most *Void*, when strokes do
Or subtle wedges enter, yield with ease. (press,
Now if these Seeds are solid, they must endure
Eternally, from force, from stroke secure.

Besides, were Seeds not Eternal,
All then would rise from Nought, and All return
To Nought, Nothing would be both Womb, and Urn.
But since my former Reasons clearly taught,
That Nothing rises from, or sinks to Nought;
Those various Things eternal Seeds compose,
And Death again dissolves them into those:
And thence new things were fram'd, new Crea-
tures rose;

Then Seeds are Solid, else how could they last?
How things repair, so many Ages past?

When Nature Things divides, did she go on
Dividing still, and never would have done;

The

The Seeds had been so small, so much refin'd,
That nothing could have grown mature, no Mass
combin'd,

For things are easier far dissolv'd than joyn'd :

Then *Nature*, which thro all those Ages past
Hath broke those Seeds, and still goes on to waste,
Could scarce contrive, tho numerous years remain,
To fit, unite, and joyn them close again.

But now 'tis plain, by strictest reason try'd,
That *Nature* doth not infinitely divide,
Since *Things* are made, and certain years endure,
In which they spring, grow, and become mature.

But more : tho Seeds are *hard* thro all their frame, *Whence*
A Compound may be *soft* ; as Water, Flame, *Softness.*
What e're it is, or whence soe're it springs,

Because we grant a *Void* commixt with *Things* :

But were they *soft*, no reason could be shown,
How hardned Iron's fram'd, or harder Stone,
For *Nature* then would want fit Seeds to work
upon :

Then solid Seeds exist, whose numerous throng
Closely combin'd, makes Compounds firm and strong,

But more : since *Things* have time for life and
Prefixt, and certain terms are set for both : (growth
Since bounds are set, o're which they cannot go,
And *laws* speak what they *can*, and *cannot* do :

Nor things are chang'd, for all the *Kinds* that flie,
Are cloath'd with plumes of the same curious Die ;
The *Matter* must be firm, the *Seeds* must be
Unchangeable, from alteration free.

For grant the Seeds may change, we could not know
What things would be produc'd, or when, or how :
How great their power would rise, how far extend,
How long they'd live, or when their actions end :

Nor should we find the same delights pursu'd,
Nor Parents natures in the Young renew'd.

Besides, those *parts* of Things that utmost lie,
Are something, tho too subtle for the eye;
And these are *Leasts*: they never break the chain,
And by themselves subsist, nor ever can:
For they are parts, whose both Extreame the same,
And *such like* plac'd in order *Bodies* frame.
Since these subsist not in a separate state,
Their Union must be strong, too firm for Fate;
And Streak and Wedg may try their strength in vain,
No force can loose the tye, or break the chain.
Then *Seeds* are *simple Solids*, their parts combin'd
By strongest bands; but not of *others* joyn'd.
These Nature keeps entire, these *Seeds* supply
For future things, repairing those that die.

Atoms.

Besides, suppose no *Least*, then *Seeds* refin'd,
Too small for Sense, nay scarce perceiv'd by Mind,
Would still be full, still numerous parts contain,
No End, no Bound, but Infinite the train:
And thus the *greatest* and the *smallest* frame
Would both be equal, and their bounds the same;
For tho the *All* be *infinite*, each single grain
And *smallest Seeds* as numerous parts contain.
But that's absurd by Reason's laws confest,
And therefore *Nature* must admit a *Least*,
Not fram'd of others, which no parts can show,
And that is *solid*, and *eternal* too.

Beside, did Nature not resolve to *Least*,
Her power quite spent, her works long since had ceas'd;
Her force all gone, no *Beings* rais'd anew,
Nor Things repair'd; for no *Composures* shew
What *Seeds* must have, those *Catch'lick Qualities*,
Nature's great instruments, *Weight*, *Motion*, *Size*.

Lastly,

Lastly, grant Nature infinitely divides,
And never ceases; You must grant besides
That still some Seeds exist, which never broke,
Remain secure, free from the power of stroak.
But 'tis absurd frail Seeds should bear the rage
Of stroaks unhurt, nor yield to powerful Age.

Those grossly erre, who teach *All* rise from *Fire*,
As *Heraclitus* whom vain *Greeks* admire
For dark expression: But the *Sober Few*,
Who seek for, and delight in what is *true*,
Scorn and contemn; for only Fools regard
What seems obscure, and intricate, and hard.
Take that for *Truth*, whose *Phrases* smooth appear,
And dancing Periods charm the wanton Ear.
For how could *Bodies* of so different frame,
So various rise from *pure* and *real* Flame?
Nor can you clear the doubt by fond pretence,
That *Fire* is made more *rare*, or else more *dense*;
This Changes not the *Fire*, 'tis still the same,
If *Dense*, a *strong*; If *Rare*, a *weaker* Flame.
Yet this is all that can be said.—

Against
Heraclitus;

Who can believe that Nature's various Pride
Can spring from *Flame* condens'd; or rarify'd?
'Tis true, did *These* admit an Empty Space,
Then *Flame* made *rare* might fill a larger place,
Or *Dense*, combine with a more strict Embrace:
But since *they* think that *hard*, and *Void* oppose,
Fearing the *difficult*, the *right* they loose;
Nor yet perceive, that banish *Void* alone,
All *Bodies* would be *dense*, and All be *one*;
From which no Seeds could flie, no parts retire,
As *Smoak*, and *Heat*, and vigorous *Light* from *Fire*.
This proves a *Void* commixt.—

But if by any means, however strange,

The

The *Flame* could perish, and its Parts could change,
 If this could once be done, then all its Heat
 And its whole nature would to *Nought* retreat;
 And therefore Bodies would from *Nothing* rise,
 For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
 But after change some Seeds must still remain,
 Lest All should sink to *Nought*, and thence return

Now since our former Reasons clearly show (again,
 Some *Seeds*, and those of *constant* nature too;
 Whose presence, absence, or whose different range
 Of Order makes the *Things* themselves to change;
 We certainly conclude, they are not *Flame*,
 For then 'twould *Nought* import, what newly came;
 What chang'd its Order, or what did retire,
 Since all would be of the *same* nature, *Fire*.

But this is my Opinion:—

Some *Seeds* exist, from whose Site, Figure, Size,
 Concussion, Order, Motion, *Flames* arise;
 And when the Order's chang'd, the parts of *Fire*,
 Their nature lose, and silently expire;
 The disunited Bodies flie from thence,
 Not *Flame*, nor any object of the Sense.

But now to think, as *Heraclitus* tells,
 That *All* that is, is *Fire*, and nothing else,
 'Tis fond, and certainty of Sense o'rethrows,
 From which alone that *Flame* exists he knows:
 In this he Credit gives, but fears t' afford
 The like in things as plain; and that's absurd:
 For what can judge, and What our search secure,
 Like Sense, *Truth's* great *Criterion*? What so sure?

Besides, why should We rather *All* disclaim,
 Reject *All* else, and fancy only *Flame*,
 Than *Fire* deny, and *all things* else receive,
 Both which 'tis equal madness to believe?

Well

Well then, all those that teach, Things took their
 From simple Fire, or Water, Air, or Earth, (birth
 Lie under palpable mistakes; and Those
 That teach from doubled Elements they rose,
 As Air and Fire, as Earth and Water join'd;
 Or all four, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, combin'd.

Things are
 not made
 of four E-
 lements.

Thus sung Empedocles—

In fruitful Sicily, whose crooked sides
 The Ionian washes with impetuous Tides,
 And a small Frith from Italy divides,
 Here Scylla raves, and fierce Charibdis roars,
 Beating with boisterous waves the trembling shores;
 Here prest Enceladus with mighty loads,
 Vomits revenge in flames against the Gods;
 Thro Aetna's jaws he impudently threatens,
 And thundring Heaven with equal thunder beats:
 This Isle, tho with such wondrous sights as these
 Doth call forth Trav'lers, and the Curious please,
 Is rich with men and fruit, hath rarely shown
 A thing more glorious than this single One.
 His Verse compos'd of Nature's works declare
 His Wit was strong, and his Invention rare;
 His Judgment deep and sound, whence some began,
 And justly too, to think him more than Man.
 Yet He, with all the meaner Others nam'd,
 Tho for some rare Inventions justly fam'd;
 (Which they have left as Oracles, more sure
 Than from the Tripod spoke, and less obscure
 Than those the Ancients from the Pythia, heard)
 It's Principles of Things have greatly err'd

Empedo-
 cles.

That things may move, or may be soft, or rare
 Without a Void, as Water, Flame, or Air,
 They all affirm; that Nature never rests
 In breaking Bodies, and admits no Leasts;

When

When yet we see that part that topmost lies
Is th' Least that is presented to our eyes;
From whence that That's a Least we may conclude
Which Utmost is, too little to be view'd.

Besides, their *Seeds* are *soft*, which can be born,
And dy; then *all* would rise, and *all* return
To Nought; *Nothing* would be both *Womb* and
Urn.

Beside, since they are *Contraries*, and at jars
Amongst themselves, engag'd in Civil wars,
They perish when they meet, or scatter'd waste
As wind, and showers, cross'd by an adverse blast.

Lastly, if from *four Elements* All this rose,
And All again by Death dissolv'd to those;
What reason we should rather fondly deem
Those Principles of *Things*, than *Things* of them?
For they alternately are chang'd, and show
Each other's figure, and their nature too.

But if you think that *Earth* is joyn'd with *Fire*,
With *Water* *Air*, their Nature still entire,
Nothing could first be made, or made increast;
Nor Tree, nor Man, nor tender Fruit, nor Beast:
For each Component in the various Mass
Would keep its nature, and be what it was;
And we should view confus'dly joyn'd and fixt
Thin Air with Earth, and Fire with Water mixt.
But Principles of Things must be unknown,
Of Nature undiscern'd; lest any One
Rising above the Other should appear,
And shew that Things not truly Compounds are,

Beside, they all these Four from Heaven derive,
And first, that Flame is turn'd to Air, believe;
Thence *Water*, and thence *Earth*, and so retire
From *Earth* to *Water*, thence to *Air* and *Fire*:

Their

Their change ne're ceaseth, but about they're driven,
 From *Heaven* to *Earth*, from *Earth* again to *Heaven*:
 But *Seeds* can never change their natural state,
 They must endure free from the power of Fate,
 Lest *all* should sink to Nought, and thence arise;
For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
 Now since these *four* can die, since these can fail,
 Of other *Seeds*, o're which no strokes prevail,
 They must be fram'd, lest *all* should rise, and *all*
 return

To Nought, and *Nothing* be both Womb and Urn:
 Then rather grant *Seeds* such, that did they frame
 A single *Body*, as, for instance, *Flame*;
 Yet take away or add some new to those,
 Their Site or Motion chang'd would *Air* compose:
 And so of other things.—

But you'l object, and say: 'Tis manifest
 From *Earth* rise *Trees*, are nourish'd, and increast;
 And if the *Seasons* prove not kind and good,
 Moisture and soaking showers corrupt the wood:
 And did not *Phœbus* shed enlivening heat,
 No *Fruit* or *Beasts* could grow, look fair and great:
 And *We*, unless upheld by meats, should die,
 Swallow'd by treacherous *Mortality*;
 Life loos'd from *Nerves* and *Bones* long since had fled,
 And left the wasted *Carcass* pale and dead:
 For *We* from *certain things* our strength receive,
 And *other things* from *certain others* live:
 For various common *Principles* are fixt
 In every thing, and all confus'd and mixt;
 And therefore *Nature* knows no *general* good,
 But *different things* must have their *different* food:
 And thus it matters to the grand design,
 How, or with what, the various *Seeds* combine,

Objection.

B

What

What Site, and what Position they maintain,
 What Motion give, and what receive again.
 For the *same* Seeds compose both Earth and Seas,
 The Sun and Moon, and Animals, and Trees,
 But their *contexture*, or their *motion* disagrees.
 So in my Verse are Letters common found
 To many *words* unlike in sense and sound;
 Such great variety bare Change affords
 Of orderith' few Elements of Words.

Against
 Anaxago-
 ras.

Now since Thing's *Seeds* are more, from those may
 More different shapes, and more varieties. (rise

Now let's examin with a curious eye
Anaxagoras his Philosophy,
 By copious *Greece* term'd *Homœomery*:
 For which our *Latin* Language, poor in words,
 Not one expressive single voice affords:
 Yet by an easie short *Periphrasis*
 We plainly can discover what it is.

For this it means: That Bones of minute Bones,
 That Flesh of Flesh, and Stones of little Stones,
 That Nerves take other little Nerves for food,
 That Blood is made of little drops of Blood;
 That Gold from parts of the same nature rose,
 That Earths do Earth, Fires Fire, Airs Air compose,
 And so in all things all alike to those.
 But He admits no *Void*, He grants no *Least*,
 And therefore errs in that with all the Rest.

Besides, too weak, too feeble *Seeds* he chose,
 If they are like the Bodies they compose,
 And liable to death as well as those:
 For which of all these Beings could endure
 The violent jaws of Death, from Death secure?
 Could Fire, could Air, could Water, Blood, or Bone?
 Which of all These? In my opinion none:

Since

Since *All* would be as liable to die,
 Subject to powerful Mortality,
 As those which force destroys before our eye.
 But former Arguments have clearly taught,
 That Things nor perish to, nor rise from Nought.

Besides, since by our *meat* our bodies grow,
 Are nourish'd and encreas'd, we plainly know
 That Bones, and Blood, and Veins, and Nerves are
 Of parts *dissimilar*, in Order laid: (made
 But if the *Meat* in perfect form contains
 Small parts of *Nerves*, of *Blood*, of *Bones*, and *Veins*,
 Then Meat and Drink would in themselves preserve
Dissimilar parts, as Blood, Bone, Vein, and Nerve.

Besides, if all those Things that spring from Earth,
 Before they rose, before they shew'd their birth,
 Lay hid within; the Clods must needs comprise
 As proper *Parts* those various *Things* that rise.

Now change the subject, keep the terms the same:
 In Wood, if Smoak lies hid, if Sparks, and Flame,
 It must consist of parts of different frame.

But there's a little shift, a slight excuse,
 Which *Anaxagoras* his Scholars use.

Tho such lie mixt in *All*, that part alone
 Appears, that only to the sense is shown,
 Which in the composition doth comprise
 The greatest part, and on the surface lies.
 But this is false; or thro the weighty Mill,
 From broken Corn would bloody drops distill,
 Or some such parts as in our *bodies* grow;
 From herbs and flowers a milky juyce would flow;
 In broken clods each searching eye might see
 Some lurking scatter'd herb, or leaf, or tree;
 And in cleft wood, and broken sticks admire
 Smoak, ashes, flame, and little sparks of fire:

Anaxago-
 ras his An-
 swers.

But since on strictest search no *Parts* appear,
 We must not fondly fancy they are there;
 That *Bodies* are compos'd of such combin'd,
 But *Common Seeds* in various order joyn'd.

Objection.

But you will answer thus: 'Tis often known
 That stately Trees on lofty Mountains grown,
 When beaten by a furious Southern blast,
 Grow *warm*, and *hot*, and so take Fire at last.
 All this we grant ---

Yet there's no *actual* fire, but *Seeds* of Heat,
 Which dash't together all this flame beget;
 For if ith' wood such *actual* flame was held,
 How could it for one moment be conceal'd?
 It streight would shew its mighty force, and burn,
 And Shrubs, and Trees, and all to ashes turn.

And hence, as we discours'd before, we find
 It matters much with what first *Seeds* are joyn'd,
 Or how, or what Position they maintain,
 What Motion give, and what receive again:
 And that the *Seeds* remaining still the same,
 Their order chang'd, of Wood are turn'd to Flame.
 Just as the *Letters* little change affords
Ignis and *Lignum*, two quite different words.

Besides, if you suppose no *frame* would spring,
 Unless the *Principles* were like the *Thing*,
 The same in *Nature*, *Seeds* are lost; for then
 Some *Seeds* would laugh, and weep, and laugh agen;
 With violent Grin distort their little face,
 And presently drop briny tears apace.

Now what remains observe, distinctly mark,
 I know 'tis hard, 'tis intricate, and dark,
 Yet *powerful* hope of Praise still spurs me on,
 (I'me eager, and 'tis time that I were gone,)
 I feel, I rising feel *Poetick* heats,

And

And now inspir'd trace o're the Muses seats
Untrodden yet ; tis sweet to visit first
Untouch'd and *Virgin* Streams, and quench my
thirst :

Tis sweet to crop fresh flowers, and get a Crown
For new and rare Inventions of my Own :
So Noble, Great, and Generous the Design,
That none of all the Mighty Tuneful *Nine*
Shall grace a Head with Laurels like to Mine.
For first I teach Great Things in lofty strains,
And loose men from *Religion's* grievous chains.
Next, tho my Subject's dark, my Verse is clear,
And sweet, with Fancy flowing every where :
And this design'd. For as Physicians use
In giving Children draughts of Bitter juice,
To make them take it, tinge the cup with Sweet,
To cheat the lip : this first the eager meet,
And then drink on, and take the bitter draught,
And so are harmlesly deceiv'd, not caught :
For by this cheat they get their health, their ease,
Their vigour, strength, and baffle the Disease.
So since our Methods of *Philosophy*
Seem harsh to some, since most our Maxims flie,
I thought it was the fittest way to dress
These rigid Principles in pleasing Verse,
With Fancy sweetning them ; to bribe thy mind
To read my Books, and lead it on to find
The Nature of the World, the Rise of Things,
And what vast profit to that knowledge brings.

Now since my former various Reasons show
That Seeds are *solid*, and *eternal* too,
Let's next enquire, if *infinite* or no :
Likewise if *Void* and *Space* do somewhere end,
Or without bounds to *immensity* extend.

The

The All is
Infinite.

The *All* is every way immensely wide,
Or else it would have Bounds on every side.
Now what can be a *Bound*, but that which lies
Beyond the *Body*, whose *Extream* it is ?
That Nought's beyond the *All*, e'n common sense
Declares, therefore the *All* must be *immense* :
Thus stand on any quarter of the Space,
That's nothing, tis immense from every place.

But grant it *finite*---

Suppose a man on the extreamest part,
Suppose him stand, and strive to throw a Dart :
The *Dart* would forward fly, or hindred stay,
Choose which you will, the Reason's good each way,
And firm : For if some farther *Space* admit,
Or some *resistance* stops it hasty flight,
That's not the *End* ; so place the utmost part
Where e're you will, I'll follow with the Dart :
And by this single Argument deface.
(For still the *Void* will give a further place)
Those feign'd *Extreams* and Bounds you fix to
Again,--- (Space.

Suppose the *All* had Bounds, suppose an End,
Then *Bodies* which by *nature* must descend,
And from *Eternity* pursu'd the race,
Had long e're this time reacht the *lowest place* :
Whence nothing could in decent order rise,
There could not be a glittering Sun or Skies ;
For all the *Seeds* must lie confus'dly mixt
In a vast *Chaos*, immoveable, and fixt.
But now the *Seeds* still *move*, because the Space
Is boundless, and admits no *lowest place* ;
No End, which heavy *Seeds* by Nature prest
Might seek below, and settle there, and rest :
Now all from parts of Matter mov'd arise,

Which

Which the vast *Mass* eternally supplies.

But lastly, *Things* to *Things* still *Bounds* appear ;
So *Air* to lofty *Hills*, and *Hills* to *Air*,
So *Earth* the *Seas*, and *Seas* the *Earth* controule,
But there is *Nothing* that can bound the *Whole*.
Wherefore 'tis such, that did swift *Lightning* flie
Thro' the vast *Space* to all *Eternity*,
No utmost part, no *End* would e're be found,
So vastly wide it is, and without bound.

Again, Nature's eternal *Laws* provide,
That the vast *All* should be immensely wide,
Boundless, and infinite, because they place
Body as bound to *Void*, to *Body Space*,
By mutual bounding making both *immense*.
For did they not each other bound, but *One*
Were *infinite*: for instance, *Space* alone,
Nor man, nor *Earth*, nor *Heaven*, nor could the *Sea*,
Nor bodies of the *Gods* one moment be ;
For *Seeds* of *Things*, their *Union* all destroy'd,
Would fly dissolv'd and scatter'd thro' the *Void*,
Or rather into *Things* had scarce combin'd,
Because once parted they had never joyn'd ;
For sure *unthinking Seeds* did ne're dispose
Themselves by counsel, nor their order chose,
Nor any compacts made how each should move,
But from *Eternal* thro' the *Vacuum* strove,
Variously mov'd and turn'd ; untill at last
Most sorts of *Motion* and of *Union* past,
By chance to that convenient order hurl'd,
Which frames the *Beings* that compose the *World* :
And these *same Seeds* now orderly maintain'd
In those convenient motions they have gain'd,
Is a sufficient cause why fertile *Earth*
By *Sun*-beams quickned gives new fruits their birth:

Why

Why Rivers still the greedy Deep supply,
Why Beasts increase, why Sun and Moon ne're dye:
Which could not be, unless supplies still came
From the vast *Masse*, and propt the linking frame;
As Beasts depriv'd of food, so Things must dye,
As soon as *Matter* fails of just supply.

Nor can eternal *stroaks* preserve the Whole,
Sometimes they may the hasty flight controule
Of some small part, till others come and joyn,
And taking hold, into one *Masse* combine;
But oftentimes they must rebound, and then
The Principles of Things may break the chain,
And get their former liberty again.

Nay that *these stroaks* might be, this lasting fight,
The *Masse* of *Matter* must be *infinite* :

Tis certain then that there must come supply
From the vast *Masse*, repairing Things that die.

Bodies do
not strive
to the Mid-
dle.

But scorn their dreams who fondly can believe,
And teach, that all things to the *Middle* strive,

And by that natural pressure this whole frame
Might be maintain'd, its order still the same,

Without external *impulse* ; high and low
Would always be as firmly joyn'd as now,

And their own site, their different place possess
Since *All* unto one common *Center* press.

And po-
des.

They farther teach, that ponderous weights *below*
Unto their resting places *upwards* go ;

And as our shadows in smooth streams appear,
So feet to feet some *Animals* walk there ;

Yet can no sooner fall into those *Sees*
That lie *beneath*, than *We* to *Heaven* can rule :

When *Phœbus* climbs their *East*, the feeble light
Of Stars peeps forth, and beautifies our *Night* :

But this ridiculous Dream, this Fancy springs

From

From dark Ignorance ith' Principles of Things.

For since the *Void* is infinite, the Space
Immense, how can there be a middle place ?

Or grant there were,—

Yet why not *Bodies* end their tedious race,

And stop, as well in any other place

As there ? For every part of Empty Space

Of *Midst*, or *not*, must equally allow

To ponderous *Movements* easie passage thro :

For there's no place, to which by Nature prest

Seeds lose their force of weight, and freely rest :

Nor empty Space can prop the Seeds, nor stay

Their motion, 'tis its nature to give way :

Lest *Heaven* dissolv'd, like swiftest flames should fly

Thro the vast Space, the Fabrick of the Sky

Confus'dly falling lower Buildings meet,

The faithless *Earth* forsake our trembling feet,

And all the Things in Heaven and Earth destroy'd,

Confus'dly scatter thro the boundless *Void*,

And in one moment every Thing deface

But unseen *Atoms*, and vast Empty Space :

For where'soe're the Fabrick doth begin

To fail, there greedy Death will enter in,

And thro the ruinous breach the violent course

Of rapid Matter rush with mighty force.

Besides, they grant not all, but only Those

Which heavy *Water*, and dull *Earth* compose,

Strive to the Center, but that *Two* retire

Endeavouring from it, as light *Air* and *Fire* :

Whence *Stars*, those feeble Ornaments of *Night*,

Are nourish'd, and gay *Phæbus* fiercer light :

Because the Flame which from the *Midst* retires,

When got on high, combines its scatter'd fires.

How Beasts get grass, how leaves on branches bud,

} No Center.

If Earthy parts rose not, and gave them food ?
 In Bodies then there lies no fond desire
 To seek the *Midst*, which keeps this Frame entire.

This known, 'tis no uneasie task to *know* ;
 Ile lead Thee farther on, and clearly show
 The Pride of Nature and Philosophy,
 Her greatest Works, and please thy Curious eye :
 The Walk is pleasant, 'tis an easie way,
 All bright and clear, for Things do Things betray
 By mutual light ; and We from one Thing known
 To hidden Truths successsfully go on.

The End of the First Book.

Lu-

LUCRETIIUS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

TIS pleasant, when the Seas are rough, to stand
 And view another's danger, safe at Land;
 Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see
 Those Cares and Fears, from which our selves are free
 'Tis also pleasant to behold from far,
 How Troops engage, secure our selves from War.
 But above all 'tis pleasantest to get
 The top of high *Philosophy*, and sit
 On the calm, peaceful, flourishing head of it; }
 Whence we may view, deep, wondrous deep below,
 How poor mistaken *Mortals* wandering go,
 Seeking the path to *Happiness*; Some aim
 At Learning, Wit, Nobility, or Fame;
 Others with Cares and Dangers vex each hour,
 To reach the top of Wealth, and Sovereign Power.
 Blind, wretched Man! In what dark paths of strife
 We walk this little journey of our life!
 Whilst frugal *Nature* seeks for only ease, }
 A *body* free from pains, free from disease,
 A *mind* from cares and jealousies at peace.
 Now little is required to maintain
 The body sound in health and free from pain;

Not Delicates, but such as may supply
 Contented *Nature's* thrifty *Luxury*;
 She asks no more. What tho no *Boys* of Gold
 Adorn the Walls, and sprightly *Tapers* hold;
 Whose beauteous rays scattering the gawdy light,
 Might grace the feasts and revels of the Night?
 What tho no Gold adorns, no Musick's sound
 With doubled sweetness from the roofs rebound?
 Yet underneath a loving *Myrtle's* shade,
 Just by a purling Stream supinely laid,
 When *Spring* with fragrant flowers the Earth hath
 And sweetest *Roses* grow around our head, (spread,
 Envied by wealth and power, with small expence
 We may enjoy the sweet delights of sense.
 Who ever heard a *Feaver* tamer grown
 In Cloath's *Embroider'd* o're, and beds of Down,
 Than in coarse Rags? Since then such toys as these
 Contribute nothing to the *bodies* ease,
 As honour, wealth, and nobleness of blood;
 'Tis plain, they likewise do our *mind* no good.
 If when thy fierce imbattell'd Troops at Land
 Mock-fights maintain, or when the Navies stand
 In graceful ranks, or sweep the yielding Seas;
 If then before such Martial shows as these,
 Disperse not all black Jealousies and cares,
 Vain dread of Death, and superstitious fears
 Nor leave thy mind: but if all this be vain,
 If the same cares and dread, and fears remain,
 If Traytor-like they seize on e'en the Throne,
 And dance within the circle of a Crown;
 If noise of *Arms*, nor *Darts* can make them flee,
 Nor the gay sparklings of the Purple Die;
 If they on *Emperours* will rudely seize;
 What makes us value all such Things as these,

But

But *folly* and dark *ignorance* of Happiness?
 For we, as Boys at *Night*, at *Day* do fear
 Shadows, as vain too and senseless as those are.
 Wherefore that darkness that o'rspreads our Souls
 Day can't disperse, but those *eternal* rules,
 Which from firm *Premises* true Reason draws,
 And a deep insight into *Nature's* laws.

But now I'll sing, do you attend, how *Seed*
 Doth move to make, and to dissolve things made.
 What drives them forward to their tedious race,
 What makes them run thro all the *mighty* Space.
 'Tis certain now no *Seed* to *Seed* adheres,
 Unmov'd, and fixt; for every thing appears
 Worn out and wasted by devouring years;
 Still wasting, till it vanishes away,
 And yet the *mass* of Things feels no decay.
 For whence those *Bodies* part, those *Things* grow less,
 And old, and those do flourish and increase
 To which they joyn, thence too they flie away;
 So Things by turns *increase*, by turns *decay*;
 Like *Racers*, bear the Lamp of life and live,
 And their Race done their Lamp to others give:
 And so the *Mass* renews, few years deface
 One kind, and strait *another* takes the place.
 But if you think the Seeds can rest, and make
 A Change by *rest*, how great is the mistake?
 For since they thro the boundless *Vacuum* rove,
 By their own weight, or other's stroak they move.
 For when they meet and strike, that furious play
 Makes each of them reflect a different way;
 'Cause both are perfect Solids, and nought lies
 Behind, to stop their *motion* as they rise.

But that you may conceive how thus they move, *the motion*
 Consider that my former reasons prove, *of the Seeds*

That

That *Seeds* seek not the *midst*; and that the Space
 Is *infinite*, and knows no lowest place,
 And therefore *Seeds* can never end their race;
 But always mov'd, and in a various round,
 Some when they meet, and rudely strike, rebound
 To a great distance; others when they jar,
 Those part too, and rebound, but not so far.
 Now those small *Seeds*, that are more closely joyn'd,
 And tremble in a *little* space confin'd,
 Stopt by their mutual twinings, *Stones* compose,
 Iron or Steel, or others like to those.

But those that swim in a wide *Void* alone,
 Or make their quick and large rebounds, or run
 Thro a large space, compose the Air, and Sun.

Beside these two there is another kind,
 Bodies free from all *union*, unconfin'd,
 With others ne're in *friendly* motions joyn'd,

Of these there's a familiar instance.—

For look where e're the glittering Sun-beams come,
 Thro narrow chinks into a darkned room,
 A thousand little *bodies* strait appear
 In the small beams of light, and wander there;
 For ever fight, reject all shews of peace,
 Now meet, now part again, and never cease.
 Whence we may estimate how *Atoms* strove
 Thro the vast *empty space*, and how they move:
Such knowledge from mean Images we get,
And easily from small things rise to great.

But mark this Instance well, and learn from thence,
 What motions vex the *Seeds*, tho hid from sense.
 For here you may behold, by secret blows
 How *Bodies* turn'd, their line of motion loose;
 How beaten backward, and with wanton play
 Now this, now that, and every way.

All have these motions from their Seeds, for those
 Move of themselves, and then with secret blows
 Strike on the small *Molecules*, they receive
 The swift impression, and to greater give ;
 So they begin from the first Seeds, and thence
 Go on by just degrees, and move our sense.
 For look, within the little beam of light (light
 You see them strike, but what blow makes them
 That's undiscern'd, and hidden from our sight.

*Their swift-
 ness.*

And yet how swift the *Atom's* motions are,
 This following Instance will in short declare.
 For when the *Morning* climbs the Eastern Skies,
 And tuneful *birds* salute her early rise,
 In every Grove and Wood with joy appear,
 And fill with ravishing sounds the yielding Air ;
 We see how swift the beams of th' Rising Sun
 Shoot forth ; *their race is finish'd when begun* ;
 From *Heaven* to *Earth* they take their hasty flight,
 And gild the distant *Globe* with gawdy light :
 But this thin vapor, and this glittering ray
 Thro a *meer Void* make not their easie way,
 But with much trouble force a passage thro
 Resisting Air, and therefore move more slow.
 Nor are they *Seeds*, but little *bodies* joyn'd,
 And adverse *motions* in small *space* confin'd :
 And therefore from without resisting force,
 And inbred jars, must stop their eager course.
 But *solid Seeds*, that move thro *empty space*,
 And all whose parts do seek one common place,
 Whom nothing from without resists, than light
 And beams more swift, must make their hasty flight,
 And in that time a larger distance flie,
 Whilst the Sun's *lazy rays* creep thro our skie :
 For they by counsel cannot move more slow,

Or

Or stop to make enquiry, and to know
How they must work, on what design they go.

But some dull Souls think Matter cannot move
Into fit shapes without the Powers above,
Nor make the various Seasons of the Year
So fit for man, nor Fruit nor Bushes bear,
Nor other things which Pleasure prompts could do;
Pleasure, that Guide of Life, and Mistress too;
That we should seek Love's generous embrace,
And thence renew frail man's decaying race;
And therefore fancy, that the Gods did make,
And rule this *All*. How great is that mistake!
For were I ignorant whence Things arise,
Yet many Reasons from the Earth, the Skies,
From every thing deduc'd, will plainly prove
That this imperfect World—
Was never made by the Wise Powers above.
This I'll explain hereafter, now go on
To finish what I have begun.

*All things
naturally
descend.*

And here I think 'tis a fit place to prove,
That nothing of it self can upward move:
Lest when you see th' ambitious Flames aspire,
You think 'tis natural force bears up the fire:
For every Tree doth rear its lofty head,
Each tender Ear and Shrub doth upward spread,
And all do draw their nourishment from below,
And yet all *Weights* by nature downward go.
So when the subtle flame, and shining streams
Of fire arise, and waft the upper beams;
Tis some force drives them up: So from a wound
Our blood shoots forth, and sprinkles all around.
Again, who sees not that a quiet flood
Throws back with mighty force immersed wood?
For when we strive in deeper streams to drown,

And

And scarce with all our force can press it down,
 The waves with double vigour throw it up,
 And make it strongly leap above the top; (tend,
 And yet who doubts all these would downwards
 If plac'd in *Void*, and nat'rally descend?
 So rising Flames by th' Air are upward born;
 Although their natural weights press a return:
 Besides, we all behold how every night,
 The falling Meteors draw long trains of light
 Where ever *Nature* gives a passage thro;
 We see *Stars* fall, and seek them here below:
 The *Sun* too from above his vigour yields
 To us below, and cherisheth our Fields.
 Therefore its fire descends; swift Lightning flies,
 Now here, now there, betwixt the parted Skies;
 And fighting thro the Clouds their place of birth,
 The broken *sulphurous* flames descend to Earth.

Now *Seeds* in downward motion must decline;
 Tho very little from th' exactest line;
 For did they still move *strait*, they needs must fall
 Like drops of Rain, dissolv'd and scatter'd all,
 For ever tumbling thro the Mighty Space,
 And never joyn to make one single Mass.

*Seeds dis-
 cline.*

If any one believes the *heavier* Seed,
 In downright motions, and from hindrance freed
 May fall o'th' *lighter*, and fit motions make
 Whence things may rise, how great is the mistake?
 'Tis true, when *Weights* descend thro yielding *Air*,
 Or Streams, the *swiftness* of the fall must bear
 Proportion to the *Weights*, and reason good,
 Because the fleeting *Air*, and yielding *Flood*
 With equal strength resist not every course;
 But sooner yield unto the greater force:
 But now no *Void* can stop, no *Space* can stay

The Seeds, for 'tis its nature to give way:
 Therefore thro' Void *unequal Weights* must be
 As *swift in motion*, all of like degree.
 Nor can the heavier Bodies overtake
 The lighter falling Seeds, and striking make
 The motions various, fit for Nature's use,
 By which *all powerful She* may Things produce.
 'Tis certain then and plain, that Seeds decline,
 Tho' *very little* from th' exactest line:
 But not *obliquely* move, that fond pretence
 Would fight all reason, nay e'en common sense;
 For every body sees a *falling weight*
 Makes its descent by lines *direct*, and *strait*.

Besides, did all things move in a *direct* line,
 Did still one motion to another joyn
 In certain order, and no *Seeds* decline,
 And make a motion fit to dissipate
 The well wrought chain of Causes, and *strong Fate*.
 Whence comes that perfect freedom of the Mind?

*Liberty of
the will.*

Whence comes the *Will* so free, so unconfin'd,
 Above the power of *Fate*, by which we go
 When e're we please, and what we will we do?
 In Animals the *Will* first moves, and thence
 The Motions spread to the Circumference,
 And vigorous action thro' the *Limbs* dispense.
 For look, and see, when first the *Barrier's* down,
 The *Horse*, tho' eager, cannot start so soon
 As his own *Mind* requires, because the force,
 And subtle matter that maintains the Course,
 Must be stirr'd thro' the Limbs, then fitly joyn'd,
 Obey the eager motions of his *Mind*:
 Which proves these *Motions* rise within the *Heart*.
 Begun by th' *Will*, thence run thro' every part.
 But now 'tis otherwise, when 'tis begun

From

From force, for then our Limbs are hurried on,
 By violent stroaks, no power of our own;
 Until the Will by her own natural sway
 Shall check the force, or turn't another way:
 Wherefore 'tis plain, tho force may drive them on,
 And make them move their limbs, and make men
 Yet *something* lies within that can oppose (run;
 The violent stroak, and still resist the blows:
 At whose command a subtle matter flies (Thighs,
 And bends thro all our Limbs, our Arms, our }
 And checkt again, and all the *vigour dies*.

Well then, we must confess, as these things prove,
 There is another cause by which *Seeds* move
 Beside dull weight and stroak, from hence is wrought
 This Power; for *Nothing can arise from Nought*:
 For Weight forbids that things be only joyn'd }
 By Stroak, and outward force; and lest the Mind
 Should be by strong necessity confin'd,
 And overcome endure Fate's rigid Laws,
 This little *Declination* is the cause.

Nor was this *Mass* of Matter, the whole Frame,
 Ever more loose or close, but still the same;
 For it can never fail, or greater grow;
 Wherefore, the *Seeds* still mov'd e'en just as now,
 And the like motions ever will maintain,
 What things were made, will be produc'd again
 In the same way; look fair, grow strong and great,
 And live as long as *Nature's* laws permit.
 Nor is there any force can change this *All*,
 For there's no place from which strange *Seeds* may fall
 And make disturbance here, no *Space* doth lie }
 Beyond the Whole, to which the *Seeds* may fly,
 And leave the mighty *All* to waste and dye.

But more, 'tis nothing strange that every *Mass*

The *All*
 eternal.

Why the
Parts of
Compounds
seem to rest.

Seems quiet and at rest, and keeps its place,
Tho every little part moves here, and there :
For since the *Principles* too subtle are
For sight, their motion too must disappear ;
Nay Objects fit for Sense, which distant lie,
Conceal their motions too, and cheat our eye.
For often on a Hill the *wanton* Sheep
At distance plac'd, o're flowry Pastures creep
Where e're herbs crown'd with Pearly dew invite,
And kindly call their *eager* Appetite ;
The Lambs, their bellies full, with various turns
Play o're the field, and try their tender Horns :
Yet all these seem confus'd at distance seen,
And like a *steddy White* spread o're the Green.
Besides, when two embattled Armies rage,
Throughout a spacious Plain, at last engage,
When all run here and there, the furious Horse
Beat o're the *trembling* Fields with nimble force,
Straight dreadful sparklings from the Arms appear,
And fill with a strange light the *wondring* Air ;
Th' Earth groans beneath their feet, the Hills around
Flattering the noise, restore the dreadful sound ;
And yet 'twould seem, if from a Mountain shown,
A *steddy Light*, and a continued one.

Seeds of
different
figures.

Now learn what manner of things first Bodies are,
What different figures, shapes or forms they bear ;
For tho the shape to many is the same,
Yet all agree not in one *common* frame ;
Nor is this strange, or to be wondred at :
For since the *Numbers* are so vastly great,
And know no bound nor end, it cannot be
That all in the same figures should agree.

Besides, consider Men, or Beasts, or Trees,
Or silent Fish that cut the *yielding* Seas,

Or

Book II.

Lucretius.

Or Birds, or those that wanton o're the floods,
Or fill with tuneful sounds the listning woods;
Consider each particular, you'll find,
How different shapes appear in every Kind:
Else how could *Dams* their tender Young, or how
The new-born *Young* their distant Mothers know,
Which all perform as well as Men can do?
For often when an *innocent* Heifer dies,
To angry Gods a spotless Sacrifice,
When all around she sheds attoning blood,
And stains the Altars with a Purple flood,
Her Dam beats o're the fields in wild despair,
And *wounds* with loud complaints the tender Air:
Now here, now there doth run, and still complain,
Now leaves her Stall, and then returns again;
Mad for her Young she every field doth trace,
With *passionate* eyes she visits every place;
No streams, no flowers, her former great delight,
Can raise or quicken her dead Appetite,
Allay her Grief, or else divert her Care;
And tho a thousand Heifers should appear,
More fat, more fair than Hers, she passes by,
And looks on none, or with a slighting eye.
So plain it is she looks for something known,
And view'd before, she only seeks her own.
Besides, the *tender* Kids, and *wanton* Lambs
Know all the voice and bleating of their Dams:
And all, as natural Instinct prompts them on,
When hunger calls, to their own *Mothers* run.
Besides, what various Shapes in Corn appear?
A different Size to every Grain and Ear:
And so in Shells, where waters washing o're
With wanton Kisses bath the Amorous Shore:
And therefore *Seeds*, since they from nature came,

Not

Not made by *Art* after one *common* frame,
Must not be all alike, their shapes the same.

And hence a reason's given, why *Lightning* flies
With keener force thro *Storms*, thro parted Skies,
Than those *blunt flames* which from our fires arise;
Because its little parts more loosely joyn'd
More subtile far, an easie passage find
Thro such small Pores as stop the *blunter* flame,
Which parts of *heavy Oyl* or *Timber* frame.
Thro Horn the Sun-beams pass, and strike our eye,
But Water on the Surface stays, and why?
Because the parts of Light are *less* than those
That make up Water, and *dull* streams compose.
So thro the Strayner Wines with ease do flow,
But *heavy Oyl* or stops, or runs more slow:
The reason's this, 'cause 'tis of parts combin'd
Far greater, or more hookt, and closely twin'd,
Which therefore cannot be disjoyn'd as soon,
And thro each *little* passage *slugg*ly run.
From tasted Flony pleasing thoughts arise,
And in delightful Airs look thro our Eyes:
When Rue or Wormwood's toucht, flies every
And violent distortions screw the face: (grace,
Whence you may easily guess those *round* and *smooth*,
That with delightful touch affect the mouth;
But those which we more *rough* and *bitter* find,
Are made of parts more *hookt*, and *closely* twin'd,
Which wound the *Organ* as they enter in,
And force a passage thro the *injur'd* Skin.

In short, what things are good for Sense, what bad,
Of Seeds of different Shape and Size are made:
Nor must you fancy bodies that compose
The *harsher* sounds of Saws, as *smooth* as those
That form the *sweetest* Airs that Viols make

When

When gentle strokes the sleeping strings awake,
 Those Seeds have different figures, form, and size,
 That from all rotting Carcases arise,
 From those that new press'd Saffron yields, or rear
 From incens'd Altars sweetning all the Air.
 And so in Colours too, that gawdy Die,
 That pleases and delights the curious eye,
 A different form, a shape, and figure bears,
 From that which wounds the Sense, and forces tears,
 Or mean and ugly to the sight appears,
 For what e're please the sense, their Seeds are smooth;
 What hurt, their Seeds are rough, or hookt, or both.

But besides these there other Bodies are,
 Not perfect smooth, nor hookt, but angular,
 With little corners butting every where.
 Which tickle more than hurt the sense, such joy
 To make the acid tast of palling Wine.

Lastly that Heat and Cold form'd different ways
 Affect the Organs, e'en our Touch betrays.

For Touch, that best, that chiefeft sense is made,
 When Strokes from things without the Nerves invade,
 Or something from within doth outward flow,
 And hurts, or tickles as it passeth thro;
 As 'tis in Venery; or when the Seed
 Remain within, and strange confusions breed,
 Stir'd up by violent stroke: for strike a blow
 On any limb, and you will find 'tis so.

Wherefore those Seeds must be of different size,
 Of different shapes, and figures, whence arise
 In sense so great, so strange varieties.

Lastly, what things seem hard and thick, are joyn'd
 Of parts more hookt and firm, and closely twin'd,
 As Iron, Flints, Brass, Steel, and Diamonds,
 Gems free from power of strokes, secure from wounds:

But

Touch.

Fluid &
Firm.

But *Fluids* are compos'd of *smooth* and round ;
 For their small parts, by no strong Union bound,
 Are very easily disjoyn'd, and move
 Or here or there at every little shove.

Lastly, whatever's soon dissolv'd or broke,
 As Morning-mists, or yielding Flames, or Smoak ;
 If all its little Bodies be not *smooth*,
 Or *round* in figure, form, or shape, or both ;
 Yet are they not all twin'd, all have not hooks,
 And so may pass thro Stones and hardest Rocks :

Nor must you think it strange the *same* should be
Fluid and *bitter* too, as is the Sea.

How the
 same both
 Fluid and
 bitter.

For *Fluids* are of *smooth* and *round* combin'd,
 To these are little *pungent* bodies joyn'd,
 Yet there's no need they should be *hookt* or *twin'd* :
 For they may *globous* be, tho *rough*, and thence
 Are fitted both to *move*, and *hurt* the sense.
 But to convince you with a clearer proof,
 That *acid Fluids* have *smooth* joyn'd with *rough*,
 They may be *separated* with ease enough :
 For when Salt streams thro winding caverns pass,
 They rise up *sweet*, and bubble o're the grass ;
 Because those *pungent* parts they roll'd before,
 Now stay behind, and lodge in every Pore.

Variety of
 Shapes fi-
 nite.

Well then this prov'd, I'll next go on to shew
 These various shapes are *finite*, and but *few*.
 For grant them *infinite*, it follows thence,
 That some amongst the *Seeds* must be *immense* :
 And how can numerous sorts of Shapes appear
 In such small Bodies as the *Atoms* are ?
 For think that some minutest parts compose
 The Seed, add two or three, or more to those ;
 Now when the *top-most* parts are plac'd *below*,
 The *right* are turn'd to *left*, you'l plainly know,

By

By changing every way their former place,
What *figure* each position gives the Mass.

But if you'd make it capable of *more*,
You must subjoyn *new* parts to those before,
And so go on if you would vary those ;

Thus with the *shapes* the *body* *greater* grows :

Wherefore 'tis downright folly to admit

That this Variety is infinite,

Unless you grant some Seeds *immensely* great.

Besides, Embroider'd stuff, and Purple dye,
Or *gawdy* Peacocks plumes that court our eye,
Excell'd by *finer* colours would seem less bright,
And lose their wonted power to delight ;
So Things more *sweet* than *Honey* would appear,
And Sounds more *soft* than *Swans*, salute the Ear.
Nay Musick's *sweetest* Ayres would cease to please,
Because there might be better than all these ;
And so o'th' contrary, we still might fall
From *bad* to *worse*, but ne're to *worst* of *All*.

For still in Nature something *worse* may rise,
Still more offensive to our Ears, our Eyes,
Our Smell, our Taste. But now since 'tis confess'd,
That some things are in Nature *worst*, some *best*,
And we can fear no *higher*, 'tis likewise true,
These various Shapes are *finite*, and but *few*.

Lastly, in *Fire* and *Snow*, the *Heat* and *Cold*'s intense,
The utmost Qualities that strike our sense,
These two as *bounds* the middle warmths controule,
Which rise by just degrees, and make a whole :

'Tis certain then that these varieties
Are finite ; and that two *Extreams* comprise,
On *this* side *melting* flames, on *that* side *Ice*.

This prov'd, it follows that those Seeds whose
Is perfectly *alike*, the *shapes* the same, (frame

Seeds of
every
Shape are
infinite.

Are *infinite*; for since these reasons teach
That those varieties of shapes ne're reach
To *infinite*, there must be *infinite of each*.
Or else, what I before successfully oppos'd,
The *All* is *finite*, 'tis in bounds enclos'd.

How the
Kinds of
Things are
preserv'd.

This taught, my Labouring Muse next *sweetly* sings
That proper Seeds for every *Kind* of Things
Are *infinite*; that *these* preserve the *Masse*,
And *Kinds* of Things, by *constant* stroaks in *every* place.
For tho some *kinds* of Beasts we rarely view,
As if unfruitful *Nature* bore but few,
Yet other Countries may supply our wants :
Thus *India* breeds such troops of Elephants,
As fight their wars, and usually o'come,
So numerous are they there, tho few at *Rome*.

But grant in *Nature* such a *single* one,
The *like* to which nor is, nor was e're known,
Yet were its proper Seeds but *finite* ; how
Could it be made, or when 'twas made, could grow ?
For think the *Seeds* of any single *Masse*
Being finite, scatter'd thro the mighty Space,
Where, how, or when, what force or what design,
Amidst such different Seeds could make them joyn ?
For 'tis not *Reason* prompts them to combine ;
But as in Wrecks the Seats, the Masts, the Oars,
Confus'dly scatter'd, fill the neighbouring shores,
That men might learn by such sad sights as these,
The force and *cruel treacheries* of the Seas,
And still distrust, tho with *perfidious* simile
Becalm'd, it tempts them on to further toyl :
So finite Seeds would in the *Space* be tost,
And in the *Whirls* of different *Matter* lost ;
So that they ne're could *joyn*, or be at peace,
Nor yet preserve their *Union*, nor increase ;
But now 'tis plain, and e'en our senses show,

That

That things are *made*, and made, *increase* and grow.

'Tis certain then the *Seeds* of every *Kind*

Are infinite.—

Nor can *destructive* motions still prevail,

And bring an *universal* death on All ;

Nor motions which *compose*, or else *increase*,

Preserve *Things* made for ever, but sometimes cease :

So these two *Contraries* do always jar

With equal force, and still maintain the war.

Now *these*, now *those* prevail, and *Infants* moans

Are always mixt with others *dying* groans.

And every day and night the *tender* cry

Of *new born* babes, joyn with their *sighs* that dye.

Now you must further mark, that Nought's com-

Compos'd, or made of *Seeds* all of *one* kind ; (bin'd,

But things of *different* powers and faculties,

Do equal *different* sorts of Seed comprise.

The Earth doth in it self such parts contain,

As make up *Springs* which feed the greedy Main.

And such Seed too, as fiercest fire can frame,

For many parts, like *Aetna*, vomit flame ;

And such, whence *Trees* and tender *Shrubs* do shoot,

And *Grass* for *Beasts*, for Man sweet *Corn*, and *Fruit*.

Hence term'd the *Mother* of the *Gods*, confess

The *common* Parent too of Man and Beast.

The *Poets* sing, that thro the Heaven above

She *Chariots*, drawn by yoked *Lions*, drove,

And riding to and fro she wanders there ;

Teaching by this, that in the spacious Air

Hangs the vast *Mass* of Earth, and needs no prop

Of any lower Earth to keep it up.

They yoke such beasts, to shew, that every child,

Tho form'd by Nature fierce, untam'd, and wild,

Softned by care, and love, grows tame, and mild.

The fable
of Cybele

Her

Her lofty head a *Mural* Garland wears,
 Because she Towns and stately Castles bears ;
 And thus adorn'd with gawdy Pomp and Show,
 Goes thro' our Towns, and as she passes thro',
 The *Vulgar* fear, and all with reverence bow.
 Concerning her, *fond Superstition* frames
 A thousand odd conceits, a thousand names,
 And gives her a large train of *Phrygian* Dames ;
 Because in *Phrygia* Corn at first took birth,
 And thence was scatter'd o're the other Earth.
 They Eunuch all her Priests, from whence 'tis shown,
 That they deserve no children of their own,
 Who or abuse their *Sires*, or disrespect,
 Or treat their *Mothers* with a cold neglect ;
 Their Mothers whom they should adore.----
 Amidst her Pomp *ferce* Drums and Cymbals beat,
 And the *hoarse* Horns with *ratling* notes do threat :
 The Pipe with *Phrygian* Ayres disturbs their Souls,
 Till Reason overthrown, mad Passion rules :
 They carry Arms, those dreadful signs of War,
 To raise it h' impious rout Religious fear :
 When carried thus in Pomp thro' Towns she goes,
 And Health on all she *silently* bestows ;
 With offer'd Mony they bestrew the Plain,
 And Roses cover her, and all her Train.
 Here some in Arms dance round among the crowd,
 Look *dreadful gay* in their own sparkling blood,
 Their Crests still shaking with a dreadful Nod.
 These represent those armed Priests, who strove
 To drown the tender cries of *Infant* Jove ;
 By dancing quick they made a greater sound,
 And beat their Armor as they danc't around,
 Lest *Saturn*, should have sound, and eat the Boy,
 And *Ops* for ever mourn'd her *prattling* Joy :

For this her Train is arm'd ; or else to show,
They'l serve their Country, and enlarge it too,
When ever Danger or when Honour calls ;
All which, tho well contriv'd, is fond, and false.

For every Deity must live in peace,
In undisturb'd and everlasting ease :
Not care for us, from fears and dangers free,
Sufficient to his own felicity.

Nought here below, Nought in our power he needs,
Ne're smiles at good, ne're frowns at wicked deeds.

The *Earth* wants Sense, but yet contains the Seeds
And therefore Trees and living Creatures breeds :
Now those that would their wanton fancies please,
And use the name of *Neptune* for the Seas,
Ceres for Corn, or *Bacchus* for the Vine,

Rather than speak the plainer terms of Wine,
Such men may call, and strength of fancy show,
The *Earth* the *Mother* of the *Gods* below

And those above, altho she is not so,

The Sheep, the warlike Horse, and Bull in food
Agree, and all drink of the same cold flood;

Yet they are different, and each delights

In's proper Motions, Manners, Appetites ;

Such different Seeds in every Herb do grow,

Such different Seeds in every Water flow.

Now tho blood, humour, nerves, and vein, and bone,

Are parts of *Animal*, and make up one,

Yet what varieties their Forms divide ?

How all unlike ? their difference vastly wide.

So all combustibles, tho not the same

In other things, have parts of such a frame,

As make gay Sparkles, Ashes, Light, and Flame ;

And so consider every thing, you'l find

Each made of different Seeds in Shape and Kind.

Last.

Lastly, we all confess some Objects please
 The Smell and Taste at once :
 Now Seeds of *different* shapes must make up these. }
 For Taste and Smell do different Organs strike,
 Therefore their figures cannot be alike :
 So that each Mass doth *different* Shapes enclose,
 And every Body different Seeds compose.

A pregnant proof of this my *Verse* affords :
 For there are Letters *common* to all Words,
 Yet some of *different* shapes and figures joyn
 To make each *different* Word, each *different* Line ;
 Not but that many are in shape the same,
 But all agree not in one common frame.
 And so of other things, tho Things are made
 Of many *common* Seeds in order laid,
 Yet may the Compounds widely disagree,
 And we may justly guess that Stone, and Tree,
 Or Animal kind, as Bird, and Beast, and Man,
 From Seeds of *different* shapes and kinds began.

*All Seeds
 do not a-
 gree with
 all,*

Yet *all* joyn not with *all* ; for thence would rise
 Vast Monsters, Nature's great absurdities :
 Some things half Beast, half Man, and some would
 Tall Trees *above*, and Animals *below* ; (grow
 Some joyn'd of Fish and Beasts, and every where
 Frightful Chimera's breathing flames appear.
 But since we see no such, and things arise
 From certain Seeds of certain Shape, and Size,
 And keep their Kind as they increase and grow,
 There's some fix'd reason why it should be so.
 For see, our limbs receive from all their food
 Agreeable parts, which turn'd to flesh and blood
 Accept the vital motions ; but for those
 That *disagree* with her, some Nature throws
 Thro open passages away, but more

By

By *secret impulse* fly thro every Pore;
 For they could never joyn, but still at strife
 Obstruct all motions that are fit for life.
 Now these are *Catholick Laws*, these Rules do bind
 Not *Animals* alone, but every Kind:
 For since all in their nature different be,
 The figures of their Seeds must disagree;
 Not but that many are in shape the same,
 But all agree not in one common frame.

Now since the *Seeds* are different, thence will grow
 A difference in their *Weight*, and *Motion* too,
 Their *Stroak*, *Connection*, *Concuss*. Now by these,
 Not *Animals* alone, but *Heaven*, *Earth*, *Seas*,
 Are plac'd in their own proper *Species*.

Now further learn, what I with toyl and pain,
 With many a careful thought and *labouring* brain
 Have sought to teach thee, lest you should mistake,
 And think the Seeds of *black Composures*, *black*;
 Of *white* things *white*, or other *bodies* wear
 Those different *colours* that their Seeds did bear;
 For *Seeds* are *colourless*, without a Dye,
 Or like or unlike those that seem to lie
 On *Bodies* surfaces, and strike our eye.

} *Seeds are
colourless.*

Now if you think such Seeds are things unfit
 To be conceiv'd, how fond is the conceit?
 For since that men born blind, whose *natural* Night
 Was never scatter'd by one beam of Light,
 Know things by *touch*, he's foolish that denies
 That any notices of things can rise,
 Unless from *Colours* entring at our eyes.
 So when we feel it dark, and form from thence
 Some Images, what *Colours* strike our sense?

But this Position stronger reasons show,
 For *Seeds* of things ne're change, tho *Colours* do:

For

For somewhat must survive each change, and be
 Essentially immutable, and free ;
 Lest all should sink to Nought, and thence arise ;
For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
 Therefore *Seeds* colourless, unfit for view
 Or grant, or grant Annihilation true.

Beside,

If *Seeds* are colourless, and free from Dyes,
 But form'd of *different figures*, whence may rise }
 The numerous colours, gay varieties ;
 And since, as we discours'd before, we find
 It matters much with *what* first *Seeds* are joyn'd,
 What *figure*, what *posiion* they maintain,
 What *motions* give, and what receive again,
 'Tis straight resolv'd, why things as *black* as night }
 Can change so soon, and put on *Virgin white*,
 And scatter all around their vigorous light. }
 As in the Sea, when the mad Ocean raves,
 And white Curles rise upon the foaming waves ;
 For thus it is, That which seem'd *black* before,
 By losing little parts, or taking more,
 Their *Number*, *Motion*, *Order*, *Station*, *Site*,
Posiion chang'd, from *black* are turn'd to *white*.

But if the *Sea* were ting'd with *Natural Sky*,
 What force, what art could make it change the dye ?
 For change its frame, and change and change again,
 Yet still the *native* tincture would remain,
 And never put on *white* ; but if the *Seed*,
 Painted with *different* colours, all agreed,
 To make *one White*, as little parts that bear
 Quite different figures can compose *one square* ;
 Then it would follow, as in *squares* there lie
 Such different *figures* naked to our eye,
 Just so in one pure Whiteness we should view

A thousand colours mix, and different too.

Besides, look o're those different shapes, for there
No hindrance in their *natures* doth appear,
Why all may not agree to make one square.
But neither *sense*, nor *Nature's* laws permit,
That different colours should compose one *white*.

Besides, the only cause that all propose
For colour'd *Seeds*, this fancy overthrow's :
For here, from *white*, *white* Bodies do not rise,
Nor *black* from *black*, but *Seeds* of various *Dyes*.
Now colourless *Seeds* will sooner make a *White*
Than *black*, or any other *opposite*.

Beside, since Colours are alone by day,
And owe their Beings to the *glistering* Ray;
But *Seeds* of Things do not exist alone
By day; 'tis plain that they are ting'd with none :
For how can Colours be ith' darkest night,
Since they all change, and vary with the light,
According as the Ray's *oblique* or *right*?

So *Plumes* that go around the *Pigeon's* head,
Sometimes look brisker with a deeper red ;
And then in different position seen,
Show a gay *Skie* all intermix'd with *green* :
And so in *Peacocks* tails, all fill'd with light,
The colour varies with the change of site.
Now since these colours rise from beams of th' Sun
Reflex, they cannot be when those are gone ;
And since the eyes a different stroak receive
From *white*, from that which *black*, or others give ;
And since it matters not what colour's worn
By things we touch, but what *fit* shapes are born ;
We easily infer *Seeds* want no *Dyes*,
Those the variety of Shapes supplies,
And thence those different sorts of Touch may rise.

H

Beside,

of colours

Beside, since certain Colours don't agree
 To certain Shapes, and any Dye may be
 In any shape, then tell me why we find
 Such Colours still belong to such a Kind,
 Why cannot Crows their usual Dye forsake,
 And put on white? why not Swans mourn in black?
 Again, break any thing, we find at last
 The less the parts, the more the Colours wast.
 For instance, shave but Gold, the gawdy Red,
 Which thro' the whole composition once was spread,
 Is lost and gone, the parts unheeded lie,
 Nor with their tempting Purple court our eye.
 Which shews, that Bodies are from Colours freed,
 Before they come to be as small as Seed.

Besides, since some ne're touch the Ear, or Nose,
 With Sound or Smell, we naturally suppose
 That neither Sound nor Smell belongs to those.
 So likewise, 'tis nonsense to deny
 Some Seeds too small, and subtle for our eye,
 Those free from Colour we must all conceive,
 As well as those from Sound, and Taste believe,
 Whose Sound, nor Taste, nor Tongue, nor Ears per-
 And yet the Mind can comprehend as well
 These void of Dye, as those of Sound and Smell.

Seeds are
 Inodorous.

Beside, not only Colour is not found
 In Seed, but neither Smell, nor Taste, nor Sound:
 They no brisk Odours in Effluvioms send
 Or to delight our Nose, or to offend;
 But void of Odors all. So Artists chose
 An inodorous Liquor to compose
 Their rich Perfumes, lest they infect, and spoil
 Their Odours with the native smell of Oyl.

Well then, as all these former reasons show,
 The Seeds on compound Bodies ne're bestow

Their

Their Sound, their Taste, or Smell; for they have none, *Seeds have no Qualities.*
 No proper Sound, or Odour of their own;
 Nor Heat, nor Cold, nor any quality;
 For those are subject all to change, and die,
 E'en such as viscous, brittle, hollow are,
 All which arise from putrid, soft, and rare;
 For either these cannot to Seeds agree,
 Or Seeds are not immortal all, and free
 From change, and therefore things may fall to nought:
 All which, how fond, my former reasons taught.

Now farther, those Composites that perceive, *} Sensibles from Seeds void of Sense.*
 Enobled all with various sense, derive
 Their Beings from Insensibles, and live.
 This every common Generation shows,
 And rather proves this truth, than overthrows.
 For look, what numerous swarms of Worms, and
 From putrid and fermenting Clods arise, (Flies
 When seminal Rain descends in softning Dew,
 And makes the wearied Earth bring forth anew.

Besides, Leaves, Water, Grass, do make up Beast,
 And Man too feeds on those, and is increast;
 Their flesh is turn'd to ours, and so agen
 The Birds, and Beasts increase by eating Men.
 All which do prove, that any sort of food
 Nature can turn to flesh, and blood:
 Whence Animals, those things of sense, the frames,
 As out of Wood she raiseth fire and flames.

And hence, as we discours't before, we find
 It matters much with what first Seeds are joyn'd;
 What Site, and what Position they maintain,
 What Motions give, and what receive again.

But what confirms, what prompts thee to believe *} Objection.*
 That things endow'd with sense can ne're derive,
 Their Beings from insensibles, and live?

Perchance, as common observation shows, (poſe,
 Becauſe Earth, Stone, Wood, various things com- }
 And yet there's neither *life*, nor *ſenſe* in thoſe. }
 But here you muſt conſider, neither I,
 Nor any Maſter of Philoſophy
 Affirm, that *every* Being may commence
 A *ſenſible*, and ſhew the acts of *ſenſe*:
 But that thoſe Seeds, whence *ſenſibles* ariſe,
 Muſt all have a *convenient ſhape*, and *ſize*,
Position, *Motion*, *Order*: now not one
 Of theſe appears in *Earth*, or *Wood*, or *Stone*.
 Yet theſe fermented by a timely rain,
 Grow fruitful and produce a numerous train
 Of Worms, becauſe the little bodies leave
 Their former *ſite*, and *union*, and receive
 New *Motion*, into new *Position* fall
 And *order*, fit to make an *Animal*.

Befides, thoſe that contend that things commence
Senſibles, from *Seeds* endow'd with *ſenſe*,
 Muſt grant thoſe *Seeds* are *ſoft*; for *ſenſe* doth joyn
 To tender Gut alone, or Nerve, or Vein,
 All which are ſoft, and eaſily diſſolv'd.

But grant they could eternally endure,
 Suppose them all from fatal change ſecure,
 Yet other Doubts occur. For further ſee,
 If all thoſe *Seeds* have *ſenſe*, that *ſenſe* muſt be
 Or of one *ſingle* Member, or of *All*;
 And ſo be like a perfect *Animal*.

But now the parts in a divided ſtate
 Enjoy no *ſenſe*: The *Hand*, if ſeparate,
 Can feel no more, nor any member live
 Divided from the *Body*, nor perceive.
 Well then, each muſt be like an *Animal*,
 Each ſingle *Seed* contain the ſenſe of *All*:

But

But if like *Animals* ; then tell me why,
 As well as *Animals*, they cannot die?
 And why *immortal* all ? But grant them so;
 Yet what could all their Combinations do,
 But make some *Animals* ? and what increast
 But *sensibles* ? --

As *Man* gets only *Man*, and *Beast* gets *Beast*.

But if the *Seed* in mixture lose their own,
 And take another *sense*, when their's is gone,
 What need of any ? why should we suppose
 They ever had that *sense*, which they must lose ?

Beside, since, as I urg'd before, 'tis true
 That Birds are made of Eggs ; since softning Dew
 Ferments the Clods to worms, we know from thence
 That *sensibles* rise from *Seeds* void of *sense*.

If any grants the thing, that *sense* can rise
 From senseless *Seeds*, if he consents to this ;
 But says, that it is form'd, and fashion'd all
 By change it'h *Seeds*, before the *Animal*,
 As any other things are born, and grow :
 For his conviction, I shall only show,
 That *Nature's* fixt, and steddy *Laws* decree'd,
 That Nothing should be chang'd, that Nought
 should breed

No Sense
 before the
 Animal.

Without a combination of the *Seed*.
 And thus without the *limbs* no *sense* can rise,
 It cannot be, before the *body* is ;
 Because the *Seeds* lie scatter'd every where,
 In Heaven, in Earth, and Water, Flame, and Air ;
 Not yet combin'd to make an *Animal*,
 Nor *Sense*, that *Guide*, and Governour of All.

Beside, when stroaks too strong for *Nature* fall,
 And mighty pressures crush an *Animal*,
 It's *Sense* and *Vital* powers are scatter'd all.

For

For then the *little Seeds* do separate,
 And all the *vital powers* are stopt by Fate.
 At length the Motion, scatter'd thro' the whole,
 Breaking the vital ties of Limbs and Soul,
 Expells and drives it out at every Pore :
 For what can *force*, for what can *stroke* do more,
 Than *disunite* those Seeds, that *joyn'd* before ?

But when the *force* is weak, more *light* the blows,
 The small *remains* of Life with ease compose
 Those violent motions of *approaching* Fate,
 And call back all things to their former state ;
 Expel *usurping* Death, that seem'd t' obtain
 An *Empire* there, and settle *Sense* again :
 Else why should *living* Creatures, that arrive
 So near the gates of death, *return*, and live,
 Rather than enter in, when come so nigh,
 And end their almost finish'd race, and die ?

Beside, since we *feel* pain, when outward force
 Diverts the *Atoms*, from their natural course,
 And shakes them o're the limbs ; but when they
 obtain

Their *natural motion*, and their place again ;
 A quiet pleasure streight succeeds the pain.
 It follows, that the *Seeds* are things unfit,
 Or to be toucht with *pain*, or with *delight* ;
 Because they are not made of other Seed,
 Whose *change* of Motion, or of Site may breed
 Vexing pain, pleasure, or delight ; and hence
 It follows too, that they are void of *sense*.

But further now ; if we must needs believe,
 That *Seeds* have *sense*, because the *things* perceive ;
 What sort of *Seed* must form the *humane* race ?
 Can violent laughter screw their *little* face ?
 Or can they drop their *briny* tears apace ?

Can

Can they or laugh, or weep? Can they descry
 The greatest secrets of Philosophy?
 Discourse how things are mixt? Or comprehend
 On what firm principles themselves depend?
 For things which do enjoy the faculties
 And powers of perfect Animals, must rise
 From other Seeds, and those must be begun
 From others, and so to infinitum on.
 For thus I'll urge: Whatever can perceive,
 Discourse, laugh, reason, flatter, weep, or grieve,
 Must be compounded, and must owe their frame
 To proper Seeds, which can perform the same.
 But if this seems absurd; and dull, morose,
 And heavy Seeds can laughing things compose;
 If wise, or if discursive things can rise
 From Seeds, that neither reason, nor are wise;
 What hinders then, but that a sensible
 May spring from Seeds, all void of sense, as well?

Lastly, we all from Seed Celestial rise,
 Which Heaven, our common Parent, still supplies.
 From Him the Earth receives enlivening Rain,
 And streight she bears Bird, Tree, and Beast, and Man,
 And proper food for all; by which they thrive,
 Grow strong, and propagate their race, and live;
 Thence justly all the name of Mother give.
 And so each part returns when bodies die,
 What came from Earth, to Earth; what from the
 Dropt down, ascends again; and mounts on high.
 For Death doth not destroy, but disunite
 The Seeds, and change their Order, and their Site:
 Then make new combinations, whence arise
 In bodies all those great varieties;
 Their change in colour, shape, and frame; and thence
 Some for a while enjoy, then lose their sense.

From

From whence, as we observ'd before, we find
 It matters much with what first Seeds are joyn'd ;
 What Site, and what Position they maintain,
 What Motion give, and what receive again ;
 And that the *Seeds* of Bodies ne're contain
 Such fragil transient things, as seem to lie
 On bodies surfaces, and change, and die.

It matters much, even in these rude lines,
 How, or with what, each single letter joyns ;
 For the same letters, or almost the same,
 Make words to signifie Earth, Sun, and Flame,
 The Moon, the Heaven, Corn, Animals and Trees,
 And Sea ; but their position disagrees ,
 Their order's not alike. In bodies so :
 As their seeds, figure, order, motion do,
 The Things themselves must change, and vary too.

*Many
 worlds.*

But now attend, I'll teach thee something *new* ;
 'Tis *strange*, but yet 'tis *reason*, and tis *true*.
 E'en what we *now* with greatest ease receive,
 Seem'd strange at *first*, and we could scarce believe ;
 And what we *wonder* at, as years increase,
 Will seem more *plain*, and all our wonder cease.
 For look, the Heaven, the Stars, the Sun, and Moon,
 If on a sudden unto Mortals shown,
 Discover'd now, and never seen before,
 What could have rais'd the people's wonder more ?
 What could be more admir'd at here below ?
 E'en *you* had been surpriz'd at such a show.
 But *now* all cloy'd with these, scarce cast an eye,
 Or think it worth the pains to view the Sky.
 Wherefore fly no Opinion, 'cause tis *new*,
 But strictly search, and after careful view,
 Reject, if *false* ; embrace it, if 'tis *true*.

Now I have prov'd before, this Mighty Space

Is *infinite*, and knows no lowest place,
 Nor uppermost; no bounds this *All* controule,
 For that's against the *nature* of the *Whole*.
 Now since thro this *vast Space* Seeds *always* move
 With various turns, and from eternal strove;
 Who can imagine there should only rise
 Our *single Earth*, our *Air*, and our *Skies*;
 Whilst all the other Matter *scatter'd* lies?
 Especially, since these from *chance* arose;
 When the *unthinking* Seeds, by various blows;
 Now this now that way mov'd, at last were hurl'd
 Into the decent order of *this World*;
 And made fit Combinations: whence began
 The Earth, the Heaven, the Sea, and Beast, and Man.
 'Tis prov'd, and certain then, that other-where
 The busie *Atoms* joyn, as well as here;
Such Earths, *such Seas*, *such Men*, *such Beasts* arise,
 All like to those inclos'd by our *Skies*.

Again; when there can be no *hindring* cause,
 But *Place* and *Seed* enough; by *Nature's* laws
 Things must be made: Now if the *Seed* surmount
 The utmost stretch of Numbers vast account,
 And the same Nature can compose a Mass,
 As once in this, in any other place;
 It plainly follows, that there must arise (Skies,
 Distinct and numerous Worlds, Earth, Men, and
 In places *distant*, and remote from this.

Now farther add: no *species* hath but *one*,
 Which is begun, increas'd, and grows *alone*;
 But every *Kind* doth certainly contain
 Of *Individuals* a numerous train,
 As Bird, and silent Fish; as Beast, and Man;
 Therefore the *species* of the *Sun*, and *Moon*,
 Of *Heaven*, and *Earth*, must needs have more than *one*.

For every one of these is made, and grows
 By the same Nature's *Catholic* Laws with those,
 Whose *spacious* Kinds do numerous trains enclose.

If this you'll understand, you'll plainly see,
 How the vast *Mafs* of Matter, *Nature*, free
 From the *proud care* of th' *medling* Deity,
 Doth work by her own private strength, and move,
 Without the trouble of the *Powers* above.

For, how, *good Gods*, can those that live in peace,
 In undisturb'd and everlasting ease,
 Rule this vast *All*? their labouring thoughts divide
 'Twixt Heaven and Earth, and all their motions
 Send heat to *us*, the various Orbs controule, (guide,
 Or be immense, and spread o're all the Whole?
 Or hide the Heaven in Clouds, whence Thunder
 Does beat their own aspiring Temples down? (thrown
 Or thro vast Desarts breaks the *innocent* Wood,
 Not hurts the *bad*, but strikes the *just* and *good*?

The world
 receives
 new seeds.

Now the Infinite *Mafs* sends new supplies
 Into the World already form'd; whence Skies
 And this vast ball of Earth, and boisterous Seas,
 And spacious Air, grow bigger, and increase:
 For all to their own proper Kinds retire,
 To Earth the earthy, fiery parts to Fire,
 To Water, watry, till they grow as great
 As Nature's fixt and steddy Laws permit.
 For as in Animals, when every vein
 Receives no more than what flies off again,
 Those can *increase* no more; such means secure
 Those things from farther growth, when once ma-
 For that which looks so fair, so gay, and young, (ture.
 Climbs to maturity, grows great, and strong;
 That *many* parts receives, and still retains,
 And spends but *few*; because thro all the veins

Augmen-
 tation.

The

The little nourishing parts with ease diffus'd,
 Are there in little space confin'd, and us'd
 For growth; but few flie off, and break the chain,
 And get their former liberty again.
 For tho things lose their parts, when those are gone *Diminution.*
 Some new supplies of other Seeds come on,
 And more than they have lost: Thus things endure,
 Look gay, and young, until they grow mature:
 Thence by degrees our strength melts all away,
 And treacherous Age creeps on, and things decay.
 For bodies *now* grown big, and large, which cease }
 From their continued growth, nor more encrease; }
 Those spend the more, their parts disperse with }
 The *nourishing* parts come slowly on, and few, (ease.
 Too small decaying Nature to renew;
 The stock is largely spent, no new supply
 Sufficient to make good those parts that die:
 Therefore they needs must fall, their nature broak
 By *inward* wasting, or *external* stroak;
 Because the stock of nourishment decays
 As Age creeps on, and still a thousand ways
 The little enemies without oppose,
 And strive to kill them by *continual* blows:
 And so the World must fall, tho new supply
 The Mass affords, to raise those things that die.
 Yet all in vain; for Nature cannot give
 Supplies sufficient, nor the World receive.
 E'en now the World's grown old; e'en she that }
 Such mighty bulky *Animals* before, (bore }
 Now bears a *puny* Insect, and no more.
 For who can think these creatures, fram'd above,
 The little business of some meddling Jove?
 And thence to people this inferior Ball,
 By *Homer's* golden chain let gently fall?

Nor did they rise from the *rough* Seas, but Earth,
To what she now doth feed at first gave birth.

Beside, *she* Corn, and Wine, and Oyl did bear,
And tender fruit, without the *Tiller's* care.

She brought forth Herbs, which now the feeble Soil
Can scarce afford to all our pain and toil.

We labour, sweat, and yet by all this strife
Can scarce get Corn and Wine enough for life.

Our Men, our Oxen groan, and never cease,
So fast our Labours grow, our Fruits decrease.

Nay oft the Farmers with a sigh complain,
That they have labour'd all the year in vain,

And looking back on former Ages blest

With anxious thoughts their Parents happiness ;

Talk loudly, how that *Pious* they were fill'd,

Content with what the willing Soil did yield,

Tho each man then enjoy'd a narrower field :

But never think, fond Fools, that Age will waste

This mighty World, and break the Frame at last.

The End of the Second Book.

Lu-

LUCRETII.

THE THIRD BOOK.

(brought,
THee, who hast Light from midst *thick darkness* *Praise of*
 And *Life's* advantages and pleasures taught, *Epicurus.*
 Thee, chiefest glory of the *Grecian* state,
 I strictly trace ; willing to imitate,
 Not contradict : for how can Larks oppose
 The vigorous *Swans* ? They are unequal foes ;
 Or how can tender *Kids* with feeble force
 Contend in Racing with the noble *Horse* ?
 Thou, *Parent of Philosophy*, hast shown
 The way to Truth by Precepts of thy Own.
 For as from sweetest Flowers the labouring Bee
 Extracts her *precious* juyce ; *Great Soul* , from Thee
 We all our *Golden Sentences* derive,
Golden, and fit *Eternally* to live.
 For when I hear thy mighty Reasons prove
 This World was made without the Powers above,
 All fears and terrors waft, and fly apace.
 Thro parted Heavens I see the Mighty *Space*,
 The Rise of *Things*, the Gods, and Happy Seats,
 Which Storm or violent Tempest never beats ;
 Nor Snow invades, but with the purest Air,
 And gawdy light diffus'd, look gay and fair :

There

There bounteous Nature makes supplies for ease,
 There Minds enjoy an undisturbed Peace;
 But that which senseless we so grossly fear,
 No Hell, no sulphurous Lakes, no Pools appear;
 And thro the Earth I can distinctly view
 What underneath the *bustle* Atoms do.
 From such like thoughts I mighty pleasure find,
 And silently admire thy strength of Mind;
 By whose one single force, to Curious eyes
 All naked and expos'd whole Nature lies.

The Sub-
 ject.

Fear of
 Death the
 cause of
 all Evil.

Since then I've taught, what Seeds of Bodies are,
 And how they move, what different shapes they bear,
 And how from these all Beings first may spring:
 Next of the Mind, and of the Soul I'll sing,
 And chase that dread of Hell, those idle fears,
 That spoil our lives with jealousies and cares,
 Disturb our joys with dread of pains beneath,
 And fill them with the black fear of Death.
 For tho some talk, they should less fear to die,
 Than live in a Disease, or Infamy;
 That they know well the Soul consists in blood,
 And our Philosophy can do no good;
 Observe, they talk thus rather out of love
 To empty Praise, than what they say approve:
 For these same men, to chains or banishment,
 Condemn'd to th' Gallies, or to Prison sent,
 Tho infamous by horrid crimes they're grown,
 Yet still endure, and patiently live on;
 Nay, more than that, where e're the Wretches come,
 They sacrifice black Sheep on every Tomb,
 To please the *Manes*; and of all the rout,
 When cares and dangers press, grow most devout.
 Well then, to know mens Souls, and what they are,
 View them beset with Dangers, and with Care:

For

For *then* their words will with their *thoughts* agree,
And, all the mask pull'd off, show what they be.

Beside, all *blind ambition*, all *fierce lust*
Of *Avarice*, those Parents of unjust,
Which make men plunge thro' sins, and vex each hour
With cares, and pains, to climb to wealth, or power ;
This shame, these great disturbers of our breath,
Are chiefly nourisht by the fear of Death.

For *Infamy*, *Contempt*, and *Poverty*,
Do seem so near the *gates of Death* to lie ;
That whilst by *senseless* fears men frighted strive
As far remov'd as possible to live,
By Civil wars endeavour to get more,
And *doubling* murders, *double* their vast store ;
Laugh o're their *Brothers* graves; and timorous guests
All hate, and dread their *nearest Kinsmens* fealts.
From the same cause the *meager* Envious rise,
And look on others wealth with troubled eyes ;
Complaints they make, and passionately repine,
That some with Power, and some with Honour shine,
Whilst they lie mean, and low, and without fame ;
And thus they die for Statues, and a Name. (hate,

When some this Dread strikes deep, e'en life they
And their own hands prevent the stroak of Fate :
Yet still are ignorant, that this vain fear
Breeds all the trouble, jealousy, and care ;
Makes men unkind, unchast, and break their trust ;
In short, destroys whate're is good, and just.
So some their *Parents*, and their *Country* sell,
To free themselves from *Death*, and following *Hell*.
For *We* ith' *Day*, as *Boys* ith' *Night*, do fear
Shadows, as vain too, and senseless as those are.

Wherefore that darkness that o'respreads our souls,
What can disperse, but those *Eternal* Rules,

Which

Which from firm *Premises* true *Reason* draws,
And a deep insight into *Nature's* laws ?

The Mind
is a Sub-
stance,

First then, the *Mind*, in which the *Reason* lies,
Is *part* of Man, as Hands, and Feet, and Eyes,
Are parts of *Animals* ; tho some have taught,
And those *Philosophers*, that Sense, and Thought,
Do no particular seat, and part controle,
But is a *vital habit* of the Whole ;
In Greek call'd, *Harmony*, and that from thence
Flows all our Reason, Life, and Thought, and Sense.
But 'tis no *part*. So Health, and Strength belong
To Man, yet are no *parts* of him that's strong.
But this is false.----

Not Har-
mony.

For often when these *visible* limbs do smart,
Brisk joy's still seated in some *unseen* part.
And so o'th' contrary : when *Minds* oppress
Sink under cares, their *Bodies* are at rest.
So often whilst the *Hand* or *Foot* complains,
The *Head* is vigorous, and free from pains.

Beside, when charms of sleep have clos'd our eyes,
Languid, and void of sense the Body lies ;
Yet even then, some other part appears
Disturb'd with hope, with joy, and empty fears.

But further, to convince you that the *Soul*.
Is *part*, and not the *Harmony* of the Whole :
For tho some limbs are lost, Life keeps her seat ;
But when few Particles of *Vital Heat*,
And our last breath goes out, *Life* likewise flies,
And the *forsaken* Carcass wafts, and dies :
Which proves our Lives not equally depend,
For their beginning, continuance, and end,
On every *part* ; but chiefly *Heat* and *Air*
Make Life within us, and preserve it there :
Then both these *two* are there ; but swiftly gone,

And

And leave our limbs, as treacherous Death comes on.

Now since the *Nature* of the *Mind* and *Soul*
Is fully found, and prov'd a *part* of th' Whole,
Let those that call it *Harmony*, and please
Their fancies to derive such words as these
From Musick's sounds, or whence soe're it came,
Apply'd to that which had no proper name,
Take back their *Term* again, 'tis here orethrown,
And useles prov'd ; Let us go farther on.

Next then, I must affirm the *Soul* and *Mind*
Make up one single Nature closely joyn'd,
But yet the *Mind*'s the *head* and *ruling* part
Call'd *Reason*, and 'tis seated in the *Heart* ;
For there our *Passions* live, our Joy, and Fear,
And Hope, which proves the *Mind* must needs be
But the *inferior* part, the *Soul*, confin'd (there ;
To all the Limbs, obeys the *ruling* mind,
And moves as *that* directs ; for only *that*
Can of it self rejoyce, or fear, or hate ;
Passion and Thought belong to *that* alone,
For *Soul* and *Limbs* are capable of none.

The *Mind*
and *Soul*
are one.

As when the *Eye*, or *Head*, or *Hand* complains,
All the whole *Body* is not vext with pains ;
So often whilst the labouring *Mind* oppress'd
Sinks under cares, the *Soul* enjoys her rest :
But when the *Mind* a violent *Passion* shakes,
Of that disturbance too the *Soul* partakes ;
Cold sweats bedew the Limbs, the Face looks pale,
The Tongue begins to falter, Speech to fail,
The Ears are fill'd with noise, the Eyes grow dim,
And feeble shakings seize on every limb.

Besides, on suddain frights men often swoon ;
A strange effect : from which 'tis plainly known,
The *Mind* and *Soul* are joyn'd, and make but one ;

K

For

*The Mind
is materi-
al.*

For here the *Mind's* force strikes the *Soul*, and so
The stroak goes on, and strikes the *Body* too.

But, to enlarge the Instance more, this proves
The *Mind* material too, because it moves, (wan ;
And shakes the limbs, makes them look pale and
In short, directs and governs the whole Man :
All which is done by *Touch*, and what e're touch
Are Bodies, then the *Mind* and *Soul* are such.

*The Mind
is compos'd
of Seeds
small and
round.*

The *Mind* prov'd *Body*, I'll go on to find
What sort of *Body* 'tis that makes the *Mind*.

First then, it is a *small* and *subtle* one,
Because no Action is so swiftly done
As what the *Mind* begins. This Instance proves
The *Mind*, than other things more swiftly moves ;
But what thus easy to be mov'd is found,
Of *very little* Seed, and *very round*
Must needs be fram'd ; so that the weakest Shove
May push them forward on, and make them move.
Water by lightest stroaks is mov'd and flows,
'Cause small and slippery parts the streams compose ;
But Hony, and thick liquors stubborn prove,
More dull, and heavy, and unapt to move ;
For all their parts more joyn'd, and closer fall,
Because they're not so round, so smooth, and small.
So heaps of *Poppy*-seed, so *Sand* disjoyn'd,
Is scatter'd by the softest breath of *Wind* ;
But *massy* Stones, or *Darts* together cast,
Stand firm against, and scorn the roughest blast :
Which proves, that Seeds *small*, *smooth*, and *round* are
For vigorous motion, rough and great for Rest. (best
Now since the nature of the *Mind* is found
So apt to move, of Bodies *small* and *round*
It must be fram'd: Which knowledge (lovely Youth)
Will lead thee on to undiscover'd Truth.

For

For hence by easy inference you may guess,
 How subtle all its parts, what small recess,
 If crusht together, it would all possess.
 For when the stroak of Fate invades the heart,
 And the affrighted *Mind* and *Soul* depart,
 The *Weight* and *Bulk* remain ; contented Death
 Leaves all secure, but *vital* Sense, and *Breath* ;
 Therefore those Seeds that frame this *Soul*, thro all
 Our limbs diffus'd, are subtle, thin, and small :
 Because when that's all gone, each limb retains
 The former bulk, the former weight remains.
 So when the brisker *spirits* leap from Wine,
 And parts from Odours with the Air combine ;
 When from our Limbs a *subtle Humour* flows,
 Of the same *Weight* and *Bulk* the *Body* shows,
 Because small *Seeds* all Juice, all Smells compose.
 'Tis certain then, those Seeds that frame the *Mind*
 Are thin and small, and subtle, and refin'd ;
 For when the *Mind* is gone, their former weight
 Each *Limb* retains, the bulk remains as great.

How small
the Soul.

And yet 'tis *mixt*, for when Life's powers decay,
 A gentle Breeze with Vapour flies away.
 This Vapour likewise shews that Air is there,
 All Heat hath Air ; for Heat by Nature rare
 Must still be intermixt with parts of Air.

The Mind
consists of
four parts.

Well then, we know the *Mind* and *Soul* comprise
 Three things, yet from all these no sense can rise,
 No vigorous thought from such a frame as this.
 Then we must add a fourth unto this frame,
 A fourth something, but without a name,
 Whose parts are smooth, small, subtle, apt to move,
 When prest or troubled by the weakest shove.
 From this comes sense, This the first stroak receives,
 And then the impulse to the Vapour gives ;

Then

Then to the *unseen Wind*, then to the *Air*,
 Thence thro our limbs 'tis scatter'd every where ;
 The blood with troubled motion strikes the Heart,
 And a quick sense runs thro each inward part :
 Then thro the marrow, then thro every bone ,
 Whether it be a sharp, or pleasing one:
 But *violent* passions, as *strong* grief or fear,
 Scarce enter far, and make disturbance there ;
 But strange Convulsions run our Bodies o're,
 And *Life* and *Soul* flie out at every Pore :
 But oft the *motion* on the *surface* plaies,
 Stops there, and that's the reason that *Life* stays.

The four
 parts are
confus'dly
mixt.

Next how these four are mixt, I would reherse,
 How fitly joyn'd, but now my flowing Verse
 The *Latin* Language's poverty doth check,
 Yet briefly, and as that permits, I'll speak.
 They all *confus'dly* move, no *different* space
 To each allotted, and no *proper* Place
 Where *this* divides from *that*, and lies alone,
 But *all* their *powers* conjoyn'd, arise as *One*.
 So generally in every piece of Meat
 Our Sense discovers Odors, Savors, Heat,
 Yet 'tis the *same* Flesh ; so Heat, and Air, and Wind,
 Make up one nature mixt, and closely joyn'd, (whence
 With *that* quick force which makes them move, and
 Thro all the *Bodie's* parts springs vigorous sense.

This Nature's deeply hid, this doth possess
 The Inward'st space, the most remote recess.
 As in our Limbs the Soul's remov'd from view,
 Because its Seeds are thin, and small, and few ;
 So this *fourth* *Nameless* force within the Soul
 Lies hid, its chiefest part, and rules the Whole.
 So likewise must the Heat, the Air, and Wind,
 Be in convenient place and order joyn'd ;

This

This must be uppermost, that lower fall,
To make it seem *one nature fram'd* of all;
Left *Heat* and *Air*, plac'd separately, distract
The power of Sense, and make it cease to act.

Heat in the *Mind* is shown, when *Passions* rise,
And Anger burns; it sparkles thro the Eyes:
And when the trembling body shakes for fear,
And *Blood* grows cold, we know that *wind* is there.
In those the power of *Air* is chiefly seen,
Whose Heart's *untroubled*, and their look *serene*;
Those have most *Heat*, by nature most inclin'd
To *rage*; such is the *Lion's* furious mind,
Who roaring bursts with generous disdain,
Nor can his breast his violent rage contain.
Most parts of *Wind* compose the *Deer's* cold soul,
From whence a trembling Chill runs thro the Whole.
The peaceful *Ox* contains most parts of *Air*,
Not subject unto too much *Rage*, nor *Fear*,
A temper, 'midst the *Lion*, and the *Deer*.

So *Mens* minds differ too, tho Moral Rules
And Arts do polish, and reform our Souls;
Yet still some *Seeds* remain, they still appear
Thro all the Masks and Vizors we can wear;
Some small Remainders of the *Primitive* Mind,
Some evil *Passions* will be left behind;
Whence some are prone to *Rage*, some to *Distrust*,
Some *Fearful* are, and some more *Mild* than *Just*.

A Thousand more varieties they show,
Each different Mind hath different Manners too:
Whose hidden causes I shall ne're explain,
Or names sufficient, and expressive feign,
For all these infinite varieties
Of Shapes, whence all these different Manners rise:
Yet this me-thinks might be affirm'd as true,
Those tracts of *Nature* are so weak, so few Which

Which Learning leaves, that we in spight of these,
May rival e'en the *Gods* in Happiness.

This *nature* thro the *Limbs* spreads every where,
And life and health preserves with provident care ;
For they are *joyn'd*, and each on each depends,
And the least separation *Death* attends.

As if from grains of Myrrh you force away
The ravishing smell, their *natures* too decay ;
So part the *Soul* and *Limbs*, you both destroy,
So close they joyn, and *common* life enjoy.

Nor can the *Soul* and *Body* separate,
Perceive, or think in their *divided* state ;
For the first stroak is by the *Nerves* convey'd,
And *Sense*, from the *joynt* motions of both, made.
Besides, the *Body* is not born alone,
Nor grows, nor lives, when *Mind* and *Soul* are gone ;
For tho the water heated o're the fire
May lose some *Vapours*, yet remain entire ;
The *Limbs*, when *Mind* and *Soul* are fled, submit
To the same fate, and die, and rot with it :
Nay more, before the Infants see the light,
Before they pass the confines of the Night,
Whilst yet within their Mothers Womb they lie,
If these *two* separate, they fail and die :
Whence learn, that since the *cause* of *Life*'s combin'd
And lies in both, their *natures* too are joyn'd.

The *Body*
as well as
Soul per-
ceives.

Farther, who to the *Limbs* all sense denies,
And says the *Soul*, which thro the *Body* lies,
Is Subject of that *Motion* we call *Sense*,
He fights against the clearest evidence.
What need of Arguments, what need of Words ?
The strongest proof the thing it self affords :
Yet every Limb wants *Sense*, when the *Soul*'s gone,
And loseth much as feeble Age comes on.

That

That Eyes no Objects see to sight expos'd,
 But that the *Soul*, as thro *wide* doors unclos'd,
 Looks thro them, is plain nonsense: 'Tis refell'd
 E'en by their sense, who this wild fancy held;
 This seems so plain, 'tis brought so near our Eyes,
 That he is blind, or shuts them, that denies;
 Chiefly when *fulgid* objects view'd, the sight
 Grows dim, and dazled, by too great a light:
 For *Doors unclos'd* no harm, no danger know,
 Whatever body 'tis that passes thro.

Were the Eyes *doors* thro which the *Soul* did look,
 View'd all around, and her fair prospect took,
 Our *Sight* would stronger, quicker, better prove,
 If *these* pluckt out, we all the *Bars* remove.

And now to solve these doubts must not be brought,
 As learn'd *Democritus* his School hath taught,
 That *Souls* and *Limbs* are equal, o're the Whole
 To every *Limb* an equal part of *Soul*.

Against
Democri-
tus.

For first, the *seeds* of *Soul* are less than those,
 Which all the *Bodie's* *grosser* parts compose;
 Neither in Number, nor in Bulk so great,
 And o're the Limbs in distant spaces set:
 So that as few, and little, as suffice
 For that weak motion, whence our Senses rise,
 So few, so little, we must all confess
 Those different spaces, which those Seeds possess.
 For often falling dust we scarce perceive,
 Nor Dew by night, nor what the Spiders weave,
 When o're our limbs the subtle chains are spread,
 Or the decaying web falls o're our head;
 Nor Plumes, nor Chaff, nor such light things as these,
 Nor the soft motion of the wandring Fleas:
 So that a *strong* impression must be made,
 And the quick stroak to many parts convey'd,

Before

Before the little *bodies* of the *Soul*
 Can feel, and thro those distant spaces roll ;
 Meet, strike, and part again, and thus perceive,
 Be pleas'd with the soft object's stroak, or grieve.

The Mind
 the chief-
 est part.

The *Mind's* the chiefest part of all the *whole*,
 Life more depends on *that*, than on the *Soul* ;
 When that departs, no *Soul* can longer stay,
 But servilly attends, and flies away,
 Expires and vanishes in the *same* breath,
 And leaves the limbs in the cold hands of Death.
 But he still *lives*, whose *Mind* remains alone,
 Altho his limbs lopt off, the *Soul* is gone.
 So let *Ingenious* Tyrants malice strive
 Of *many* limbs, tho not of *all*, deprive,
 And so divide the *Soul*, the man will live.
 Thus leave the *Pupil* sound, but cut the *White*,
 We still enjoy the noble power of Sight ;
 But that once hurt, tho all the parts around
 Be left entire, and firm, and free from wound,
 The power decays, and an eternal night
 And frightful darkness all o'respreads the sight ;
 Darkness, where e're the wounded Eye-balls roll ;
 And like these *two* in this are *Mind* and *Soul*.

The Soul
 mortal.

Now then, my Lovely Youth, to let thee know
 That *Souls* and *Minds* are born, and mortal too,
 I'll write such Verse as shall appear to be
 By curious labour wrought, and worthy Thee :
 Do You take both exprest by either name,
 (Both words in this dispute exprest the same ;)
 So that, for instance, when the *Soul* you find
 Prov'd *mortal*, think I likewise mean the *Mind*,
 Since *both* do make but *One*, two natures joyn'd.

First Ar-
 gument.

First then, since I have prov'd the *Soul* consists
 Of *smaller* parts than Water, Smoak, or Mists,

Be-

(Because than all these three more apt to move,
And take impression from a weaker shove;
For by the Images of Smoak and Streams,
And thinnest Mists 'tis mov'd, as when in dreams
From fancy'd Altars smoaky Clouds arise,
And in dark rolls are scatter'd thro the Skies,
Those thoughts are rais'd by subtle Images.)

And since you see, that when the *Vessel's* broak,
The *Water* runs away, and the thin Smoak
By every Tempest scatter'd thro the Air,
Confus'dly mix with it, and perish there;
Conclude the thin contexture of the *Mind*,
An easier prey to every rougher Wind,
With ease dissolv'd, when from the *Body* gone;
'Tis tost ith' Air all naked, and alone.

For since the *Limbs*, that *Vessel* of the *Soul*,
Could not contain its parts, and keep it whole,
When bruise'd or drain'd of blood, how can the *Air*
A *Body*, than our flesh, our blood, more rare?

Besides, 'tis plain, that *Souls* are born and grow, *Second Argument.*
And all by age decay as *Bodies* do.

To prove this truth; In Infants, *Minds* appear
Infirm and tender as their *Bodies* are :

In *Man*, the *Mind* is strong; when Age prevails,
And the quick vigour of each member fails,
The *Mind's* powers too decrease, and wast apace,
And grave and reverend *Folly* takes the place :

'Tis likely then the *Soul* and *Mind* must die,
Like Smoak in Air its scatter'd Atoms flie:
Since all these Proofs have shown, these Reasons told,
'Tis with the *Body* born, grows strong, and old.

Besides, as violent pains, and strong Disease
Torment the *Limbs*, and all the *Body* seize;
So Grief and Trouble *Mind* and *Soul* surprize ;

'Tis likely therefore that *That* also dies.
 Sometimes when violent Feavers vex the Brains,
 The *Mind* grows mad, and raves with equal pains;
 Sometimes when dull and death-like Lethargy,
 And lasting sleep sits heavy on the Eye,
 The *Soul* is lull'd; and neither knows, nor hears
 His friends kind voice, nor sees their falling tears,
 Whilst they with Pious care about him weep,
 And strive to rouse him from his death of sleep.
 Since then the Limbs disease affects the Mind,
 That must be mortal too; for still we find
 By thousand Instances Diseases wait
 On Death, as the sad Messengers of Fate.

Fourth Ar-
 gument.

Besides, when Wine's quick force hath pierc't the
 And the brisk heat's diffus'd thro every vein, (brain,
 Why do the *members* all grow dull and weak?
 The *Tongue* not with its usual swiftness speak?
 The *Eye-balls* swim, the *Legs* not firm and straight,
 But bend beneath the bodies natural weight;
 Unmanly quarrels, noise and sobs deface
 The powers of *Reason*, and usurp their place?
 How could this be, did not the precious juyce
 Affect the *Mind* it self, and spoil its use?
 Now things that can be thus disturb'd, that cease }
 From usual actions, by such lets as these, }
 Would die, suppose the force or stroaks increase. }

Fifth Ar-
 gument.

Oft times with violent Fits a *Patient* falls,
 As if with thunder struck, and foams, and bawls,
 Talks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breaths
 Extends and tires his limbs with Antick sport: (short,
 Because the venom, scatter'd o're the *whole*,
 Makes such strange stirs and motions thro the *Soul*;
 As hoisterous *storms* which o're the Ocean rave,
 And raise white curls upon the foaming Wave:

He

He *groans*, because when pain'd, the *seeds* of Voice
 Break forth in a confus'd and troubled noise:
 He's *mad*, because the parts of *Soul* and *Mind*
 Are by the *poysen's* violence disjoyn'd,
 Disturb'd, and tost; but when the Causes cease,
 The black malignant humours, and disease
 In some convenient vessel lurk in peace;
 His *weakness* wears, and he forgets his pain,
 His strength, his life, and sense return again.
 Now since Diseases can this *Soul* divide,
 Whilst strengthened by, and to the *members* ty'd;
 Who can believe, this *tender substance*, *Mind*,
 When from the *Body* loos'd, can brave the Wind?

}
}

And since our *Minds* as well as *Bodies* feel
 The powers of Medicines, that change, or heal,
 They must be mortal, for to change the *Soul*
 You must, or change the order of the Whole;
 Take off some old, or add some parts anew.---
 Now what's *Immortal*, common Sense hath told,
 Can gain not one *new* part, nor lose one *old*;

Sixth Ar-
gument

For whatsoever suffers change, unties
 Its Union, is not what it was, but dies:
 Therefore the *Mind* or by diseases griev'd,
 Or by the power of Medicines reliev'd,
 Shews her self *mortal*: Such plain Evidence,
 Drawn from the strongest Reason, surest sense,
 Doth all their specious Sophistry oppose,
 And either way confutes, and overthrows.

Besides, Experience shows, that Patients die
 By *piece-meal*, thro the Toes, then Legs, then Thigh
 Creeps treacherous Death; thence thro the rest it
 By slow degrees: and this one instance proves (moves
 The *Soul mortal*, since Death doth slowly spread,
 And some parts are *alive* at once, some dead.

Seventh
Argument

But if you think the Soul, by Fate oppress'd,
 Can to *one* limb retire, and leave the *rest* ;
 That part, where so much *Soul* hath residence,
 A greater must enjoy, and quicker sense :
 But since none such appears, 'tis plain it flies
 By *piece-meal* thro the Air, and therefore dies.
 But grant what's false ; the Soul can backward flie,
 And hudled up within one Member lie,
 Yet this infers the Souls Mortality.
 For what's the difference, if by latest breath
 Expell'd or hudled up, 'tis crush'd to death ?
 Whilst from the limbs the senses steal away,
 And by degrees the powers of Life decay.

And since the Soul is part, and since it lies
 Fixt in one certain place, as Ears, or Eyes ;
 So like as those when from the Body gone,
 Perceive not, nor endure, but perish soon ;
 The Mind can't live divided from the Whole,
 The Limbs, which seem the vessel of the Soul,
 Or somewhat if you please more nearly joyn'd,
 Because these Two the closest Ties do bind.

The Soul
 separated
 hath no
 Sense.

Lastly, both *Soul* and *Body* joyn'd, perceive,
 Exert their natural powers, endure, and live ;
 Nor can the *Soul* without the *Limbs* dispense (sense :
 Her *vital powers*, nor *Limbs* without the *Soul* have
 For as the *Eye* grows stiff, and dark, and blind,
 When torn from off her Seat ; so *Soul* and *Mind*
 Lose all their powers, when from the *Limbs* dis-
 Because 'tis spread o're *all*, & there preserves (joyn'd ;
 Her life, by vital Union with the Nerves.

Nor could the little *seeds* of *Soul* commence
 Those *short vibrations* that are fit for sense,
 Were the space great, which strictly all enclos'd
 They well perform ; but from the Body loos'd,

And

And to the wide unconstant Air expos'd,
 Could ne're enjoy, because the *Air* and *Mind*
 Can never, as the *Soul* and *Limbs*, be joyn'd :
 For could the thin unconstant Air controul,
 And keep in order too the fleeting *Soul*,
 And *That* those motions too of Sense maintain,
 Which now it doth thro every Nerve and Vein,
 And all our Limbs ; then we might justly call
 The *Air* a *Body*, and an *Animal*.

Well then, the *Soul* all naked, and alone,
 When from the *Body* loos'd, her covering gone,
 Must die, both *Soul* and *Mind*, for both are one.

Besides, since when the *Mind*, and *Soul* are fled,
 The *Carcass* stinks, and rots as soon as dead,
 How canst thou doubt, but that, the Union broak,
 The scatter'd *Soul* flies thro the Limbs like Smoak ;
 And therefore must the *Body's* fabrick fall,
 Because the *Soul* that did preserve the All,
 Upheld and strengthned it, is now no more,
 But fled thro every passage, every Pore :

Another
Argument

Which shews the *Soul*, as all her powers decay,
 Her parts dissolv'd, she scatter'd flies away

Nay more, whilst yet ith' Limbs, as Death comes on,
 Her parts are all dissolv'd before she's gone.

Another
Argument

Nay when she's yet alive, some stroaks prevail,
 And shake the *Soul*, her powers begin to fail,
 The *Members* tremble, and the *Face* looks pale,
 As if 'twere real death; this happens when we swoon,
 Then then the *Mind* and *Soul* are almost gone,
 The Ties of *Union* almost all undone :

For then the *Mind's* assaulted, and would bow
 To Fate, if shaken by a stronger blow.

Then who can think that from the *Members* gone,
 Expos'd to th' Air, all naked, and alone,

It

It may but *one short moment* be secure,
Much less as long as Time, as Years endure?

Another Argument. Besides, what *Patient* e're perceiv'd the Soul
For sake the dying Members *safe* and *whole*?

Or that by slow degrees it seems to rise
First thro' the throat, then higher jaws, then flies,
But every *sense* in's *proper* Organ dies.

Another Argument. And were the Soul immortal, why doth the Mind
Complain of Death, why not rejoyce to find
Her self let loose, and leave this Clay behind?

As Snakes, when e're the circling year returns,
Rejoyce to cast their skins, or Deer their Horns.
Again,---

Why's not the Soul produc'd in *any* part,
Ith' Head, ith' Hands? Why only in the Heart?
But 'cause each *Being* hath its *proper* seat,
And *there* begins, *there* grows mature, and great;
Thus *flames* ne're rise from *waves*, nor *cold* from

Another Argument. And if the Soul's *immortal*, if she lives (heat.
Divided from the Body, if perceives,

She must enjoy *five* Senses still; for who
Can fancy how the Soul can live below,
Unless 'tis thus endow'd? Thus Painters please,
And Poets too, to draw their Souls with these.
But as without the Soul, nor Eye, nor Ear,
Nor either Hand, can touch, or see, or hear;
So neither can this Soul, this Mind perceive,
Without these Hands, these Eyes, these Ears, nor live.

The Soul divisible. Besides, our vital Sense is spread o're *all*;
The *whole* *Composure* makes *one* Animal:
So that if suddain violent stroaks divide
This *whole*, and cast the *parts* on either side;
The Soul and *Mind* too suffer the same Fate,
And part remains in *this*, and part in *that*.

Now

Now what can be divided, what can lie
And wast in several parts, can likewise die.

So Chariots arm'd on every side to wound,
When fiercely drove, bring death to all around ;
And yet the wounded man, so quick's the blow,
Is scarce disturb'd, scarce seems to feel, or know
His wound ; and *now* but *half a body* grown,
Still hasts to fight, still eagerly goes on,
Nor misses he his Arm or Shield, —

Tho by the Chariots torn, dragg'd o're the field :
Others that lose *those* hands that climb the Wall,
Reach on, or *fall*, and *wonder* at their fall ;
Others, their legs lopt off, attempt to rise,
Whilst the poor foot lies trembling by, and dies.
And when the head's lopt off, the eyes and face
Still keep their natural, still their vital grace ;
The look is vivid still, nor seems like dead,
Till every Particle of Soul is fled.

So likewise chop a venomous Serpent's train,
You'll see each single part is vext with pain,
Each turns, each bleeds, and sprinkles all the ground
With pois'nous gore, each wriggles at the wound.
What then ? Hath every *part* its *proper Soul* ?
This were to place a *Thousand* in *one Whole*.
Well then the Soul, by the same fatal blow,
That chopt the pois'nous tail, is cut in two ;
Therefore 'tis *mortal*, subject unto Fate,
Because 'tis *divisible* as well as *that*.

Besides, were *Souls immortal*, ne're began,
But *crept* into the *Limbs* to make up Man,
Why cannot they remember what was done
In former Times ? Why all their Memory gone ?
Now if the Mind's frail powers so far can wast,
As to forget those numerous actions past,

*Another
Argument.*

'Tis

'Tis almost dead, and sure can die at last.
Well then the *former* Soul must needs be dead,
And that which now informs us, *newly* made.

Another Argument. But when the Bodie's made, when we begin
To view the Light, if then the *Soul* crept in,
How is it likely it should seem to grow,
Increase and flourish, as the *members* do?
No, it would live confin'd to her close Cage,
With powers as great in *Infancy*, as *Age*.

Another Argument. Well then 'tis prov'd, the *Soul* is *born* and *dies*.
Beside, suppose it fram'd without, what Ties
Could knit this Soul so close, how could this Mind,
As Sense assures, with every Limb be twin'd?
For now 'tis knit to every *Nerve* and *Vein*,
To every *Bone*, that e'en the *Teeth* feel pain;
As when with sudden chop they grind a Stone,
Or when cold water chills the heated Bone.
Since then 'tis joyn'd so close, how can this Soul,
Loos'd from the Limbs, flie off secure, and whole?

Another Argument. But now suppose the mind was fram'd before,
And then infus'd; grant this, I'll ask no more:
This proves 'tis mortal too, for whilst the Soul
Insinuates her *substance* o're the *Whole*,
Its Parts must be dissolv'd, the natural Tie
Of Union loos'd, therefore the Soul can die.
As Meats diffus'd thro' all the members lose
Their former nature, and different things compose;
So Minds, tho' safe and whole they first begin
To enter, are dissolv'd in entering in:
Because those subtle parts this Soul contains,
Must be diffus'd thro' all the *Nerves* and *Veins*;
And that which entred, rules the Body now,
Is the *same* Soul, that died in passing thro':
And therefore *Souls* are *born*, and *perish* too.

Besides,

Besides, from Carcases some *part* alone,
 Or the *whole* substance of the Soul is gone :
 If only *part*, 'tis dead, its Seeds disjoyn'd ;
 For *some* do fly away, *some* lurk behind :
 But if *all* goes, why then do Troops of Flies,
 Why numerous Insects from the Bodies rise,
 Swarm o're the members ? what's the cause of this ?

But grant you can believe a *proper* Soul
 For *every* Worm, descends secure and whole ;
 Nor think it strange, that when the former's gone,
 A *Thousand* little Souls should come for *One* ;
 Yet still 'tis doubtful, whether every *Mind*
 Hunts carefully for *Seeds* of proper Kind,
 And fashions its own *Case* ; or else doth wait,
 Until the Limbs are perfect, all compleat
 And then goes *proudly* in, and takes her Seat.
 For what should prompt the *soul* to all this pains,
 What make her work ? since free'd from slavish chains
 Of Matter ; hunger, cold, no sharp disease,
 No anxious cares her happy substance seize :
 From the United limbs she suffers these.

But grant 'twas good for *Minds* to put on Clay,
 How are the *Bodies* form'd, what curious way,
 How, in what manner is the action done ?
 Souls *cannot*, therefore *do not*, frame their own.
 And did they enter perfect frames, what art
 Could subtly twine the *soul* with every part ?
 That *this* should act on *that*, so nearly joyn'd ;
 The *Mind* affect the *Limbs*, the *Limbs* the *Mind* ?

Besides, why *Lions* fury, why the *Deer*
 From their *cold Sires* derive their natural fear ?
 Why *Foxes* craft, why proper Powers adorn
 Each different *kind*, unless the Souls are born ?
 For were the Souls *immortal*, could the Mind

No Trans-
migration.

Fly off, and leave his former Case behind,
And take another of a different kind.

What change in *Animals* Manners must appear? }

The *Tyger-dog* will flie pursuing *Deer* ; }

The *Hawk* forget his rage, and learn to fear, }

Trembling at every little *Dove* that flies ; }

Men would be foolish all, and *Beasts* be wise. }

For 'tis absurd, that this *immortal* Mind
Should change according to the different kind
Of Body, unto which the *Soul's* confin'd. }

For things thus *changeable*, the natural Tie
Of Union broke, the *scatter'd* parts can flie
Dispers'd, disorder'd, and themselves can die. }

But if they say, that *Souls* expell'd by Fate,

To other Bodies of like Kind retreat ;

Then tell me why, Why doth the *wisest* Soul,

When crept into a *Child*, become a *Fool* ?

Why cannot *new-born* *Colts* perform the course

With equal cunning as a *full-grown* *Horse* ?

But that the *Souls* are born, increase, and grow,

And rise mature, as all their Bodies do.

Perchance they'll say, *weak* Minds, and *tender* Sense
Belong to *tender* Bodies. *Poor* Defence !

This yields the cause, this grants that *Minds* are
frail,

Whose *former* life and powers can change and fail.

Beside, come tell me why a *Soul* should grow,

And rise *mature*, as all the *Members* do,

If 'twere not born ? When feeble Age comes on,

Why is't in hast, and eager to be gone ?

What doth it fear, it makes such hast away, }

To be imprison'd in the stinking Clay ? }

What doth it fear the aged Heap's decay ? }

Or that 'twill fall, and crush the Mind beneath ? }

Fond

Fond fear! *Immortal Beings are free from Death.*

'Tis fond to think, that whilst wild Beasts beget,
Or bear their young, a *Thousand souls* should wait,
Expect the falling body, fight and strive,
Which first shall enter in, and make it live.
Or is't agreed, do previous leagues declare
That 'tis her lawful right, who first comes there,
To enter in, and so no need of war?

Beside, no Trees in Heaven, no Stars below,
The Hills no Fish, the Stones no moisture know,
Each hath its proper place to live and grow.
So neither *Souls* can live without the Blood,
And Nerves, and Veins, and Bones; for grant they
Then thro one single part, as Arm, or Head, (cou'd,
'Twould first be fram'd, thence o're the others
As Water into vessels pour'd, doth fall (spread;
First to one part, then rise and cover all.

The Soul
cannot be
made with-
out the Bo-
dy.

But since 'tis certain, that a *proper place*
Is settled for the Life, and the increase
Of *Mind* and *Soul*; 'tis folly to believe
They can be made without the Limbs, or live.
Well then, the *Soul* spread o're the Limbs must fail,
And die with those, as years and death prevail.
For that *immortal* Beings should lie confin'd
To *mortal* ones, their different powers be joyn'd,
And act on one another, is absurd,
Plain non-sense: what more fond can Dreams afford,
Than *mortal* with *immortal* joyn'd in one,
Should feel those harms 'twas free from, when alone?

Beside, what is *Immortal*, must be so,
Because 'tis *solid*, above the power of blow;
Whose parts no Wedg divides, which knows no
And such are *Seeds*, as I explain'd before: (Pore,
Or else because, like *empty Space*, 'tis such

Another
Argument

As is secure from *stroke*, and free from *touch* ;
 Or else because it can admit no bound,
 'Tis *infinite*, and knows no place beyond,
 To which the *Seeds* may sink ; this makes the *All*
Eternal: there's no place whence *Seeds* may fall,
 And breed confusion there : no *Space* doth lie
 Without the *Whole*, to which the parts may flie,
 And leave the *Mighty All* to waste, and die. }

Now 'tis not perfect *solid* ; every *Mass*
 Between the *Seeds* contain some empty space :
 Nor is't like *Void*, untoucht: for subtle wind,
 With rapid storms, can hurry on the *Mind*,
 Or take one part, and leave the rest behind. }
 Besides, there's space enough, to which, the *Tie*
 Of Union loos'd, the scatter'd parts may flie. }
 Well then, the *Mind* is *mortal*, and can die. }

But if you think't *immortal*, free from wound,
 Because its *substance* is encompass't round,
 Fenc'd from destructive causes ; or that such
 Can very seldom, if at all, approach ;
 Or if they should, flie off, before they make
 Confusion there ; this is a grand mistake.
 For, not to mention how *Diseases* vex
 The *Soul*, what fear of future *Ills* perplex,
 When guilty *Conscience* shall affright the *Mind*
 For sins, strike deep, and leave despair behind ;
 'Tis *mad*, *forgetful* ; sometimes *Lethargy*,
 And death-like sleep sits heavy on her eye : (die?) }
 Well then, what's *Death* to us, since *Souls* can }
 For as we neither knew, nor felt those harms,
 When dreadful *Carthage* frighted *Rome* with Arms, }
 And all the *World* was shook with fierce Alarms ; }
 Whilst undecided yet, which part should fall,
 Which *Nation* rise the glorious *Lord* of all ;

Against
 fear of
 Death.

So

So after Death, when we shall be no more,
 What tho the Seas forsake their usual Shore,
 And rise to heaven? what tho Stars drop from thence?
 Yet how can this disturb our perisht Sense?

But now suppose the *Soul*, when separate,
 Could live, and think, in a *divided state* :
 Yet what is that to *us*, who are the *Whole*,
 A *frame* compos'd of *Body*, joyn'd with *Soul* ?
 Nay, grant the scatter'd Ashes of our Urn
 Be joyn'd again, and Life and Sense return ;
 Yet how can that concern us, when 'tis done,
 Since all the memory of past life is gone ?
 Now we ne're joy, nor grieve, to think what *we* }
 Were heretofore, nor what those things will be, }
 Which fram'd from *us*, the following Age shall see. }
 When we revolve, how numerous years have run,
 How oft the East beheld the rising Sun
 E're we began, and how the Atoms move,
 How the unthinking Seed for ever strove ;
 'Tis probable, and Reason's laws allow,
 These Seeds of ours were once combin'd as now :
 Yet now who minds, who knows his former state ?
 The *interim* of Death, the hand of Fate
 Or stopt the Seeds, or made them all commence
 Such motions, as destroy'd the former *sense*.

He that is *miserable*, must perceive,
 Whilst he is *so*, he then must *be*, and *live* ;
 But now since Death permits to feel no more
 Those cares, those troubles, which we felt before,
 It follows too, that when we die again,
 We need not fear; *for he must live, that lives in pain* :
 But now the Dead, tho they should all return }
 To Life again, should grieve no more, nor mourn }
 For evils past, than if they ne're were born.

Now

Now when you hear a man complain, and moan,
 And mourn his Fate, because when Life is gone,
 His Limbs must waste, and rot i'th Earth, or feast
 The greedy flames, or some devouring beast ;
 All is not well : He, by strong fancy led,
 Imagines *Sense* remains among the *Dead*.
 Nor can I think, tho he Himself denies,
 And openly declares the *whole* Man dies,
 But that from strong conceits he still believes,
 Fond Fool, that He himself Himself survives :
 For now, e'en whilst he breaths, e'en whilst he lives,
 And thinks he must be torn or burnt, he grieves ;
 Thinks still the *Carcass* must be *He*, and thence
 His wanton fears infer there must be *Sense* :
 And hence he grieves, that he was born to die,
 Subject to treacherous *Mortality* ;
 But never thinks, *fond Fool*, that when kind Death
 Shall close his Eyes in *Night*, and stop his breath,
 Then nothing of this *thinking Thing* remains
 To mourn his Fate, or feel sharp grief and pains.

But if 'tis miserable to be torn
 By Beasts when dead, why is't not so to burn ?
 If that's an Ill, why not as great an one
 To be oppress'd with Earth, or Marble-stone ?
 Or dipt all o're in Hony, or be roll'd
 O're boisterous Waves on Clifts expos'd to Cold ?

Ay, but he now is snatcht from all his joys :
 No more shall his chaste Wife, and prattling Boys
 Run to their Dad with eager hast, and strive
 Which shall have the first kiss, as when alive.
 Ay, but he now no more from *Wars* shall come,
 Bring peace and safety to his *Friends* at home.
 Wretched, O wretched man ! One fatal day
 Hath snatcht the vast delights of Life away !

Thus

Thus they bewail, but go no farther on,
 And add, that his Desires and Wants are gone:
 Which if they thought, how soon would *all* give o're
 Their empty causless tears, and weep no more?
 'Tis true thou sleep'st in Death, and there shalt lie
 Free from all cares to vast Eternity:
 But we shall mourn thee still; no length of Years
 Shall overcome our grief, and dry our tears.
 Now I would gladly know, come tell me why,
 Why do'st thou pine with grief, and weep, and sigh?
 Why do'st thou vex thy self, why beat thy breast,
 Because thou once must *sleep in Death, and Rest?*

So when the *jolly Blades*, with Garlands crown'd,
 Sit down to drink, whilst frequent Healths go round,
 Some looking grave, this Observation make:
 All those Delights are short we Men can take;
 Now we enjoy, but gone, we wish in vain,
 In vain desire to call them back again.

As if the greatest ill i'th Grave they fear
 Were thirst, or to want wine, or garlands there,
 Or any other thing they fancy here. }

Fools! e'en in common sleep what cares molest?
 What thoughts for life or health disturb our rest?

For men eternally might still sleep on
 Free from such cares, their rest disturb'd with none:

Yet then the *Mind* is well, 'tis whole, and lives,
 And aptly moves, nay and almost perceives,
 Small stroaks will wake the Man, and he revives. }

Then *Death*, if there can be a *less* than *Least*,
 Is troubled less with *anxious Cares*, than *Rest*:

Because in *Death*, few parts of *Mind* remain;
 And he that *sleeps* in Death, ne're wakes again.

But now if *Nature* should begin to speak,
 And thus with loud *complaints* our *Folly* check:

Fond

A Proso-
popoeia of
Nature.

Fond *Mortal*, what's the matter thou do'st sigh?
 Why all *these tears*, because thou once must die,
 And once submit to *strong Mortality*?
 For if the *Race* thou hast already run
 Was pleasant, if with joy thou saw'st the Sun;
 If all thy *pleasures* did not pass thy mind
 As thro a *Sieve*, but left some *Sweets* behind:
 Why do'st thou not then like a *thankful Guest*
 Rise chearfully from *Life's abundant Feast*,
 And with a *quiet mind* go take thy rest?
 But if all those *Delights* are lost and gone,
 Spilt *idly* all, and *Life* a *burthen* grown;
 Then why, fond *Mortal*, do'st thou ask for more,
 Why still desire t' increase thy *wretched store*,
 And wish for what must wast like those before?
 Not rather free thy self from pains and fear,
 And end thy *Life*, and *necessary Care*?
 My *Pleasures* always in a *Circle* run,
 The same *returning* with the *yearly Sun*:
 And thus tho thou do'st still enjoy thy *Prime*,
 And tho thy limbs feel not the rage of *Time*,
 Yet I can find no *new*, no fresh delight;
 The same *dull Joys* must vex thy *Appetite*,
 Altho thou could'st prolong thy *wretched breath*
 For *numerous years*, much more if free from *Death*.
 What could we answer, what *Excuses* trust?
 We must confess that her *Reproofs* are just.

But if a *Wretch*, if one oppress'd by Fate,
 Mourns coming *Death*, and begs a *larger Date*,
 Him *She* may *fiercely* chide: Forbear thy *Sighs*,
 Thou *Wretch*, cease thy *Complaints*, and dry thine
 If *Old*; Thou hast enjoy'd the *mighty store* (eyes.
 Of gay delights, and now canst taste no more;
 But yet, because thou still did'st strive to meet

The

The *absent*, and contemnedst the *present* Sweet,
 Death seems *unwelcom*, and thy race half run ;
 Thy *course of life* seems ended when begun ;
 And *unexpected* hasty Death destroys,
 Before thy *greedy* mind is full of joys.
 Yet leave these toys, that not besit thine Age,
 New Actors now come on ; *resign* the Stage.
 If thus *she* chides, I think 'tis well enough,
 I think 'tis nothing but a *just* reproof ;
 For *rising Beings* still the old pursue,
 And take their place, *old* die, and frame the *new* :
 But nothing links to *Hell*, and *sulphurous* flames,
 The *Seeds* remain to make the future frames :
 All which shall yield to Fate as well as thou,
 And Things fell *heretofore* e'en just as now.
 And still decaying things shall new produce ;
 For *Life's* not given to possess, but use.

Those Ages that in long procession ran,
 And measur'd *hasty* Time ere we began,
 What all to us ? From this think farther on,
 And what is *Time* to us when *Life* is gone ?

Beside, what dreadful Things in *Death* appear,
 What *tolerable* cause for all our fear ?
 What sad, what dismal thoughts do bid us weep ?
 Is't not a *quiet* state, and *soft* as Sleep.

And all which we from *Poets* tales receive
 As done below, we see e'en whilst alive.

No wretched *Tantalus* (as stories go)
 Doth vainly dread the *hanging* stone, below ;
 But heavy weights of *superstitious* Care
 Oppress the *living*, they disturb us here,
 And force us *Chance* and *future* evils fear.

No *Tityus* there is by the Eagle torn,
 No new supplies of *Liver* still are born :

For grant him big enough, that all the *Nine*,
Those Poets Acres, his vast limbs confine
 To narrow bounds, but let him spread ore all,
 And lets his Arms clasp round the *warry Ball*;
 Yet how could He endure *eternal pain*,
 And how his eaten *Liver* grow again?
 But he is *Tityus* here, that lies oppress'd
 With *vexing love*, or whom *fierce cares* molest;
 These are the *Eagles* that do *tear* his breast.

He's *Sisyphus*, that strives with mighty pain
 To get some *Offices*, but strives in vain;
 Who poorly, meanly begs the *People's voice*,
 But still refus'd, and ne'er enjoys the *Choice*:
 For still to seek, and still in *Hopes* devour,
 And never to enjoy desired *Power*,
 What is it, but roll a *weighty Stone*
 Against the *Hill*, which *streight* will tumble down?
 Almost at *top*, it must return again,
 And with *swift* force roll thro the *humble Plain*.

Lastly, since *Nature* feeds with gay delight,
 And never fills the *greedy Appetite*;
 Since every year, with the *returning Springs*,
 She new delights, and joys, and pleasures brings;
 And yet our minds, amidst this mighty store,
 Are still *unsatisfied*, and wish for more:
 Sure this they mean, who teach that *Maids* below
 Do idle pains, and care, and time bestow,
 In pouring streams into a *leaky Urn*,
 Which *flow as fast again*, as fast return.

The *Furies*, *Cerberus*, black *Hell*, and *Flames*,
 Are airy fancies all, meer empty *Names*.
 But whilst we live, the fear of dreadful pains
 For wicked deeds, the *Prison*, *Scourge*, and *Chains*,
 The *Wheel*, the *Block*, the *Fire*, affright the *Mind*,
 Strike

Strike deep, and leave a *constant* sting behind.

Nay, those not felt ; the *guilty* Soul presents
These *dreadful* shapes, and still her self torments,
Scourges, and stings ; nor doth she seem to know
An end of these, but fears more *fierce* below,
Eternal all. Thus *fancied* Pains we feel,
And live as *wretched* here, as if in *Hell*.

But more, to comfort thee : —

Consider, *Ancus* perisht long ago,
Ancus, a better man by much than Thou.

Consider, *Mighty Kings* in Pomp and State,
Fall, and *ingloriously* submit to *Fate*.

Consider, even *He*, that *Mighty He*,
Who *laught* at all the *threatning* of the Sea ;
That chain'd the *Ocean* once, and proudly led
His *Legions* o're the *fetter'd* Waves, is *dead*.

Scipio, that scourge of *Carthage*, now the Grave
Keeps Prisoner, like the meanest *common* Slave.

Nay, greatest *Wits*, and *Poets* too, that give
Eternity to others, cease to live :

Homer, their *Prince*, that Darling of the *Nine*,
(What *Troy* would at a Second fall repine,
To be thus sung ?) is nothing now but Fame,
A lasting, far diffus'd, but empty Name.

Democritus, as feeble Age came on,
And told him, that 'twas time he should be gone,
(For then his *Minds* brisk powers grew weak) he
I will obey thy *summons*, *Fate*, and dy'd. (cry'd,

Nay, *Epicurus* race of Life is run,
That *Man* of Wit, who other men out-shon,
As far as meaner Stars the Mid-day Sun.
Then how dar'st *Thou* repine to die, and grieve,
Thou *meaner* Soul, thou *dead*, e'en whilst alive ?
That sleep'st and dream'st the *most* of Life away :

Another
Comfort a-
gainst fear
of Death.

Thy *Night* is full as rational as thy *Day*;
 Still vext with *cares*, who never understood
 The *Principles of Ill*, nor *use of Good*,
 Nor whence thy *Cares* proceed, but reel'st about
 In-vain unfetled thoughts, condemn'd to doubt.

Did men perceive what 'tis disturbs their rest,
 Whence rise their fears, and that their thoughtful
 Breast

Is by the *Mind's* own natural weight oppress'd;
 Did they know *this*, as they all think they know,
 They would not lead *such* lives as now they do;
 Not know their own *desires*, but seek to find
Strange places out, and leave this *weight* behind.

One tir'd at home, forsakes his stately Seat,
 And seeks some melancholly close Retreat,
 But soon returns; for prest beneath his load
 Of cares, he finds no more content abroad:
 Others, with full as eager haste, retire,
 As if their Fathers house were all on fire,
 To their small Farm; but yet scarce entred there,
 They grow uneasie with their usual care;
 Or seeking to forget their grief, lie down
 To *thoughtless* Rest, or else return to Town:
 They all do strive to shun themselves; in vain,
 For troublesome *he* sticks close, the Cares remain,
 For they ne're know the cause of all their pain:
 Which if they did, how soon would all give o're
 Their fruitless toys, and study *Nature* more?
 That is a noble search, and worth our Care;
 On that depends eternal Hope, or Fear;
 That teaches how to look beyond our Fate,
 And fully shews us all our future state.

Our Life must *once* have end, in vain we flie
 From following Fate; e'en now, e'en now we die.

Life

Book III.

Lucretius.

101

Life adds no *new delights* to those possess.
But since the *absent* pleasures seem the best,
With wing'd desire and hast we those pursue,
But those enjoy'd, we streight-ways call for new.
Life, Life we wish, still greedy to live on ;
And yet what *Fortune* with the following Sun
Will rise, what *Chance* will bring, is all unknown.

What tho a *Thousand Years* prolong thy Breath,
How can this shorten the long state of Death ?
For tho thy Life shall numerous Ages fill,
The state of Death shall be *eternal* still.
And he that dies *to day*, shall be no more,
As long as those that perish't long before.

The End of the Third Book.

Lu-

LUCRETIIUS

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I Feel, I rising feel, *Poetrick* Heats;
 And now inspir'd, trace o're the *Muses* Seats
Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first
 Untoucht and *Virgin streams*, and quench my Thirst:
 I joy to crop *fresh Flowers*, and get a Crown
 For *new* and rare *Inventions* of my Own;
 So noble, great, and generous the Design,
 That none of all the *Mighty Tuneful Nine*
 E're grac'd a Head with *Laurels*, like to Mine. }
 For first I teach *Great Things* in lofty strains,
 And loose men from *Religion's* grievous chains:
 Next, tho my *Subject's* dark, my *Verse* is clear,
 And sweet, with *Fancy flowing* every where.
 And this design'd: For as *Physicians* use,
 In giving *Children* draughts of bitter Juice,
 To make them take it, tinge the Cup with Sweet,
 To cheat the lip: *This* first they *Eager* meet,
 And then drink on, and take the bitter Draught,
 And so are *harmlessly deceiv'd*, not caught;
 For by such *cheats* they get their strength, their ease,
 Their vigor, health, and baffle the Disease.
 So since our *Method* of Philosophy,

Seems

Seems harsh to some, since most our Maxims lie;
 I thought it was the fittest way to dress
 These rigid Principles in pleasing Verse;
 With Fancy sweetning them, to bribe thy Mind
 To read my Book, and lead it on to find
 The Nature of the World, the Rise of Things,
 And what vast profit too That knowledge brings.

Now since 'tis shown, what things first Bodies are,
 What different forms, what various shapes they bear;
 And how they move, how joyn to make one Whole;
 And what's the nature of the Mind and Soul;
 Of what compos'd, how Fate doth break the Chain,
 And scatter it into its Seeds again.

Next (for 'tis time) my Muse declares and sings, *Of Images*
 What those are we call Images of Things,
 Which like thin films from Bodies rise in streams,
 Play in the Air, and dance upon the beams.
 By day these meet, and strike our minds, and fright,
 And show pale Ghosts, and horrid shapes by night:
 These break our sleep, these check our gay delight.
 For sure no Airy Souls get loose, and fly
 From Hell's dark shades, nor flutter in our Sky:
 For what remains beyond the greedy Urn,
 Since Soul and Body to their Seeds return?

A stream of Forms from every surface flows,
 Which may be call'd the film or shell of those:
 Because they bear the shape, they shew the frame,
 And figure of those Bodies whence they came.
 The dullest may perceive, and know 'tis true:
 For Bodies big enough for Sense to view,
 Do often rise; some more diffus'd, and broak: (smoak;
 Thus Fire, thus heated Wood doth breath forth
 And some more close, and joyn'd; when Heats begin,
 Some, Insects seem to sweat, and cast their skin.

The

The *Heifers* cast the *membranes* of their Horns,
Snakes leave their glittering coats among the thorns:
 A glittering coat each Tree, each Bush adorns.
 We see with pleasure, what we fled before;
 We handle now the scales, and fear no more.

This proves, that numerous trains of *Images*
 (For why can *these*, and not more *thin* than *these*?)
 From every *surface* flow. For first they lie
 Unchain'd, and loose, and ready for our eye;
 They soon will slip, and still preserve their frame,
 Their *ancient* form, and tell from whence they came:
 Nay more, they're thin, they on the *surface* play,
 And so few chains to break, few stops to stay
 Their course, or hinder when they flie away.

For now 'tis certain that a numerous store,
 Not only from the *middle* parts, as 'twas before
 Observ'd, but even from the *surface* rise,
 As Colours often *loosned* strike our eyes.
 Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper red,
 O're all the *spacious Theater* are spread,
 Which mighty *Masts* and sturdy *Pillars* bear,
 And the loose Curtains *wanton* in the Air;
 Whole streams of *Colours* from the top do flow,
 The rays *divide* them in their passage thro',
 And stain the Scenes, and Men, and Gods below:
 The more these Curtains spread, the pleasing Dye
 Rides on the beams the more, and courts the eye;
 The gawdy colour spreads o're every thing,
 All gay appear, each man a *Purple King*.
 Since Curtains then their *loosned* Colours spread,
 Since they can paint the Under Scenes with red;
 Then every thing can send forth *Images*:
 Those fly from *surfaces* as well as these.
 'Tis certain then, that subtle Forms do flie,

And

And dance and frolick in our lower Skie;
Which single, are too subtle for our eye.

But now the Odors, Vapors, and thin Smoak;
Fly *scatter'd* and *confus'd*, their order broke;
Because whilst they from *inward* parts do flow,
And thro' strait *winding* Pores, and turnings go,
They are disorder'd in their passing thro':
But now these *subtle films* of loosned Dyes
What can disorder, as from things they rise,
Since each upon the utmost *surface* lies? (store,
Thus *Forms*, which *Glass*, which limpid *streams* re-
Bearing that Shape, that Dye, the Body wore,
Must be compos'd of fleeting *Images*
That rise from Things; for why with greater ease
Can these forms rise, than some more thin than these?
Then there are subtle shapes, like those that Streams,
Or *Glass* restore on the returning beams;
In figure like, but *airy*, thin, and light,
And *single* each, too subtle for our sight;
Yet coming *thick*, and in a numerous train,
Reflected from the *polisht specular* Plain,
Can make us see; and that's the reason why
The *Forms* *return* again, in Shape, and Dye
So like the *things*, and please the *curious* eye.

Next learn how *subtle*, and how thin these are.
First then, since Seeds of Things are finer far
Than those that *first* begin to disappear:
But now to clear this, to confirm the more
The *subtleness* of Seeds explain'd before,
And add *new* reasons to the *former* store;
How many *Animals*, whose middle part,
The *sharpest* eye with all the help of Art
Can't see? *Dull Art* may throw her *Glasses* by:
How subtle then the Guts, the Heart, the Eye?

O

How

The subtil-
ty of the I-
mages.

How thin each *little* member of the Whole,
How *infinitely* small the Seeds that frame the Soul?

But more---

Opopanax, or Rue, that strike the Nose
With *strongest* smells; or others like to those,
If shaken, *thousand* parts do flie from thence,
A thousand ways, but *weak*, nor move the sense :
And yet how *subtle*, if compar'd with these,
How *thin*, what *Nothings* are the *Images* ?
How vast the disproportion 'twixt *these* two ?
Tis more than *thought* can think, than *words* can show.

But now, besides those *subtle* Forms that rear
From Bodies, *Thousand* new are fram'd in Air,
Prodigies. Fashion'd by *chance* ; and these, when born on high,
Do change their shapes, and wanton in the Sky ;
Then joyn in various forms, grow thick, and move
Like Clouds combin'd, and darken all above :
Hence *Prodigies*, hence some *Gigantick* War
Marshall'd ith' Air, looks dreadful from afar,
And shadows all : hence Mountains seem to flie,
And scatter'd Rocks cut thro' the *wounded* Sky ;
Hence other Clouds do *frightful* creatures show ;
We stare amaz'd, and wonder at below.

Next learn---

How soon these *forms* flie off, how swift they rise : }
For something still on every *surface* lies, }
Just ready to depart, and please our eyes ; }
This, when on *rare* and *thin* composures tost,
Reflection. For instance *Cloaths*, it enters and 'tis lost :
On rocks and woods 'tis broak ; those ne're restore
The Forms, the *Image* then appears no more :
But if 'tis thrown on *dense*, and *smooth*, as Glass,
It must *return*, those things it cannot pass
As cloaths ; nor break, because the thing's *polite* ;
Hence

Hence *forms* return from such, and please the sight;
 And hence the polish'd Glass, what e're you place
 Before, as swift as thought returns the Face:
 Which proves, that *numerous* trains of Forms arose,
 And such, as the reflecting *Mirror* shows,
 Thin subtle *Images*, all like to those,
 Each moment spring; and hence 'tis justly said,
 Their Rise is quick, these Forms are quickly made.

As *numerous* Rays must every *minute* flow
 From th' Sun, to keep all *full of light* below;
 So *numerous Images* from things must rear,
 Each *minute* rise, and wander thro the Air:
 Because let *hasty* hands the *Mirror* place,
 This way or that, yet still we view the face,
 The colour, shape, returning from the Glass.

So often when the Heavens serene, and bright,
 Look gay and clear, and smile with gawdy light;
 A horrid Cloud streight hides its glorious face,
 As if the *shades* of Hell had left their place,
 And fill'd the arched Skies; so *thick* the Night,
 So *dark* the Clouds appear, so much affright:
 And yet how *subtle*, if compar'd to these,
 How *thin*, what *Nothings* are the *Images*?
 How vast the disproportion 'twixt *these* two?
 'Tis more than *thought* can think, than *words* can show.

Now next, how fast they move, how quick they fly,
 Parting with *swiftest* wings the yielding Sky;
 How they outstrip *dull Time* where e're they go,
 How quick, how swift they are in passing thro;
 In *few*, but *sweetest* Numbers, *Muse* rehearse:
 My *few* shall far exceed more *numerous* Verse.

Thus dying *Swans*, tho *short*, yet *tuneful* Voice,
 Is more delightful than a World of Noise.

First then, *Experience* tells, that thin and light,

The swiftness of the Images.

And subtle things are fit for hasty flight ;
 Such is the *Ray*, that *Vapor* of the Sun,
 How swift ? *its Race is finisht when begun* :
 For they are *thin Composures, almost Seed,*
 And cut the parted Air with *greatest speed* ;
 No Letts to stop, but when *one part* is gone,
 Another flows, and drives the *former on* ;
 The rays still rise in a *continu'd stream,*
 The *following* lashes on the *lazy beam.*
 So far the Reason holds ; the Airy Race
 Of *Images* must pass a mighty space
 Each point of time : for first some force behind
 Still drives them on t' out strip the lingring Wind ;
 Their texture is so *thin*, their frame so *rare*,
 That they can freely enter any where,
 And even penetrate the middle Air. }

Besides, if these *Composures* from above
 So swiftly thro the *lower Regions* move,
 If in *one point* of Time the glorious Ray
 Swiftly descends, and shews approaching day ;
 From Heaven to Earth can take its hasty flight,
 And guild the distant Globe with gawdy light ;
 If this so swift, then swifter those that lay
 On *surfaces* of Things, which nought could stay,
 No stops could hinder as they flie away :
 Those larger space in that *short time* must flie,
 Whilst the Sun's *lazy beams* creep thro our Sky. }

Another instance of their *swiftness* this :--
 In Bowls of *Water* set abroad by night,
 We know that *Stars* do shed their feeble light,
 So *quick* the glorious ray descends from far,
 And we look *downward* to behold the Star ;
 Which shows these *Images* with eager hast
 From Heaven reach distant Earth ; they move so fast,
 Before

Before the *present single Now* is past :
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The Motion, having no Account so small.

Well then, these *Images* that strike our eyes,
 And make us see, from real things must rise :
 Thus *Odours* rise from *Gums*, a gentle Breez
 From *Rivers* flows, and from the *Neighbouring Seas*
 Sharp *Salts* arise, and fret the *Shores* around ;
 Thus all the *Air* is fill'd with murmuring sound :
 And whilst we walk the *Strand*, and pleas'd to view
 The wanton *Waves*, or squeeze and mingle *Rue*,
 Or salt or bitter *Tasts* our *Tongues* surprise ;
 So certain 'tis, that *subtle* parts arise
 From All, and wander in the *lower Skies* ;
 These never cease to flow, because the *Ear*,
 And *Eye*, and *Nose*, still smell, or see, or hear.

So feel by night, our *Touch* will soon betray
 The *Shape*, like that the *Sight* beheld by day.
 Well then, the cause whence *Touch* and *Sight* must rise
 Is one ; the same affects the *Hands* and *Eyes*.
 For thus, if when it's dark we feel a *square*,
 The *Touch* informs what shape the thing doth bear :
 What it makes us see the like by day,
 But the *square Image* riding on the *Ray* ?
 Well then, these *Images* are cause of *Sight*,
 Sans These, all would be dark, all hid in night.

But now these *Images*, these *subtle streams*
 Are scatter'd all around, on all the *Beams* ;
 And therefore wheresoe'er we turn our *Eye*
 (In that alone the power of *Sight* doth lie)
 These *Images* appear, and quickly show
 The *Colour*, *Shape*, and tell the *distance* too :
 For these arising from the *Object* seen,
 Drive forward all the *Air* that lies between ;

How we
 know the
 distance of
 Objects.

This

This stream of Air unto the Eye doth flow,
And gently grates the *Ball*, and passes thro ;
This shows the *distance*.----

For as the stream of Air that passes by
Is *long*, or *short*, as that doth strike the Eye,
So *far* or *near* the Objects seem to lie :
And this is quickly done, at once we view
The distant *Thing*, and know the *distance* too.

But more, no wonder that the Eye descries
The *Things themselves*, altho the Forms that rise
Are *single* far too subtle for our eyes :
For *Winds* molest, *Cold* makes the members smart,
And yet what Sense perceives each *single* part,
What Sense each *Atom* of the Cold and Wind ?
None feels the *single* force, but all conjoyn'd ;
Then we perceive the stroak, then pains commence,
As if *external* force did wound the Sence.
In *Flints* we press the *utmost* part alone,
Yet feel not *that*, that is to *Touch* unknown ;
We feel the *inward* hardness of the stone.

Why the I-
mage seems
beyond the
Glass.

Now learn, I'll sing why each *reflected* face
Is seen, as if *remov'd* beyond the Glass ;
For so it seems : as when the *hindring* door
Imprisons up the *longing* Eye no more,
But *opened* wide, permits the eager sight
O're objects plac't *without* to take her flight,
View all around, and revel with delight.
The Object then by *double* Air is shown,
The Air that lies *within* the Gate is *one* :
And then the *Gate* it self is plac't between,
Then th' *outward* Air, and then the *Object* seen.
Thus when the *Image*, of the *Glass* doth rise,
And makes its passage *forward* to our Eyes,
It drives before it all the Air *between*,

So *that* is felt before the *Glass* is seen :
 And when we see the polish'd Specular Plan,
 Our Form flies to it, and returns again,
 Still driving on the *Air* that lies between,
 So *that* is felt before the *Face* is seen :
 And that's the cause why each returning face
 Seems far remov'd, and plac't beyond the *Glass*.

But more, returning Forms, that reach the sight, *Why Trans-*
transpose the parts, and turn the *Left* to *Right* : *pos'd.*
 Because the *Forms*, that strike the *polish'd* Plain,
 Are not restor'd, the same unchang'd again ;
 But striking strong, are turn'd a different way.
 This Instance clears it : Take a *form* of Clay,
 Not yet *grown dry*, and dash it on a Seat :
 Now if the *Form's* entire, the *Front* retreat,
 And come *behind*, the parts preserve their Site ,
 The *Right* will seem the *Left*, the *Left* the *Right*.

But more, returning Forms do often pass,
 And flie from *one* into *another* *Glass*.
 Thus from one *single* thing these Plains restore
Six Images, and often *Ten*, or more :
 Thus let the thing be hid ith' farthest Cell ;
 Yet place the Plains by art, and set them well,
 The sitting *Images* to *All* will come,
 And all the thing appear in *every* Room :
 But more ; the Shapes *transpos'd* by th' former Plain,
 Which pass to *others*, *there* are turn'd again

Images
from one
Glass to a
nother.

But convex Glasses show the *Bodie's* site,
 Restoring *Left* as *Left*, and *Right* as *Right* ;
 Because the Image is reflected *twice*,
 From *Glass* to *Glass*, and after strikes our eyes :
 Or else 'tis *turn'd about*; for that the face
 Is *turn'd about*, as it doth backward pass,
 We learn e'en from the *figure* of the *Glass*.

Convex
Glasses.

But

why the Image moves.

But further on ; the Image seems to wait
On all *our* steps, and imitate *our* gate :
For when we *move*, and leave *some parts* o'th' Glafs,
The parts thus left no more return the face ;
For Nature doth by *steddy Laws* ordain,
That when a Form *comes on*, and *turns again*,
The *Lines* make *equal Angles* with the Plain. }

Fulgid Objects hurtful.

The Sight a *fulgid* Object hates, and flies ;
The Sun e'en *blinds* the bold and prying Eyes :
Because the Rays are strong, and swiftly flie,
And with repeated stroaks disturb the Eye ;
Thro pure and *unresisting* Air they fall,
And *break* the texture of the *injur'd* Ball.

Besides, all Objects that are *glaring* bright
Do hurt, and burn the Eye, and spoil the Sight ;
For Flames a thousand hurtful parts contain,
Which strike the tender eye, and raise a pain.

why things seem yellow to those that have the Jaundice.

Besides, whatever *Jaundice-eyes* do view,
Look pale as well as those, and yellow too :
For *lurid* parts flie off with nimble wings,
And meet the distant *coming* forms of Things ;
And others lurk *within the Eyes*, and seize,
And *stain* with *Pale* the *entring* Images.

why we see Objects plac'd in the Light.

More ; tho our Eyes are all inclos'd in *Night*,
They see those Objects that are plac't in *light* ;
Because tho first the nearer *darker* Air
Doth creep into the Eyes, and *settle* there,
Streight comes with *vigorous* force the shining Ray }
To *cleanse* the Pores, and drive the *shades* away ; }
For 'tis more *subtle*, and more *strong* than they :
When this hath *cleans'd*, and opened every Pore,
Which the *dark heavy* Air had stopt before,
The Forms of Things come in, they swiftly flie,
And strike, and raise a Motion in the Eye,

But

But now when *We our selves* are plac'd ith' light,
 The *Objects* in the dark ne're move the sight;
 Because a *thicker* Air doth still come on,
 A *darker*, as the former dark is gone,
 And stops the *Pores*; and thus no *Forms* can rise,
 None move; and find a *passage* to our Eyes.

Now farther, 'tis by sure *Experience* found,
 A *Square*, when seen at distance, seems a *Round*:
 Because all *Angles* seem, when seen from far,
Obtuse; or rather, not at all appear:
 For as thro flitting Air the *Forms* do flie,
 They're struck and *blinded* in the lower Skie,
 And so grow weak, and never move the Eye:
 Thus all the *Angles* hid, the Things appear
 All *Round*, (tho each may be a perfect *Square*,)
 Yet not like perfect *Rounds*, and seen when *near*.

Why
 squares
 seem
 round.

And *Shadows* seem to move, to turn, and stay
 As *Bodies* do, and *servilly* obey:
 Now how can *Air* only *depriv'd* of Light,
 (For *Shadow* is no more, a *suddain* Night,)
 On all the Members various motions wait,
 And turn, and imitate her *Bodie's* gate?

Why Sha-
 dows seem
 to move.

But thus it happens, when we walk by *day*,
 Our *Bodies* stop the passage of the *Ray*;
 But when we *leave* the place, they farther flow,
 And their warm *Kisses* on the *Earth* bestow.
 And thus the *Shadow* seems to move, to bend,
 As *Bodies* do, and all their *Walk* attend;
 For still *new* Rays spring from the glorious Sun,
 The *former* dying when their *Race* is run:
 And therefore *Earth* is soon *depriv'd* of Light,
 And *Rays* as soon come on, and chase the *Night*:
 The *Negro-darkness* wash't becomes a *White*.

The Eye not
 deceiv'd

And yet here's no *deception* of the Eye,

For 'tis its office only to discern
 Or *how*, or in *what place* the *Shadow* is ;
 It must not pass the *narrow* bounds of this :
 But if the *Shadows* are the same, or no,
 Whether they *die*, or, as the *Body*, go ;
 'Tis not the office of the *Eye* to know :
 'Tis *Reason's* office That, for that's design'd
 Things *nature*, and *Philosophy* to find ;
 Then fix not on the *Eye* the failures of the *Mind*.

Thus *Ships*, tho *driven* by a prosperous gale,
 Seem *fixt* to Sailors, those seem *under sail*
 That lie at *Anchor* safe ; and all admire,
 As they *row by*, to see the *Rocks retire*.

Thus *Stars* seem fastned to the *steady Pole*,
 Tho all with daily constant motion roll ;
 For after they have *climb'd* the tedious *East*,
 Pass *thro* the *Sky*, fall *headlong* down the *West*.

And so the *Sun* and *Moon* seem *fixt* above,
 Yet sure *Experience* tells us they must *move*.

And *Rocks* ith' *Seas*, that proudly raise their head,
 Tho far *disjoyn'd*, tho *Royal Navies* spread
 Their *Sails between* ; yet if from *distance* shown,
 They seem an *Island*, all combin'd in *One*.

And *Boys* that whirlaround, then *cease* to move,
 Think all the *Pillars* dance, and *Roofs* above ;
 So strong the thought, they dread the *tottering Wall*,
 And fear the *Roof* should crush them with the fall.

Thus when *kind Nature* shews her *infant Day*,
 And the *new Sun* peeps forth with *trembling Ray*,
 And loath or fearful to begin the *Race*,
 Looks o're the *Mountains* with a *blushing face* ;
 That *Hill*, o're which the *humble Beams* appear,
 Scorching with neighbouring flames, is often near,
 And we might touch the *Sun* if we were there,

When

When yet the *real* space is vastly wide,
Great tracts of Land, and many a swelling Tide,
The *distant* Sun, and that *near* Hill divide.

Thus little *Puddles* that in streets do lie,
Tho scarce Inch-deep, admit the searching Eye,
To view as large a space, as Earth from Sky.

Thus when in *rapid* streams my *Horse* hath stood,
And I look't downward on the *rolling* flood ;
Tho *He* stood still, I thought he did divide
The headlong streams, and strive against the Tide,
And all things seem'd to move on every side.

Thus *Courts*, tho *equal* wide, yet seem to bend,
And grow more *narrow* at the distant End ;
The Roof *deprest*, the sides seem joyn'd in One,
The *wearied* sight lost in a darksome Cone.

The *Sun* from *Sea* to *Sailors* seems to rise,
And *set*, for they see only *Seas* and *Skies*.

Thus *All* seem to oppose, thus *All* commence
Strong proofs against the certainty of Sense.

Thus *Ignorants*, when plac't on *steddy* Shores,
Think feeble Ships are row'd with *broken* Oars ;
The Rudders *shatter'd* and the Planks appear ;
And They are loath to trust their *safety* there :
Because that part, that lies *above* the flood,
Seems firm, and strait, and regular, and good ;
But that *below* seems broke, and turning up,
Ascends again, and reaches near the top.

And when by Night the *Clouds* are whirl'd above,
The Moon, and glittering Stars do seem to move,
As driven forward by a *secret* force
A different way from their own *Natural* course.

If any presseth *underneath* his Eyes,
Straight all the Objects *doubled* seem to rise :
Two Lamps appear, when only *One* is brought,

His wealth seems *doubled*, and *He's rich in Thought* ;
 Each man appears *increas'd* in form and grace,
 Almost *Geryon*, with a *double* face.

And lastly, when the Eyes with sleep oppress'd,
 And all the *Body* lies dissolv'd in rest,
 The Members seem *awake*, and vigorous still :
 Now o're a Plain, now Flood, or shady Hill,
 They seem to *move* ; and e'en in *darkest* night
 They think they see the *Sun* diffuse his light ;
 They *see* him chase the *frighted* Shades away,
 And clear a passage for *approaching* day :
 They seem to hear a *Voice*, tho' all around
 Deep *Silence* stands, nor bears the *weakest* Sound.

Ten thousand such appear, ten thousand foes,
 To *certainty* of Sense, and all oppose :
 In vain, 'tis *Judgment*, not the *Sense* mistakes,
 Which *fancy'd* Things for *real* Objects takes.

He that says, *Nothing* can be known, o'rethrows
 His *own* opinion, for he *Nothing* knows,
 So knows not *that* : What need of long dispute,
 These *Maxims* kill themselves, themselves confute.
 But grant this might be known, and grant *he* knew ;
 Yet since He hath discover'd *nothing* true,
 What mark, and what *Criterion* then can show,
 Or tell what 'tis to *know*, or not to *know* ?
 Or how could He what *Truth*, what *Falshood* learn ?
 How, what was *Doubt*, what *Certainty* discern ?

From *Sense*, all *Truth* and *Certainty* infer ;
 In vain some strive to prove that *those* can err ;
 For that which would *convince*, which would oppose
 The *Senses*, must be *surer* far than *those* ;
 Now what is more to be believ'd than *Sense*,
 What ? *false* and *erring* *Reason* rais'd from thence ?
 Errors in *Parent-sense* can *Reason* show,

Errors

Judgment
errs, not
the Sense.

Against the
Sceptick.

Sense can-
not err.

Errors, which she from *Sense* alone can know ;
So that if *Sense* be *false*, then *Reason* too.
What, can the *Ears* convince the *Eyes*? Can *those*
Convince the *Hand*, the *Palate*, or the *Nose*?
Tell them when e're they *err*, when e're they *mifs*,
And give *false notices*? Fond fancy this :
For each a *proper* Use and Power enjoys,
A *proper* Object every *Sense* imploy.
Thus *Heat* and *Cold*, and other *Qualities*
Affect the *Touch*, whilst *Colours* strike the *Eyes*,
Odours the *Smell*, *Sapours* the *Tast*, but none
Invades anothers Right, usurps his Throne,
All live at peace, contented with their *own*.

Well then, from what the *other* Senses shew,
In vain we seek to prove *one* *Sense* untrue ;
Or from it self :—

For still we must an *equal* credit give
Unto the *same*, still *equally* believe.
'Tis truth, whatever 'tis that *Sense* declare,
Tho *Reason* cannot tell thee, why a *Square*
Should seem a perfect *Round*, when seen from far :
Better assign a *false*, than this pretence
Should overthrow the *certainty* of *Sense*,
Question its truth, rather than *that* should fall,
On which depends our *Safety*, *Life*, our *All*.
For now, not only *Reason* is o'rethrown,
Unless we trust our *Sense*, but *Life* is gone :
For how can Man avoid the *bad*, or choose
What's *good* for *Life*, unless they follow *those*?
Well then, those pompous *Reasons* some afford
Against our *Sense*, are empty, and absurd.
But lastly, as in *Building*, if the *Line*
Be not *exact*, and *strait*, the *Rule* *Decline*,
Or *Level false*, how *vain* is the *Design*!

Uneven

Uneven, an *ill-shap't*, and tottering Wall
Must rise, this part must *sink*, that part must fall,
Because the *Rules* were false that fashion'd All.
Thus *Reason's* Rules are *false*, if all commence
And rise from failing and from *erring* Sense.

Hearing.

But now my *Muse*, how proper *Objects* please
The other *senses*, sing; 'tis told with ease.
First then, we *Sounds*, and Voice, and Noises hear,
When *seeds* of Sound come in, and *strike* the Ear.
All Sound is *Body*, for with painful force
It moves the Sense, when with an eager course
It scrapes the jaws, and makes the Speaker hoarse:
The *crowding* Seeds of Sound, that strive to go
Thro narrow Nerves, do grate in passing thro:
'Tis certain then that *Voice*, that thus can wound,
Is all *material*; *Body* every Sound.

'Besides 'tis known, to talk a tedious day,
How much it weakens, what it takes away
From all the Nerves, how all the powers decay;
But chiefly if 'tis loud, and spoke with noise:
And therefore little Bodies frame the voice,
Because the Speaker loseth of his own,
His weakness tells him many parts are gone.

whence the
difference
in Sounds.

But more; the *Harshness* in a voice proceeds
From *rough*, the *Sweetness* from the *smoother* Seeds;
Nor are the *Figures* of the Seeds *alike*,
Which from the *grave* and murmuring *Trumpet* strike
To those of *dying* Swans, whose latest breath
In mournful strains laments approaching Death.

This *Voice*, when rising from the Lungs, it breaks
Thro jaws and lips, and all the *passion* speaks;
The *Tongue* forms into *Words*, with curious Art,
The *Tongue* and *Lips* do fashion every part;
And therefore if the *Speaker* be but *near*,

If

If distance *fit*, you may distinctly hear
 Each Word, each Ayr, because it keeps the *frame*
 It first receiv'd, its *figure* still the same :
 But if the space be *great*, thro all the Air
 The sound must *flie* diffus'd, and perish there :
 And therefore tho we hear a murmuring noise,
 No words ; the Air confounds, and breaks the voice.

Besides, *one* sentence, when pronounc't aloud
 By strong-lung'd *Cryers*, fills the listning Croud,
 Breaks into *many* ; for it strikes them all,
 To every *single* Ear it tells the Tale.

But some parts of the Voice, that miss the Ear,
 Fly thro the Air *diffus'd*, and perish there :
 Some strike on *solid* buildings, and restor'd
 Bring back again the *Image* of the Word. (Groves *Eccbo*.)
 This shews thee why, whilst men thro Caves and
 Call their *lost* Friends, or *mourn* unhappy Loves,
 The *pitty*ng Rocks, the *groaning* Caves return
 Their sad Complaints again, and seem to mourn :
This all observe, and I my self have known
 Some Rocks and Hills return *six* words for *one* :
 The *dancing* words from Hill to Hill rebound,
 They all *receive*, and all *restore* the sound.
 The *Vulgar*, and the Neighbours think, and tell,
 That there the *Nymphs*, and *Fauns*, and *Satyrs* dwell;
 And that *their* wanton sport, *their loud* delight
 Breaks thro the *quiet* silence of the Night :
 Their *Musick's* softest Ayrs fill all the Plains,
 And mighty *Pan*, delights the listning Swains ;
 The *Goat-fac'd Pan*, whilst Flocks securely feed,
 With *long-hung* lip he blows his Oaten Reed ;
 The horn'd, the half-beast God, when brisk and gay
 With Pine-leaves crown'd, provokes the Swains to
 Tenthousand such *Romants* the *Vulgar* tell, (play.
 Per-

Perhaps lest men should think the Gods will dwell
In *Towns* alone, and scorn their *Places* and *Cell*:
Or somewhat ; for Man, *credulous* and *vain*,
Delights to *hear* strange things, delights to *feign*.

The motion
of Sound.

Nor is it strange, that things which still deny
An easie passage to the sharpest eye,
Thro such the smallest *Voice* and *Sound* can come ;
As when we whisper in a *well-clos'd* Room.
Voice can pass *crooked* Pores, but *Rays* reflect,
Unless the Pores be open, all *direct*,
And every passage *strait* ; as 'tis in *Glass*,
Thro which all sorts of *Species* freely pass.

But farther now, *Voices* and *Sound* *divide*,
And scatter thro the *Air* on every side ;
One breaks to *many*, as in darkest nights
One shaken *Spark* will make a *thousand* lights ;
And therefore all the numerous *Voids* around
Receive the *Voice*, and each is fill'd with *Sound* :
But now the *visive* *Rays* scarce e're decline,
They still proceed by the exactest line,
So *Sounds* can pass, where never *Ray* can shine.
But yet such *Sounds*, before they reach the *Ear*,
Grow *weak*, and we for *Words* soft *Murmurs* hear.

Tast.

We *tast* (that's soon explain'd) when *Sapors* wrung
From meats by crushing teeth, immerse the tongue ;
When *Juices* flowing from the tender meat
(The tender food oppress'd doth seem to sweat)
Bedew the *Palate*, when they spread all o're
The *spongy* tongue, and stand in every Pore.
These *Juices*, if their *Seeds* be round and smooth,
Tickle, seem *sweet*, and pleasing to the mouth ;
But if the *Seeds* are rough, as they descend
They hurt the *Nerves*, seem *bitter*, and offend.
The *Sapors* please within the *mouth* alone ;

For

For when the food's descended farther down,
 We tast no more, and all the pleasure's gone;
 So when 'tis in the veins, when every Pore
 Is fill'd, we feel not, we are pleas'd no more:
 So that it matters not what sorts of food
 Increase the limbs, and make the flesh and blood,
 If 'tis digestive, if for stomach good.

Now I'll explain, why *different* sorts of Meat
 Please *different* men; why that which one will eat,
 Another loaths; why things yield *sweet* repast
 To one, but *bitter* to another tast.

The diffi-
 rence of
 Taste.

Nay more, so vast the difference, that which proves
 Strong poison unto me, another loves,
 And eats, and lives: Thus Hemlock juice prevails,
 And kills a Man, but fattens Goats and Quails.
 To know the cause of this, come search thy Mind,
 (Some scatter'd Notions must remain behind)
 And look how strongly former Reasons show,
 That Things, that Bodies are compos'd and grow
 From various Seeds; their mixture various too.

Besides, as Animals in outward size
 And frame are various, Seeds, from whence they rise,
 Have various shapes; from different shapes there springs
 An equal difference in the Pores of Things;
 So some are Great, some Small, and others Square;
 Or Round, or Polygons, or Angular:
 For as the Shapes are various that compose
 The frame, so are the Pores, their shapes depend on

It follows then, —

(above.)

That when one Object yields a *sweet* repast
 To one, but *bitter* to another tast;
 He that accounts it *sweet*, perceives the *smooth*
 Round parts that tickle, and that please the mouth;
 But he that thinks it *bitter*, rough alone

Q

And

And *hook* doth feel; the *smooth* slide gently down ;
But those with *pointed* hooks, as they descend,
Strike thro, and lance the *Organ*, and offend.

These *Rules* apply'd, each *single case* explain.

For instance, when a man is torn with pain,
(Whether from inbred Gall the Fever came,
Or putrid Air begot the hurtful flame,)
The *Organ's* chang'd; so those which pleas'd before,
Are *loathsome* now, now they delight no more,
Their Figures disagree with every Pore :
But those do most agree, those fit the part,
Which fret the *injur'd* Nerves, and cause a smart ;
For, as I said before, Seeds *rough* and *smooth*
Lie hid in every thing, in *Hony* both,
Or to offend, or to delight the Mouth.

Smell.

Now next for *Smell*.

First then 'tis certain, *streams* of *Odours* rise
From every Thing ; but for their *different* size,
And figures, they do *differently* agree
To *Animals*. Thus *Honey* strikes the *Bee*,
Tho far remov'd the *Vulture* smells the *slain* ;
The *Hound* with *faithful* nose pursues the *train* ;
And *Geese*, *Rome's* Saviours once, perceive a *Man*.
Thus Beasts preserve their lives, they know their food
By *smell*, and fly the *bad*, but choose the good.

The motion
of Odours.

Odours are *dull*, and those of swiftest wings
(Not to propose the *Images* of Things)
Scarce lie so far as feeble *Sounds*, but tost
By *angry* wind in flitting Air, are lost.
For first, the pleasing *Odour* slowly flows
From *inmost* parts : for that it comes from those,
E'en common sense assures ; for *heat*, or *press*,
For *bruise*, or *break* the *Gums*, the *smells* increase.
Besides, ---

Its

Its parts are *greater* far than parts of *Voice*,
 (This makes its flight *more slow*; and *short* than *Noise*;) *Because thro Walls* it cannot freely go,
 Tho *Sounds* can find an easie passage thro.
 And thus 'tis hard to find an *Object* out
 By single *Smell*; but we must trace about;
 Because the *Odours*, wandering in the Air,
 Grow *dull* and *weak*, and lose their briskness there,
 Nor quickly lead us to the thing that's sought,
 And therefore *Hounds* are often at a fault.

Not only *Sounds*, and *Tasts*; but *Images*,
 And *Colours* different *Eyes* offend, and please.
 Thus when the *Cocks* call forth the Morning light,
 The fiercest *Lions* cannot bear the sight,
 Their courage sinks, and they prepare for flight:
 For *subtle pointed Particles*, that lie
 In *Cocks*, sent forth, offend the *Lyon's* eye;
 These pains strait force him turn his head, and flie.
 Yet these not hurt *our* eyes, they cause no pain,
 For they ne're enter, or return again
 Thro proper *Pores*, and so the Skin preserves
 Her Texture whole, they never launce the *Nerves*.

Why *Lions*
 are afraid
 of *Cocks*.

Now farther, (my Delight) my *Muse* will show
 What things do move the *Mind*, and whence they flow.
 First then, thin *Images* fill all the Air,
 Thousands on every side, and wander there:
 These, as they meet in various dance, will twine
 As threds of *Gold*, or *subtle Spiders* line;
 For they are *thin*, for they are *subtler* far
 Than *finest* things that to the sight appear:
 These pass the limbs, no narrow *Pores* controule,
 They enter thro, and strike the *Airy Soul*.
 Hence 'tis we think we see, and hence we dread
Centaurs, *Scyllus*, and *Cerberus* monstrous head,

The cause
 of *Imagination*.

And many empty shadows of the Dead :
 For various Images flie every where,
 Some rise from Things, and some are form'd in Air
 By chance, and some from these combin'd appear.

}

why we
 think on
 Monsters.

The Image of a Centaur never flew
 From living Centaurs, never Nature knew,
 Nor bred such Animals : but when by chance
 An Image of a Man in various dance
 Did meet an Horse, they both combin'd in one,
 And thus all monstrous Images are shown ;
 These Airy Images, extremely thin,
 Pass thro' the Limbs, and strike the Soul within ;
 They mov't with ease, the Soul is apt to move,
 And takes impressi'on from the weakest shove.

That thus 'tis done, is certain. —
 Because the Objects still appear the same
 To mind, and eye, in colour, and in frame :
 But now the Eye receives some thin, refin'd,
 And subtle forms ; so likewise must the Mind ;
 For 'twixt these two this only difference lies,
 The Mind sees finer Objects than the Eyes.

why these
 fancies seem
 real.

Thus often, whilst the Body lies oppress'd
 With heavy sleep, the Mind seems loos'd from rest ;
 Because those Images do strike and shake,
 The Airy Soul, as when we were awake ;
 The stroak's so lively, that we think we view
 The absent Dead, and think the Image true.
 This cheat must be, because the sense is gone,
 Bound up by Sleep, for by the Sense alone
 Fancied from real, true from false is known.

}

Besides, the Memory sleeps, soft rest doth seize
 That ruling power, and charms it into ease ;
 It lies inactive, dull, nor can controule
 The errors of the Mind, nor tell the Soul

That

That these are *dead*, whom her vain thoughts believe
From cheating *Images* to see alive.

Besides, no wonder that these Forms should seem
To *move*, as often in a *vigorous* dream

They seem to dance ; for when the *first* is gone,
And streight *another* rises, streight comes on,
The *former's* site seems chang'd ; 'tis quickly done

So *swift*, so *numerous* are the Forms that rise,
So *quickly* come, so vast the *new* supplies.

A Thousand weighty Queries more remain,
Ten Thousand more, which we must all explain,
Ten Thousand more, or else our search is vain.

First then, 'tis askt, why men with so much ease
Can think on any *Object*, what they please.

why we can
think on
what we
will.

For what? Are the *obedient* Forms at hand,
And wait what our *imperious* Wills command,
And streight present what e're the *Will* desires,
Whether 'tis *Heaven*, or *Earth*, or *Seas*, or *Fires* ;
Wars, *Senates*, *Battles*, *Fights*, or *Pomp*, and *State* ?
Doth *Nature* these, as she commands, create ?
Since fixt in one, one *constant* place, the Mind
Can think on *various* things of *different* kind.

And why the *Images* with wanton pace
Can seem to move and dance ? Why's every *grace*
And *measure* kept, why do they clasp their arms,
And *to*ss their legs, and shew a *thousand* charms ?
What have these *Wantons* skill, they thus delight
To shew their *Fairy* tricks, and dance by night ?
Or rather, 'cause each part, each *single* Now
Of *running* Time, as Reason seems to show,
Hath *numerous* parts, and so in shortest space
Ten *Thousand* Forms may flie thro every place,
Different, and various, here and there may rove,
So *numerous* are they, and so *swift* they move.

But

But since these Forms are *subtle* and *refin'd*,
 They are too *thin* to be perceiv'd by *Mind*,
 Unless she sets her self to think, and pry,
 Contracting close her *intellectual Eye*;
 But this not done, the *fleeting Images*,
Unseen, unthought on, and unheeded, cease.
 But when she seeks to know, contracted close,
 She pries upon the Thing, and therefore knows.
 Thus when the curious Eye designs to view
 An Object *subtle*, and *refin'd*, and *new*,
 Unless contracted close she strictly pries;
 In vain she strives; the Object scapes the Eyes.

Nay e'en in *plainest Things*, unless the *Mind*
 Takes heed, unless she sets her self to find,
 The Thing no more is seen, no more belov'd,
 Than if the most *obscure*, and far remov'd.
 What wonder then, if *Mind* the rest should lose,
 And only what she strives to know, she knows?

And often too, a Form of *different kind*
 From what it seem'd before, affects the Mind,
 And strikes the *Fancy*. Thus the Form that came
 A *Man* before, is chang'd; in *different frame*
 Presents a *Woman* now to our embrace,
 Or shows some other change in *Age*, or *Face*.
 Yet 'tis not strange, that *monstrous Forms* commence
 I'th fancy, when soft *sleep* hath lull'd the *Sense*
 And *Memory*; so that Neither can controule
 The *erring Thoughts*, Neither direct the *Soul*.

But now avoid Their gross *mistakes*, that teach
 The Limbs were made for *work*, a use for each;
 The Eyes design'd to see, the *Tongue* to talk,
 The *Legs* made strong, and knit to *Feet*, to walk;
 The *Arms* fram'd long, and firm, the *servile Hands*
 To work, as *Health* requires, as *Life* commands:

And

The Limbs
 were made
 for proper
 uses.

And so of all the rest, what e're they feign,
 What e're they teach, 'tis *Non-sense* all, and vain.
 For proper Uses were design'd for none,
 But all the members fram'd, *each made his own*.

No *Light* before the *Eye*, no *Speech* was found
 Before the *Tongue*, before the *Ears* no *Sound*.
 In short, the *working* Seeds each Limb create
 Before its *Use*; so 'tis not fram'd for That.

We knew to *fight* before the help of Art,
 To *bruise* and *wound*, before we fram'd a *Dart*;
 And Nature taught us to *avoid* a *Wound*,
 Before the use of *Arms* and *Shields* was found.
 Before a *Bed*, e'en Nature threw us down
 To *rest*, we *drunk* before a *Cup* was known.
 These various Things *Convenience* did produce,
 We thought them *fit*, and made them for our *Use*.
 Thus *these*, and thus our *Limbs* and *Senses* too
 Were form'd, before that any *Mind* did know
 What *Office* 'twas that they were *fit* to do.

Well then, 'tis fond to think that these began,
 For proper Uses made, bestow'd on Man.

What wonder is't, that *Bodies* ask for *Meat*,
 That Nature prompts an *Animal* to eat?
 For I have taught before, how thousand ways
 Small parts *flie* off, and every thing *decays*;
 But more from *labouring* *Animals* retreat,
 More inward parts *flie* off in breath and sweat;
 And so the *Body* wastes, and Nature fails,
 The *strength* decays, and *grief* and *pain* prevails;
 And therefore *Meat*'s requir'd, a *new* supply,
 To fill the places of the parts that dye,
 Recruit the *strength*, allay the *furious* pain,
 And stop each *gaping* Nerve, each *hungry* Vein.
 The *cooling* Drink to every part retreats

Thirst and
 Hungers

That

That wants the moisture; and the numerous heats
That burn, and fire the *stomach*, flie before
The coming Cold, and we are scorcht no more.
Thus *Drinks* descend, and thus they wash away
Fierce *Thirst*; thus *Meats* do *hunger's* force allay.

And next I'll sing, why men can move, can run
When e're they please, what force the members on;
What move the dull *unactive* weight, and bear
The load about; you with attention hear.

why Men
can move
when they
please.

The will:

First then, the *subtle Forms*, extremely thin,
Pass thro the Limbs, and strike the *Mind* within;
That makes the *Will*: for none pretends to do,
None strives to act but what the *Mind* doth know.
Now what the *Mind* perceives, it only sees
By thin, and very *subtle Images*:

So when the *active Mind* designs to move
From place to place, it gives the *Soul* a shove,
The *Soul* spread o're the *Limbs*: ('tis quickly done,
For *Soul* and *Mind* are joyn'd, and make up one,) }
That strikes the *Limbs*, so all is carried on. }

But more than this, the *Body* then grows rare,
The *Pores* are open, and the flitting Air,
As 'tis in motion still, must enter there:

This spreads o're all, and both these things combin'd
Force on the *Limbs*, as *Ships* both *Oars* and *Wind*.
Nor is it strange such little parts should shove
The heavy mass of *Limbs*, and make them move,
And turn them; for *unseen* and *subtle Gales*
Drive forward heavy *Ships* with labouring Sails;
And yet when These rush on with mighty force,
One hand may turn the Helm, and change the course;
And *Engine's* Pulleys too with ease can rear
The greatest weights, and shake them in the Air.

Sleep:

Now how soft sleep o're all spreads, thoughtless rest;
And

And frees from anxious cares the troubled breast;
 In few but sweetest Numbers, *Muse* rehearse;
 My few shall far exceed more numerous Verse:
 Thus dying Swans, tho short, yet tuneful voice;
 Is more delightful than a world of Noise.
 You entertain my words with willing mind;
 And listning ears; lest what my *Muse* design'd
 Should seem absurd, impossible to be;
 And Truth be slighted; whilst the fault's in Thee,
 And wilful blindness will not let thee see.

First then,
 When the divided Soul flies part abroad,
 And part oppress'd by an unusual Load;
 Retiring backward, closely lurks within;
 Then Sleep comes on, and Slumbers then begin:
 For then the Limbs grow weak, soft rest doth seize
 On all the Nerves; they lie dissolv'd in Ease.
 For since Sense rises from the Mind alone,
 And all the Sense is lost as sleep comes on;
 Since heavy Sleep can stop, dull Rest contrôle
 The Sense, it must divide, and break the Soul;
 Some parts must flie away, but some must keep
 Their seats within, else 'twould be Death; not Sleep:
 For then no subtle Atoms of the Mind,
 No little substance would be left behind;
 As Sparks in Ashes, which might well compose
 Restored Sense, as flames arise from those.

But now I'll sing what 'tis that breaks the Soul;
 What spreads enfeebling Rest o're all the Whole,
 And why the Bodies lie dissolv'd in ease.
 Great things! You carefully attend to these.

First then, the Surfaces of things must bear
 The constant impulse of the neighbouring Air,
 Still vex'd, still troubled with external blows;

R

And

How the
 Soul is dis-
 solved in
 Sleep.

And therefore *Shells*, or *Rinds*, or *Films* enclose,
 Or *Skin*, or *Hair*, on every Body grows.
 Besides, our Breath when drawn, in that short stay }
 Grates off some *inward* parts, and bears away }
 In its *return* again its conquer'd prey.
 Since then our *Limbs* receive, and since they bear
 These strokes *within*, *without*, and *every where* ;
 Since some creep thro the *Pores*, and strive to breed
 Confusion there, and disunite the Seed ;
 (The *Bodies* strength must fail by just degrees,
 Its *vigor* weakned by enfeebling Ease,
 Some *Soul* they drive away, and some they press,
 Drive deeper in, and shut in close *Recess* ;
 Some parts spread o're the *Limbs*, no more combine, }
 Nor with the *others* in friendly motion joyn, }
 For *Nature* stops the passages between.
 Now since the *Atoms* different ways are tost,
 And lose their *usual* course, their *sense* is lost ;
 And when that *prop* is gone, the *Lids* must fall,
 The *Limbs* grow *dull*, and *Weakness* spread o're all.
 Thus after *Meals* we sleep, because the *food*,
 Spread thro the *Veins*, and mingled with the blood,
 Doth only what the *Air* did use to do ;
 For That doth press the *Soul*, and break it too.

So after *labour*, or with toyl oppress,
 Or *Bellies* full, we take the *sounder* Rest :
 For then the *Atoms* of the *Mind* retreat
 The farther in, and take the deeper seat,
 And more *lie off*, more substance of the *Soul*,
 And those *within* to distant spaces roll,
 More scatter'd and divided o're the Whole.

Dreams.

But more, what *Studies* please, what most *delight*,
 And fill mens thoughts, they dream them o're at
 night ;

The

The *Lawyers* plead, make *Laws*, the *Souldiers* fight ;
 The *Merchant* dreams of *Storms*, they hear them roar,
 And often *shipwrack* leap, or swim to Shore :
 I think of *Nature's* powers, my *Mind* pursues
 Her works, and e'en in Sleep invokes a *Muse*:
 And other *Studies* too, which entertain
 Mens waking thoughts, they dream them o're again.
 So those that with continu'd sport and play
 Make the dull troublesome time flie fast away ;
 The Objects, tho remov'd, yet leave behind
 Some secret tracts and passage thro the Mind,
 And fit for Images of the same kind:
 Before their waking eyes those sports appear,
 They see the *Wantons* dance, and seem to hear
 The speaking strings breath forth the softest Ayr.
 The same Companion still, the same Delight,
 And the same painted Scenes still please the sight,
 So strong is Use, such Custom's power confest ;
 And not in thoughtful Man alone, but Beast !
 For often, sleeping *Racers* pant and sweat,
 Breath short, as if they ran their second Heat ;
 As if the *Barrier* down, with eager pace
 They stretcht, as when contending for the Race.
 And often *Hounds*, when Sleep hath clos'd their eyes,
 They toss, and tumble, and attempt to rise :
 They open often, often snuff the Air,
 As if they prest the footsteps of the Deer ;
 And sometimes wak't pursue their fancy'd prey,
 The fancy'd Deer, that seems to run away,
 Till quite amak't, the follow'd Shapes decay.
 And softer Curs, that lie and sleep at home,
 Do often rouse, and walk about the Room,
 And bark, as if they saw some Strangers come.

But now, those Images, whose Forms comprise

Beasts
Dreams.

Fragile
Dreams.

Rough Seeds, from such the *frightful* Dreams arise.
 Thus *Birds* will *start*, and seek the Woods by night;
 When e're the *fancy'd* Hawk appears in sight,
 When e're they see his *wing*, or hear him fight.

Besides, what raise *Heroick* thoughts in Men?
 E'en such are often rais'd in Dreams: For then
 They fight, are taken *Captive*, and rebell,
 They shout, and groan, as if the *Victor* fell:
 Some *strive*, some *weep*, some *sigh*, and oft afraid,
Pursu'd or *torn* by Beasts, cry out for aid:
 Some talk of *State-affairs*, and some betray (day:
 Those *Plots*, their treacherous minds had fram'd by
 Some flie from *following death*, and others thrown
 From lofty *Pinacles*, sink headlong down;
 But waking, tho they know themselves abus'd,
 Yet are their Powers, their Spirits so confus'd,
 They lie half dead in deep amaze, remain
 Thoughtless, and scarce recover sense again.
 Others, when *Thirsty*, fancy *purling* streams,
 Sit down, and quaff the River off in Dreams:
 And those, whose blood boyls high, whom vigorous
 Hath fill'd with *Seed*, and fir'd with *lustful* rage, (age
 If pleasing Dreams present a *beauteous* face,
 How hot his blood, how eager to embrace!
 Nay oft, as in the *fury* of the joy,
 The flowing Seed pollutes the *Amorous* Boy.

Love rises then, when from a *beauteous* face
 Some *pleasing* forms provoke us to embrace
 Those *Bawds* to *lust*; when with a *tickling* Art
 They gather turgent *seed* from every part,
 And then provoke it: Then rise *fierce* desires,
 The *Lover* burns with strong, but pleasing fires;
 Those often are *pursu'd* by *following* Care,
Distracting thoughts, and often deep despair.

Nay

Caus of
Love.

Nay tho the pleasing *Object* is remov'd,
 Altho we do not view the Thing belov'd,
 Yet *Forms* attend; or if we chance to hear
 Her *Name*, *Love enters, with it at the Ear.*

But 'twill be wise, and prudent to remove,
 And banish all incentives unto Love,
 And let thy Age, thy vigorous Youth be thrown
 On *All* in Common, not reserv'd for *One*:
 For That breeds cares and fears, That fond disease,
 Those raging pains, if nourisht, will increase:
 Unless you fancy *every* one you view,
 Revel in Love, and cure *old* wounds by *new*.
 Nor do those miss the *joy*, who *Love* disdain,
 But rather take the *sweet* without the *pain*;
 Nay they have greater Sweets, whilst Lovers Arms
 Shall clasp their *Dears*, whilst they behold their
 charms.

*A caution
 against
 Love.*

Strait Doubts arise, their careful mind's imploy'd,
 Which *Sweets* must first be ris'd, which enjoy'd:
 What they desir'd, they hurt; and 'midst the bliss
 Raise pain; when often with a furious Kiss
 They wound the balmy Lip; this they endure
 Because the Joy's not perfect, 'tis not pure:
 But still some *sting* remains, some fierce desire
 To hurt what ever 'twas that rais'd the *fire*:
 But yet the *pains* are *few*, they quickly cease,
 The *mixt delight* doth make the hurt the less.

Perhaps they hope, that She that *stroke* the same,
 Can *heal*, that she that *rais'd* can *stop* the flame.
 Fond fancy this in *Love*! We ne're give o're;
 The more we know, and have, we wish the more.
 'Tis true, because the *Meat* and *Drink's* convey'd
 To proper *Vessels*, Thirst and Hunger's staid:
 But now from *Beauty*, now from *Forms* that please,

What

What comes but *thin* and *empty Images*?
 E'en such as *He* enjoys, that drinks in *Dreams*,
 His *Thirst* increaseth midst the fancied streams:
 So *Love* deludes poor *men*, their covetous Eye
 What *long*, what *frequent* sights can satisfy!
 What from the *tender* limbs with wanton play,
 And *amorous* touch, poor *Lovers* bring away?
 Nay e'en in the *Embrace*, whilst both employ
 Their strength, and *Bodies* feel the coming joy;
 Tho then they twine, and bill like loving *Doves*,
 Tho *ardent* breathings fire each other's Loves;
 In vain, fond Fools, they cannot mix their Souls,
 Altho they seem to try, in *Amorous* rolls
 So strictly twin'd, till all their powers decay,
 And the loose *airy pleasure* slips away:
 Then a short *pause* between, and then returns
 The same *fierce lust*, the same *fierce fury* burns;
 Whilst they both seek, whilst they both wish to have
 What e're their *wanton* fancies, *wanton* wishes crave.
 For *this* no cure, for *this* no help is found;
 They waste, and perish by a *secret* wound.

Besides, they waste their strength, their *vigour* kill,
 And live poor *Slaves* unto another's Will.
 Debts they contract apace, their *Money* flies;
 Their *Fame*, their *Honour* too grows sick, and dies.
 Rich *Shoes*, and *Jewels* set in Gold, adorn
 The Feet, the richest *Purple* Vests are worn:
 The *Wealth* their *Fathers* toil'd, and fought to gain,
 Now buys a *Coat*, a *Miter*, or a *Chain*.
 Great *Shows*, and *Sports* are made, and *Royal* Feasts,
 Where *choicest* Meats and *Wines* provoke the Guests;
 Where *gawdy* Tapestry, and *Odours* spread
 O're all the *Room*, and *Crowns* grace every Head.
 In vain: for still some *bitter* Thought destroys

His

His fancy'd Mirth, and poysons all his Joys:
 Perhaps some doubtful Word torments his mind,
 Sinks deep, and wounds, and leaves a sting behind:
 Perhaps he thinks his *Mistriss* wanton Eyes
 Glote on his Friend, perhaps faint Smiles he spies:
 Such mischiefs happen e'en in prosperous Love.
 But those that cross and adverse Passion prove,
 Those wretched Lovers meet ten thousand more,
 (Ten Thousand scarce can measure the vast store)
 So obvious all, that with the strictest care
 'Tis good to keep my Rules, and shun the Snare;
 'Tis easier to avoid, than break the Chain,
 When once intrapt, or be redeem'd again,
 The Nets are strong, and we may strive in vain.

Nay tho' securely caught, you may be free
 Again, unless you are resolv'd to be
 A willing Slave; and from your thoughts remove
 The faults in Mind and Face of her you love
 For often, Men quite blind by fond desire,
 First think their Loves great Beauties, then admire:
 Their powerful working Fancy still supplies
 With borrowed shapes, and flattering disguise,
 The meaner Beautie's great necessities.
 Hence 'tis that ugly Things in fancy'd dress
 Seem gay, look fair to Lovers eyes, and please.

The Black seems Brown; the Nasty, Negligent,
 Owl-ey'd like Pallas, and my Heart's content;
 The little Dwarf is pretty, Gnaie all o're;
 The vast, surprising, and we must adore;
 The stammering, lips, the Lover thinks he hears
 The broken sounds breath'd forth in softest Ayrs:
 She's Modest if she's Dumb, and nought can say;
 The fierce and prattling Thing is brisk and gay:
 She's Thin, if Hectick, and but one remove

From

From Death ; the *Meager* is my *slender* Love :
 The *great* and *swelling* *Breast* like *Ceres* is,
 The *big* and *hanging* *Lip* a very *Kiss*.

Ten thousand such : but grant the *sweetest* *Face*,
 Grant each part *lovely*, grant each part a *Grace*,
 Yet others *equal* *Beauties* do enjoy,
 Yet we have liv'd before without this *Toy* :
 Yet she is *base*, yet she *perfumes*, to hide
 Her *natural* *smell*, her *Maids* on every side
 Stand off, and *smile*, and *waggishly* deride.

Nay, tho a *Lover*, when deny'd the *bliss*,
 Stands long, and waits, and warms with *softning* *Kiss*,
 The *less* *obdurate* *Gate*, tho then he pours
 His *Oyntments* on, and *Crowns* the *Gates* with *flowers*;
 Yet when admitted, when, no longer coy,
 The *Miss* provokes the *eager* fool to joy ;
 Then *every* thing offends, he fancies none,
 But seeks some *fit* *excuses* to be gone :
 Then he forgets the *Stories* he design'd,
 Nor tells how much her *Coldness* vext his *Mind*,
 Nor sighs, and *why* my *Dear* was you *unkind*?
 Then grieves, he gave to her that *awful* *Love*,
 He only ow'd to the great *Powers* above.

And this our *Misses* know, and strive to hide
 Their faults from those (the covering's decent pride)
 Whom they would *cheat*, and bind to an *Amour* ;
 Tho foul *behind*, they look all *bright* before.
 In vain : for thou canst understand the cheat,
 Discover, and know their *Wiles*, and gross deceit :
 Nay if she's *free*, if not designs to vex
 Nor cross thy *Courtship*, or thy thoughts perplex,
 She'll show the *common* failures of her *Sex*.

The *Child* still bears the form, whose *Seed* prevails ;
 If *Mothers*, *Hers* ; if *Fathers*, then the *Males* :

But

why the
 Child like
 the Parents

But those that shew a part of either Face,
 Are made of Seed, whose friendly powers embrace,
 When neither *this* nor *that* prevails, and forms the
 And oft with joy indulgent *Fathers* view'd. (Males:
 The *Grandfire's* Image in their *Sons* renew'd,
 Because the *little* Mals of Seed remains
Entire and *whole* within the *Father's* veins,
 Which from the *Grandfire* fell; this *Venus* takes,
 Of this a *likeness* in the Shapes she makes;
 She imitates the *Grandfire's* Voice, or Hair,
 His *smile*, or some peculiar Grace, and *Ayr*:
 For *these* on proper Seeds depend, and rise
 From proper shapes, as well as Hands or Eyes.

} why like
 the Grand-
 fathers.

The *Males* and *Females* Seed agree to make
 The tender *Young*, of both the *Young* partake;
 But yet that *Sex* the *Young* resembles most,
 That hath more *powerful* Seed, more *vigorous* Lust.

Nor do the *Gods* decree, nor thoughts imploy,
 Which *Mortal* shall, which *shall not* get a Boy;
 As some believe; and therefore sacrifice,
 Whilst Clouds of *Incense* from the *Altars* rise,
 Make Vows, and Prayers, *Temples*, and *Altars* build,
 To please the angry *Gods*, and beg a Child.
 Fond fooling this to court the *Powers* above,
 They sit at *ease*, and never *mind* our Love.

Of Barren-
 nists.

But Male and Female, tho they oft embrace,
 In vain endeavour to increase their Race,
 If Eithers Seed's too *subtle*, *thin*, and *fine*,
 Or else too *gross* and dull for that design:
 For if too *thin*, the *Vessels* ne're retain
 The Seed receiv'd, it strait flows out again,
 And all the *kind* Endeavour is in vain;
 But if too *gross* and dull, it moves but *slow*,
 And little Pores refuse to let it thro,

Or it lies *sullen* there, unfit to breed;
 Nor *kindly* mixes with the *Female Seed*:
 For *All* not fit with *All*. Thus some do prove
 Unfruitful after many years of *Love*,
 Tho they have often prov'd the *Nuptial Joy*,
 And strove, but all in vain, to get a Boy:
 Yet by a *second* Husband's apt Embrace
 They quickly bear a fair and *numerous* Race,
 And the *decaying* Families increase;
 They see their Sons grow strong with Youthful rage,
 The Joy and Comfort of their feeble Age.

The End of the Fourth Book.

LUCRETII.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

WHAT *Verse* can soar on so *sublime* a wing,
As reaches his *deserts*? What *Muse* can sing
As He requires? What Poet now can raise

A stately Monument of *lasting* Praise,
Great as His *vast* Deserts who first did show
Those useful Truths, who taught us first to know
Nature's great Powers? 'Tis more than *man* can do.
For if we view the *Mighty Things* He show'd,
His *Useful* Truths proclaim, *He was a God*;
He was a *God*, who first reform'd our Souls,
And led us by *Philosophy*, and *Rules*,
From Cares, and Fears, and *melancholly* Night,
To Peace, to Joy, to Ease, and shew'd us Light.

The Praise
of Epicu-
rus.

For now compare what *other* Gods bestow.
Kind *Bacchus* first the pleasing *Vine* did show,
And *Ceres* Corn, and taught us how to plough:
Yet Men might still have liv'd without *these* two,
They might have liv'd as *other Nations* do.
But what *Content* could Man, what *Pleasure* find,
What Joy in Life, whilst *Passions* vex the Mind?
Well then, That *Man* is more a *God* than *these*,
That Man, that show'd us how to live at Ease,

That man taught the World *delight* and *peace*.

His *useful benefits* are rais'd above

Alcides Acts, that greatest Son of *Jove*.

For tell me how the fierce *Nemean* Roar

Could fright us now? How could th' *Arcadian* Boar,

The *Cratan* Bull, the plague of *Lerne's* Lakes,

The poisonous *Hydra* with her numerous Snakes?

How could *Geryon's* force, or triple Face,

How *Diomed's* fiery Horse, those plagues of *Thrace*?

How could the *Birds*, that o're *Arcadian* Plains

With crooked Talons tore the frighted Swains,

Offend us here? Whom had the *Serpent* struck,

Meghry in Bulk, and terrible in Look,

That arm'd with Scales, and in a dreadful Fold

Twin'd round the Tree, and watcht the growing Gold,

Remov'd as far as the *Atlantick* Shore,

Desarts, untrod by us, or by the *Moor*?

Those others too, that fell, and rais'd his fame,

That gave him this diffus'd and lasting name,

And made him rise a God from *Oeta's* flame

Had they still liv'd, what mischief had they done?

Whom had they torn, whom frighted? Surely none.

For now, e'en now, vast troops of *Monsters* fill

Each thick and darksome Wood, each shady Hill:

Yet who complains, yet who their *Jaws* endure?

For men may shun their Dens, and live secure.

But had not *His* Philosophy began,

(What had not *Man* endur'd, *ingrateful* Man?)

And cleans'd our Souls, what Civil Wars, what cares

Would fierce *Ambition* raise; what pungent Fears?

How *Pride*, *Lust*, *Envy*, *Sloth*, would vex the Mind?

Well then, that *Man*, who thus reform'd our Souls,

That slew these monsters, not by *Arms*, but *Rules*.

Shall We, *ingrateful* We, not think a God?

Espe-

Especially since *He* Divinely show'd
 What Life the *Gods* must live ; and found the Cause
 And Rise of Things, and taught us *Nature's* Laws.

His steps I trace, and prove, as *things* begun,
 By the *same* Laws and Nature they live on,
 And fail at last, loose all their vital Ties ;
 But chiefly, that the *Soul* is born, and dies ;
 And that those shadows, which in Dreams appear,
 And forms of Friends, and perish't *Heroes* bear,
 Are but loose shapes, by fancy wrought in Air.

Now I must teach, the *World*, as *Years* prevail,
 Must die, this noble Frame must sink and fail ;
 And how at first 'twas form'd, what various blows
 Made Seed, *Earth*, *Sea*, *Sun*, *Heaven*, and *Stars* com-
 What living Creatures did, what never rose: (pose,
 How *Leagues*, and how *Society* began,
 What civiliz'd the *savage* creature, Man ;
 Whence sprang that mighty dread of Powers above,
 That reverence, that awful fear and love,
 Which first *Religious* Duties did engage,
 And now secures their *Holy* things from rage :
 How towards both Poles the *Sun's* fixt journey bends,
 And how the Year his crooked walk attends ;
 By what just steps the wandring Lights advance,
 And what eternal measures guide the dance ;
 Lest some should think, their *Rounds* they freely go,
 Scattering their servile fires on things below,
 On *Fruits* and *Animals* to make them grow ;
 Or that some *God* doth whirl the circling *Sun*,
 And fiercely lash the fiery *Horses* on :
 For e'en those few exalted Souls, that know
 The *Gods* must live at ease, not look below,
 Free from all meddling cares, from hate, and love ;
 If they admire, if view the *World* above,

And

And wonder how those glorious Beings move,
 They are intrapt, they bind their slavish chain,
 And sink to their Religious fears again;
 And then the World with Heavenly Tyrants fill,
 Whose force is as unbounded, as their will.
 Deluded Ignorants ! who ne're did see
 By Reason's light what *can*, what *cannot* be ;
 How every thing must yield to fatal force,
 What steady bounds confine their natural course.

The World
 mortal.

But now to prove all this : First cast an Eye,
 And look on all *below*, on all on *high*,
 The solid Earth, the Seas, and arched Sky ;
 One fatal hour (dear Youth) must ruine all,
 This glorious Frame, that stood so long, must fall.
 I know that this seems strange, and hard to prove,
 (Strong hardened Prejudice will scarce remove,)
 And so are all things new, and unconfin'd
 To sense, nor which thro' that can reach the Mind ;
 Whose notice Eye, nor Hand, those only ways
 Where Science enters, to the Soul conveys.
 And yet I'll sing : Perchance the following Fall
 Will prove my words, and shew 'tis reason all :
 Perhaps thou soon shalt see the sickning World
 With strong Convulsions to Confusion hurl'd ;
 When every Rebel Atom breaks the chain,
 And all to primitive Night return again.
 But Chance avert it ! Rather let Reason shew
 The World may fall, than Sense should prove it true.
 But now before I teach these Truths, more sure
 And certain Oracles, and far more pure
 Than what from trembling Pythia reacht our ears,
 I'll first propose some Cure against thy Fears :
 Lest Superstition prompt thee to believe,
 That Sun and Moon, that Seas and Earth must live,

Are

Are Gods eternal, and above the rage,
 And powerful envy of devouring Age.
 And therefore those, whose impious Reasons try
 (More bold than those fond fools that storm'd the }
 To prove the *World* is mortal, and may die, (Sky)
 That *Orbs* can fall, the *Sun* forsake his light,
 And buried lie, like meaner things, in night,
 Calling that mortal, which is all Divine,
 Must needs be damn'd for their profane design.

For these are so unlike the Gods, the Frame
 So much unworthy of that Glorious Name,
 That neither lives, nor is an *Animal*;
 That neither feels; dull Things, and senseless all.
 For Life, and Sense, the *Mind*, and *Soul* refuse
 To joyn with all: their bodies must be fit for use.
 As Heaven doth bear no Trees, no Stars below;
 As Stones no Blood, no Fishes Mountains know,
 But each hath proper place to rise and grow: }
 So neither *Souls* can rise without the Blood,
 And Nerves, and Veins, and Bones; for grant they
 Then thro' one single part, as Arms, or Head, (cou'd,
 'Twould first be fram'd, thence o're the other spread:
 As Water into Vessels pour'd doth fall,
 First to one part, then rise and cover all.
 But since 'tis certain, that a proper place
 Is settled for the life and the increase
 Of *Mind* and *Soul*; 'tis folly to believe
 That they can rise without six limbs, or live;
 Or be in stirring Air, or chilling Seas,
 Or Earth, or scorching Flames. Fond fancies these!
 Well then, they are not Gods, their Sense divine,
 For they are far unfit for that Design,
 Since none with *Minds* in vital union joyn.

Nor must we think these are the blest Abodes,

The

The world
 not an Animal.

*Made not
the seat of
the Gods.*

The quiet Mansions of the happy Gods;
Their substance is so thin, so much refin'd,
Unknown to Sense, nay scarce perceiv'd by Mind.
Now since their substance can't be touch't by Man,
They cannot touch those other things that can;
For what e're touch, those must be toucht agen.
Well then, the Mansions of those Happy Powers
Must all be far unlike, distinct from ours;
Of subtle nature, suitable to their own;
All which by long discourse I'll prove anon.

*The World
not made
for Man.*

But now to say this spacious World began
By bounteous Heaven, contriv'd to pleasure Man;
And therefore this vast Frame they toil'd to raise,
And fit for Us, should meet with equal praise;
Or be esteem'd Eternal, All secure,
From ruine, or the teeth of Time endure;
And that 'tis impious to design to prove,
What was contriv'd by the wise Powers above,
And fixt eternal for the Man they love,
That This can die, that This to Fate can bow,
And with bold reason strive to overthrow,
And make that mortal they design'd not so:
'Tis fond. For what could Man return again?
What profit to the Gods for all their pain,
That they should work for him? Why break their
In which they liv'd before secure, and blest?
What coming Joy, what Pleasure could they view,
To leave their former life, and seek a new?
For those delight in New, whose former state
Was made unhappy by some treacherous fate.
But why should those that liv'd in perfect Ease,
Who ne're saw any thing but what did please,
Be tickled thus with love of Novelties?
Perhaps they lay obscure, and hid in night,

Till Things began, and *Day* produc't the Light.

Besides, what harm, had the *Sun* idly ran,
Nor warm'd the *Mud*, and kindled it to *Man*,
What harm to *us* if we had ne're began?
True, those that are in *Being* once, should strive,
As long as *Pleasure*, will invite, to live;
But those that ne're had tasted Joys, nor seen,
What hurt to them, suppose they ne're had been?

Beside,

Mind?

Whence had the *Gods* their notice, whence their
Those fit *Ideas* of the Humane Kind?

What *Image* of the Work they then design'd?
How did they understand the power of *Seed*,
That *those* by change of *Order* Things could breed,
Unless kind *Nature's* powers at first did show
A *model* of the Frame, and taught them how to know?
For *Seeds* of *Bodies* from *eternal* strove,
And us'd by *stroke*, or their own weight, to move;
All sorts of *Unin* try'd, all sorts of *Blows*,
To see if any Way would Things compose;
And so no wonder they at last were hurl'd
Into the decent order of *this World*;
And still such *motions*, still such ways pursue,
As may supply *decaying* Things by *new*.

For were I ignorant how Beings rise,
How Things begin; yet reasons from the Skies,
From every Thing deduc't, will plainly prove
This *World* ne're fram'd by the *wise* Powers above,
So foolish the Design, contriv'd so ill.

For first: those tracts of *Air* what *Creatures* fill?
Why *Beasts* in every Grove, and shady Hill?
Vast *Pools* take part, and the impetuous Tide,
Whose *spreading* Waves the *distant* Shores divide:
Two parts in three the *Torrid Zone* doth burn,

The world,
not made by
an Intellig-
ent Being.

Or *Frigid* chill, and all to *Desarts* turn :
 And all the *other* Fields, what would they breed,
 If let alone, but *Bryars*, *Thorns*, and *Weed*?
 These are their proper fruits, this *Nature* wou'd,
 Did not *laborious* *Mortals* toyl for food,
 And *tear*, and *plough*, and *force* them to be good ;
 Did they not turn the Clods with *crooked* Share,
 By frequent *torments* forcing them to bear ;
 No *tender* Fruits, none of their own accord
 Would rise to feed *proud* Man, their fancied Lord :
 Nay often too, when *Man* with pains and toil
 Hath plough'd and conquer'd the *unwilling* Soil ;
 When flowers put forth, and budding *branches* shoot,
 Look gay and promise the desired Fruit ;
 The scorching Sun, with his too busie beams,
 Burns up the fruits, or clouds do drown with streams ;
 Or chill'd by too much *Snow* they soon decay,
 Or *Storms* blow them, and all our *hopes* away.

But further, why should *Parent-Nature* breed
 Such hurtful *Animals*, why cherish, feed
 Destructive *Beasts*? Why should such *Monsters* grow,
 Did the *kind* Gods dispose of Things below?
 Why *Plagues* to all the *seasons* of the Year belong?
 And why should *hasty* Death destroy the *Young*?

Again,

A *Man*, when first he leaves his *primitive* Night,
 Breaks from his *Mother's* womb to view the Light,
 Like a poor *Carcass* tumbled by the flood,
 He falls all naked, but besmear'd with blood,
 An *Infant*, weak, and destitute of food ;
 With *tender* cries the piteous Air he fills,
 A fit *presage* for all his coming Ills :
 Whilst *Beasts* are born, and grow with greater ease ;
 No need of sounding *Rattles* Those to please ;

No

No need of *tatling* Nurses *busie* care;
 They want no *change* of garments, but can wear
 The *same* at any *season* of the year;
 They need no *Arms*, no *Garrison*, or *Town*,
 No *stately Castles* to defend their *own*;
Nature supplies their *wants*, what e're they crave,
She gives them, and preserves the *Life* she gave.

But now since *Air*, and *Water*, *Earth*, and *Fire*,
 Are *Bodies* all produc'd, and all expire,
 Since *these* are such, *these* that compose the *Frame*,
 The nature of the *Whole* must be the same;

The Ele-
 ments chan-
 geable.

For *those* whose *parts* the strokes of Fate controule,
 If *those* are made, and die, so must the *Whole*.
 Now since the *members* of the *World* we view,
 Are chang'd, consum'd, and all produc'd anew;
 It follows then, for which our *proofs* contend,
 That this *vast Frame* began, and so must end.

But lest you think, I poorly *beg* the Cause,
 And that it disagrees with *Nature's* Laws,
 That *Water*, *Air*, that *Fire*, and *Earth* should cease,
 And *fail*; that they can *die*, or else *increase*;
 Consider *Earth*, when parcht with *busie* beams,
 And trodden *much*, flies up in *dusky* streams,
 And *little* clouds of thickning *dust* arise,
 Dispers'd by winds thro' all the *lower* skies;
 And gentle *Rivers* too, with wanton play
 That kiss their *rocky* banks, and glide away,
 Take *somewhat* still from the *ungentle* stone,
*Soft*en the parts, and make them *like* their own.

But more:

By *what* another Thing is fed, and grows,
 That Thing some portion of its *own* must lose.
 Now since *all* spring from *Earth*, and since we call,
 And justly too, the *Earth* the Source of all;

Since *All*, when cruel *Death* dissolves, return
To *Earth* again, and *She's* both *Womb* and *Urn* :
The *Earth* is chang'd, some parts must sometimes
And sometimes new come on, and *she* increase. (cease.

Besides, that *Seas*, that *Rivers* waſt, and die,
And ſtill increaſe by conſtant new ſupply,
What need of proofs? This ſtreams themſelves do
And in ſoft murmurs babble as they flow. (ſhow,
But leſt the *Maſs* of *Water* prove too great,
The *Sun* drinks ſome, to quench his natural heat ;
And ſome the *Winds* brush off, with wanton play
They dip their wings, and bear ſome parts away :
Some paſſes thro the *Earth*, diffuſ'd all o're,
And leaves its ſalt behind in every Pore ;
For all returns thro narrow channels ſpread,
And joyns where e're the fountain ſhews her head :
And thence ſweet ſtreams in fair *Meanders* play,
And thro the Vallies cut their liquid way ;
And *Herbs*, and *Flowers* on every ſide beſtow,
The *Fields* all ſmile with flowers where e're they flow.

But more, the *Air* thro all the mighty Frame
Is chang'd each hour, we breath not twice the ſame :
Be cauſe as all things waſt, the parts muſt flie
To the vaſt Sea of *Air* ; they mount on high,
And ſoftly wander in the lower ſky. }
Now did not this the waſting things repair,
All had been long ago diſſolv'd, all *Air*.
Well then, ſince all things waſt, their vital chain
Diſſolv'd, how can the frame of *Air* remain ? }
It riſes from, and makes up things again.

Beside, the *Sun*, that conſtant ſpring of Light,
Still cuts the *Heaven* with ſtreams of ſhining White,
And the decaying Old with New ſupplies ;
For every portion of the beam that lies,

Is but *short-liv'd*, it just *appears*, and *dies*.
As thus 'tis prov'd.---

For when an *envious Cloud* stops up the stream,
The *constant* stream of *Light*, and breaks the beam,
The *lower* part is lost, and dismal *shade* (vey'd.
Q'respreads the *Earth*, where e're the *Cloud's* con-
Well then, there must be *constant* streams of *Rays*,
Since every portion of the *Beam* decays:
Nor should we see, but all lie *blind* in *Night*,
Unless new streams flow'd from the *spring* of *Light*.

So from our *Lights*, our *meaner fires* below,
Our *Lamps* or brighter *Torches*, streams do flow,
And drive away the *Night*; they still supply
New *Flames*, as swiftly as the *former* die;
New beams still *tremble* in the lower *Skie*:
No *space* is free, but a *continued Ray*
Still keeps a *constant*, tho a *feeble Day*;
So fast, e'en *Hydra* like, the fruitful *fires*
Beget a *new* beam, as the *old* expires.
So *Sun* and *Moon* with many a *numerous* birth
Bring forth *new rays*, and send them down to th' *earth*;
Which die as fast, lest some *fond fools* believe
That these are free from fate, that *these* must live.

Lastly, the *strongest* *Rocks*, and *Towers* do feel the
Of powerful *Time*, e'en *Temples* wast by age: (rage
Nor can the *Gods* themselves prolong their *Date*,
Change *Nature's* Law, or get reprieve from *Fate*.
E'en *Tombs* grow old and wast, by years o'rethrown;
Men's Graves, before, but now become their *Own*.

How oft the *hardest* *Rock* dissolves, nor bears
The strength but of a *few*, though *powerful Years*?
Now if that *Rock* for *infinite* *Ages* past
Stood still *secure*, if it was free from *Wast*,
Why should it fail, why now dissolve at last?

Lastly,

Lastly, look round, view that vast tract of Sky,
 In whose Embrace our Earth and Waters lie,
 Whence all things rise, to which they all return,
 As some discourse, the same both Womb and Urn ;
 'Tis surely mortal all : for that which breeds,
 That which gives birth to other things, or feeds,
 Must lose some parts ; and when those things do cease,
 It gets some new again, and must increase.

But grant the World eternal, grant it knew

The world
 had a be-
 ginning.

No Infancy, and grant it never new ;
 Why then no Wars our Poets Songs employ
 Beyond the Siege of Thebes, or that of Troy ?
 Why former Heroes fell without a Name ?
 Why not their Battles told by lasting Fame ?
 But 'tis as I declare ; and thoughtful Man
 Not long ago, and all the World began :
 And therefore Arts, that lay but rude before,
 Are polish'd now, we now increase the store,
 We perfect all the old, and find out more.
 Shipping's improv'd, we add new Oars and Wings ;
 And Musick now is found, and speaking strings.
 These Truths, this rise of Things we lately know ;
 Great Epicurus liv'd not long ago.

By my assistance young Philosophy
 In Latin words now first begins to cry.

But if you think successive Worlds, the same
 They now appear, but Earthquakes shook the Frame,
 Or Fire destroy'd, or Floods swept all away ;
 Grant only This, and you the Cause betray,
 This strongly proves the World will once decay.
 For what can sicken thus, can waste, and fail,
 And perish all, if stronger strokes prevail.
 For thus, since we can feel the same disease,
 Same harms, that other perishing things do seize,

We

We think that *we* shall die as well as these.

Besides, what ere's *immortal*, must be so,
Because 'tis *solid*, above the power of Blow,
Whose parts no *Wedge* divides, which know no pore,
And such are Seeds, as I explain'd before :
Or else because like *empty Space*, 'tis such
As is secure from *stroak*, and free from touch;
Or else because it can admit no bound,
'Tis *infinite*, and knows no place beyond,
To which the *Seeds* may sink : This makes the *All*
Eternal, there's no place whence *Seeds* may fall,
And breed confusion here ; no *space* doth lie
Without the Whole, to which the *parts* may flie,
And leave the *mighty All* to wast and die.

But now the *World's* not *solid*, every Mass
Contains between the *Seeds* some *empty space* ;
Nor is't like *Void*, for *thousand Things*, if hurl'd
With mighty force, can strike and break the *World* :
Seeds rushing on may bear *some parts* away,
Like *violent streams*, and so the *World* decay.
Beside, there's *Space beyond*, to which, the Tie
Of *Union* loos'd, the scatter'd parts may flie :
Well then, these *Heavens* and *Earth* can waste and
And therefore *once began* ; for what can fail, (die,
And wast, o're what the *stroaks* of Fate prevail,
Must be unable to endure the rage
Of *infinite past Time*, and power of Age.

But lastly, since the *Elements* are at jars,
Still fight, and still engag'd in *Civil Wars*,
Cannot their *Battles* cease, their *Wars* be done,
And all the *other parts* submit to *One* ?
The *Fire* prevail, and with destructive beams
Dry *Seas*, the *Thirsty Sun* drink up the *Streams* ?
Which now *He seems* to try, but all in vain.

For



For *Rivers* still bring new supplies again,
 So fast, so great, as if design'd to raise
 A *Flood*, and o're the *Center* spread the Seas.
 But that's in vain, the *Waters* still decay,
 The *Winds* brush off, and bear some parts away :
 The *Sun* drinks some, the *Stars* take some for food,
 And seem to threaten more a *drought* than *flood*.
 Thus still they fight, with equal force maintain
 The War, now *conquer*, and now *yield* again.

The world
 may be
 burnt.

Yet *Fire* (as stories go) did once prevail,
 And once the *Water* too was spread o're all.
 The *Fire* prevail'd when the *Sun's* furious Horse,
 Disdaining *Phaeton's* young feeble force,
 Ran thro the *Sky* in an *unusual* course ;
 And falling near the *Earth* burnt all below,
 Till angry *Jove* did dreadful *Thunder* throw,
 And quench't the hot-brain'd fiery *Youth* in *PO*.
 But *Phæbus* gather'd up the scatter'd Ray,
 And brought to *Heaven* again the falling Day :
 The *Horses* too, that ran thro *Heaven's* wide Plain,
 He caught, and harness'd to the *Coach* again ;
 They ever since with due obedience drew
 The flaming Carr. This *Greece* reports as true ;
 Yet 'tis absurd : But all may yield to *Flame*,
 If great supplies of rapid Matter came
 From the vast *Mafs* : for then those *Seeds* must fail,
 And sink again, or *Fire* must ruine all.

Or drown-
 ed.

Seas once prevail'd, nor could the *Towns* withstand
 The raging waves ; they spread all o're the *Land* :
 But when the numerous *Seeds* the mighty *Mafs*
 Supply'd, were turn'd from this into another place,
 The *Water* ceas'd, and the continual *Rain*,
 And *Rivers* ran within their Banks again.

Now next I'll sing, how moving *Seeds* were hurl'd,

How

How the
world be-
gan.

How *soft* to Order, how they fram'd the World :
 How *Sun* and *Moon* began, what *steddy* force
 Markt out their *walk*, what makes them keep their
 For sure *unthinking* Seeds did ne're dispose (Course :
 Themselves by *Counsel*, nor their Order chose,
 Nor any *Compacts* made how each should move,
 But from *Eternal* thro the *Vacuum* strove ;
 By their *own weight*, or by *external* blows,
 All *Motions* try'd to find the best of *Those*,
 All *Unions* too, if by their various play
 They could compose *new Beings* any way :
 Thus long they whirl'd, most sorts of *Motion* past,
 Most sorts of *Union* too, they joyn'd at last
 In such *convenient* Order, whence began
 The *Sea*, the *Heaven*, and *Earth*, and *Beasts*, and *Man*.
 But yet no *glittering Sun*, no *winkling Star*,
 No *Heaven*, no *roaring Sea*, no *Earth*, no *Air*,
 Nor any thing like *these* did then appear,
 But a *vast Heap* ; and from this mighty *Mass*
 Each part retir'd, and took his *proper* place ;
Agreeing Seeds combin'd, each *Atom* ran
 And sought his *like*, and so the *Frame* began.
 From *disagreeing* Seeds the *World* did rise,
 Because their various *Motions*, *Weight*, and *Size*,
 And *Figure*, would not let them all combine
 And lye together, nor *friendly* motions joyn :
 Thus *Skies*, and thus the *Sun* did raise his head ;
 Thus *Stars*, and *Seas* o're proper places spread.

For first, the *Earthy* parts, a heavy *Mass*,
 And closely twin'd, possess the *middle* place ;
 Now as these *heavy* parts combin'd more close,
 Descending still they vex with *constant* blows
 The *lurking* parts of *Sea*, of *Stars*, and *Skies*,
 And *Sun*, and squeez'd them out, and made them rise ;

How the
Earth was
made.

How Ha-
ven.

Because those Seeds are *subtle*, more *refin'd*,
And *round*, and *smooth*, and of a *lesser kind*
Than those of *Earth*, and so can freely pass
The *subtle Pores* of the descending *Mists*.
And thus the parts of *Heaven* did first retire,
And bore up with them *numerous* Seeds of *Fire*.
As when the *Sun* begins his early race,
And views the joyful *Earth* with *blushing face*,
And quaffs the *Pearly Dew* spread o're the *Grass*,
From *Earth* he draws some *Mists* with busie beams,
From *wandering Waters* some, and *running Streams* :
These thin, these *subtle Mists*, when rais'd on high,
And join'd above, spread *Clouds* o're all the *Sky* :
Just so the parts of *Heaven* did upward move,
The *subtle Ether* thus combin'd above ;
And vastly wide, and spread o're every place,
Contains the rest within her kind Embrace.
Thus *Heaven* : then rose the *Moon*, and *Stars*, and *Sun*,
Which thro the *Sky* with *constant* motions run ;
Because their Seeds were all too *light* to lie
In *Earth*, not *light enough* to rise on high,
And pass the *utmost* limits of the *Sky* ;
But plac'd *between* them both, the midst controle,
Certain, but *moving* portions of the *Whole* ;
Just as in *Man*, some parts refuse to cease
From *motion*, some still lie dissolv'd in ease.

The *Things* retired, the heavier parts of *Clay*
Sank *farther down*, and made an easie way
For flowing *streams*, and *caverns* for the *Sea* :
And as by constant blows the vigorous *Sun*
Did strike the *upper parts*, and *press* them down,
More *Moisture* rose, and then did *streams* increase,
More parts were still squeez'd out, and swell'd the
More *Ether* then, of *Air* more parts did rise, (Seas ;
And

And born on high, there *thickned* into Skies :
 The *Mountains* rais'd their heads, the humble Field
 Sank low, the *stubborn* Stones refus'd to yield ;
 The Rocks did *proudly* still their Height maintain,
 Nor could all sink into an *equal* Plain.
 Thus *Earth* at first was fram'd, and thus did fall
 The lowest, as the *Sediment* of All :
 Thence *Seas*, thence *Air*, thence *Ether*, every Mass
 Distinct from others, took its *proper* place ;
 All *Fluids*, and *All* differently *light*,
 And therefore reach't the *less*, or *greater* height.

Then Liquid *Ether* did the farthest rear,
 And lies on *softest* Beds of *yielding* Air ;
 But yet its parts ne're mix, whilst *Winds* do blow,
 And *rapid* Storms disturb all here below ;
 They *undisturb'd* move round the *steddy* Pole,
 And *Sun* and *Stars* with constant motion roll :
 For that by *constant* turns the Sky may move,
 The *constant* motions of the *Waters* prove ;
 This thing the mighty Mass the *Ocean* shows,
 For that at *setled* hours still *ebbs*, and *flows*.

Now learn what *moves* the *Stars*, what mighty force ^{why the} *Stars* ^{move}
 Doth *drive* them on, what *Laws* confine their Course.
 First, if the *Orb* is mov'd, and *whirls*, or *draws*
 The *Sun* about, then *this* may be the Cause ;
 Vast Tracts of *Air* the distant Skies do bound,
 And with a *close embrace* encircle round ;
 The *upper* part of that *drives* down the Skies
 From *East* to *West*, the *under* makes them rise ;
 And so the *Whirl's* perform'd. Thus oft a *Flood*
 Turns round a *Wheel*, and whirls the *weighty* wood.

Or else the *Orbs* may lie at rest above,
Steddy and *fixt*, and only *Stars* may move ;
 Because the *Fires*, confin'd to little space,

Grow fierce and wild, and seek a *larger* place,
 And thus thro' the *vast* *Heaven* begin their Race.
 Or else *external* Air, or *subtle* Wind
 May whirl them round; or they may move to find
 Their *nourishment*, and run where *food* invites,
 And kindly calls their *eager* Appetites.

For now what *single* force makes *Stars* to rise
 And set, what governs these our *single* Skies,
 'Tis hard to tell:—

And therefore I, how *Stars* may move, propose
 A *thousand* ways, and *numerous* as those;
 And what may whirl the *Sun*, and *pale* fac't *Moon*
 In all the *Worlds*, but cannot fix on *One*,
 Altho' but *One* rules here; but which *that* is
 'Tis hard to point, it may be *That* or *This*.

Why the
 Earth doth
 not fall.

And that the *heavy* parts should end their race,
 And rest, and *Earth* possess the *middle* place,
 Its *weight* decay'd, that *Power* did weaker grow,
 Because *convenient* Things were plac'd below,
 That rose with it, to which 'tis *closely* joyn'd
 By *natural* ties, and strongest bands confin'd;
 And thus it *softly* rests, and hanging there
 Grows light, nor *presseth* down the lower Air.
 Just as in Man, the *Neck* the *Head* sustains,
 The *Feet* the *Whole*, yet neither part complains
 Of pressing *weight*, neither is vex't with pains:
 Yet other *weights* impos'd we straight perceive,
 Tho' *lighter* far, contract our limbs, and grieve.

So *Earth* was fashion'd in its *proper* place,
 Not made, then thrust into the *strange* embrace
 Of different Air, but with the *World* began,
 A certain part of it, as *Limbs* of Man.

Besides

Besides, the *shaking Earth* doth often move
The *upper Air*, disturbing all above:
Which could not be, unless the *strongest tye*
Did closely joyn the *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Sky*.

Thin *subtle Souls*, 'cause closely joyn'd, do prop
The mighty *weight* of *Limbs*, and bear it up.
What raise the *Limbs* in *leaping*, what controule,
And guide their *motion*, but the *subtle Soul*?
Which shows the *mighty force* of *Things refin'd*,
When ty'd to others of a *grosser kind*,
As *Air* to *Earth*, to our *gross limbs* the *Mind*.

But farther on, the *Sun* and *Moon* do bear
No greater *heats*, nor *figures* than appear;
Because *that space*, thro which the rays can flie,
The *Heat* can reach our *Touch*, the *Light* our *Eye*
Can lessen nothing, nor contract the frame,
Nor make the *Fire* appear a *milder flame*:
Now since the *vigorous rays* do freely flow
As far as us, and visit all below;

Their *Fires* and *Figure* are the same they show,
Nor greater all, nor less. And thus the *Moon*,
Whether with *borrowed Rays* or with her own
She views the *World*, doth bear no larger *Size*,
No *fiercer Flames* than those that strike our *Eyes*.
For *Objects* far remov'd, at *distance* seen,
When too much *hindring Air* is plac'd between,
No certain figure show: no *Eye* can trace
Each line, each *figure* of the *distant face*:
But since the *Moon* presents a certain *Size*,
A certain *shape*, and *figure* to our *Eyes*,
'Tis plain that it appears as great as 'tis.

But farther on, since all our *flames* below
At *distance* seen, do various *Sizes* show;
Now lower sink, now raise their lofty head,

The Sun is
bigger than
it shows.

Stars are
not so big
as they
seem.

The Stars
seem
greater, or
less.

And

And now *contracted* seem, now *farther* spread;
We may conclude the *Stars*, when seen from *far*,
Or *somewhat* greater than their figures are,
Or *somewhat*, tho but *little less*, appear.

How so
much light
comes from
the Sun.

But more, no wonder that such *vast* supplies
Such streams of Rays from this *small Sun* should
As cherish all with heat, and fill the Skies. (rise,
For we may fancy this the *spring* of Fire,
To which the *Vapours* of the World retire;
There gather into streams, and thence they fall
As from the *fountains head*, and spread o're all:

Thus have we seen a *little Fountain* yield
Vast spreading streams, and flow o're all the field,

Or else the Sun might kindle *neighbouring Air*,
And raise surprising heat, and fervour there.
Perchance the *Air* is of *convenient frame*,
And may be kindled by a *little flame*;
As oft in *Straw* and *Corn* fierce *Flames* prevail
From one poor *falling Spark*, and spread o're all:
Or else the Sun hath *secret stores* of Heat,
Dark and *unshining* stores, but *vastly* great;
And these *increase* the warmth, these move the sense,
And these *united* make the heat *intense*.

The cause
of the Sun's
Motion.

How towards both *Poles*, the Sun's *fixt* journey bends,
And how the *Year* his *crooked* walk attends;
Why from the *Summers* height he soon declines,
And falls to visit the *cold Winter* Signs,
And then *returns*; and why the *nimble Moon*
Doth drive her *Chariot* faster than the Sun,
And in *one Month* thro all the *Zodiack* go,
Whilst the *grave Sun*'s a *Year* in walking thro;
For these a *Thousand* Reasons may be shown,
But 'tis unsafe, and hard to fix on *One*.

For first, *Democritus* hath found the cause

Per-

Perhaps, and rightly settled *Nature's* Laws,
 For thus he says: *Great Orbs* are whirl'd above,
 And by that Whirl the *lower* Circles move;
 And so the *distant Orbs*, that lie below
 Far from this *spring of motion*, move but slow,
 Because the *Power* still lessens. Thus the Sun
 Is far outstript by *nimble* Stars, that run
 In *higher* Rounds; much more the *lower* Moon:
 Now since she's plac'd so *low*, since *weak* the force,
 She cannot have an equal *nimble* course
 With *Stars*; so those may overtake the *Moon*,
 And pass beyond her, *finer* than the Sun:
 Thus she may seem to move, her Walk appear
 Thro' all the Signs, 'cause they return to her.

Besides, by turns a *constant* stream of Air
 At fixt and *certain* Seasons of the Year,
 Might rush from *either* part, make th' Sun *decline*,
 And fall from *Summer* to the *Winter* Sign;
 Or *drive it up* again, and bring the Rays
 And *Heat* to us, and shew us *longer* days.
 And thus the *Moon*, thus other *Stars* may rise
 And sink again into the *Winter* Skies,
 Driven by these *two constant* streams of Air.---
 For *Clouds* in *Storms* two *different* ways do move,
 The *lower* opposite to those *above*:
 What wonder then the *Sun* with *vigorous* beams,
 And *Stars*, are driven by these *two constant* streams?

And day may end, and tumble down the *West*,
 And *sleepy Night* flie slowly up the *East*;
 Because the Sun, having now perform'd his Round,
 And reach'd with *weary* flames the utmost bound
 Of finite *Heaven*, he there puts out the ray
Wearied and *blinded* all the *redious* day
 By *hindring* Air, and thus the *Flames* decay:

Of Night
 and Day.

Or

Or else, that *constant* force might make it move
Below the Earth, which whirl'd it round *above* ;
 And so the *constant Morning* still may rise,
 And with *pale* fires look thro the *lower Skies* ;
 Because the *Sun* rolls round with *constant* ray,
 And *rising upward* shows *approaching* day :
 Or else because the *Fires* dissolv'd at Night,
 There joyn again, and *scatter* vigorous light.
 Thus when the *Morning Sun* begins to rise,
 Its flames lie scatter'd o're the *Eastern Skies*,
 Then gather to a *Ball* ; and this we view
 From *Ida's top*, this *Fame* reports as true.
 Nor is it strange, that *numerous Seeds* of Fire
 Should to the *Eastern* quarter still retire,
 Still every day *return*, and make a *Sun*,
 Because a thousand other Things are done
 At *set* and *constant* times, and *then* alone.

Thus *Trees* at certain times, thus *Shrubs* do shoot
 At certain times, and bud, and bear their *Fruit* :
 Thus *Teeth* in *Boys* begin, and thus they *fall* ;
 Thus *Beards* in *Youth*, at certain *Seasons* all :
 Thus *Thunder*, *Snow*, and *Storms*, and *Wind* appear
 At *fixt* and certain *Seasons* of the *Year* :
 As *Things* first happen'd, they continue on,
 The *Course*, that *Chance* first gave them, still they run.

Why Days
 or Nights
 lengthen.

The *Days* may longer grow, and vigorous light
 Unwillingly give place to *drowsie* Night ;
 And sometimes *sleepy* Night may longer stay,
 And *slowly* wake before *approaching* day :
 Because the *Sun* might walk the *constant* *Rounds*
 In *crooked* paths, and in *uneven* bounds ;
 Nor into *Equal* parts the *Globe* divide,
 Now longer *here*, and now on t' other *side*,
 Until it comes, and warms with *neighbouring* rays

The

The *Line*, and measures equal Nights and Days :
 The *Line* lies just between the North and South,
 And leaves an equal distance unto both ;
 Because the *Zodiack* is oblique, —
 Thro which the *Sun* his yearly Walk doth go,
 And views obliquely all the World below.
 Thus teach *Astronomers*, and This confest
 A fair *Opinion* ; probable at least.

Or else the Air is thick, and stops the Ray,
 Nor gives the Sun a free and easie way.
 And this prolongs the tedious *Winter-night*;
 The Darknes slowly yields to lingering Light.

Or else at certain Seasons of the Year
 The *Flames* meet slowly in the Eastern Air,
 And frame the *Sun*, and make the *Day* appear.

But more : The *Moon* may shine with borrowed rays,
 Her various light increasing with the days,
 As she the further from the *Sun* retires,
 And with full face receives his scorching Fires ;
 When full, oppos'd, She climbing up the East,
 Views him below fall headlong down the West :
 And so her light decrease, as she goes on
 Thro different Signs, approaching near the Sun.
 And thus the *Phases* are explain'd by All
 That think her Shape is round, the *Moon* a ball,
 And place her Circling Orb below the rest.
 A fair *Opinion*, probable at least.

The Phases
of the Moon

Besides,
 Tho proper Light the *Moon's* pale face should fill,
 Yet it might shew the different *Phases* still ;
 Because as that bright body rolls above,
 Another dark, unseen, thick thing might move
 Beneath, and stop the Rays, divert the streams
 Of falling light, and turn away the Beams.

Or else, if like a Ball, half-dark, half-bright,
 Roll'd round its Axis, may affect the sight,
 With different Phases, and show various light;
 Now turn that half, which the full light adorns,
 A Quarter now, now dwindle into Horns:
 And this the later Babylonian Sect
 Doth hold, and the Chaldean Schemes reject:
 As if it could not either way be done,
 But powerful Reasons fixt our choice on One.

But why the Moons a Monthly Round pursue?
 Why one so long, not every day a new?
 Why are they fram'd, endure, and always cease
 At this set time? The cause is told with ease:
 Since other things at certain times appear,
 And only then. Thusth' Seasons of the Year:
 First Spring, and Venus kindest powers inspire
 Melting Thoughts, soft Wishes, gay Desire,
 And warm Favonius fans the Amorous fire:
 Then Mother Flora, to prepare the way,
 Makes all the Field look glorious, green, and gay,
 And freely scatters with a bounteous hand
 Her sweetest, fairest Flowers o're the Land.
 Next Heat, and dusty Harvest take the place,
 And soft Etesias fan the Sun-burnt face.
 Then sweaty Autumn treads the Noble Vine,
 And flowing bunches give immortal Wine,
 Next roars the strong-lung'd Southern blast, and brings
 The infant Thunder on his dreadful wings.
 Then Cold pursues, the North severely blows,
 And drives before it chilling Frost and Snows.
 And next deep Winter creeps, gray, wrinkled, old,
 His Teeth all shatter, Limbs all shake with Cold.
 Well then; no wonder sure, the Moon should rise
 At certain times, and that again she dies

At

Why the
 Moon en-
 dures a
 Month:

At certain times; since thousand things are shown
At fix'd and constant times, and then alone.

Eclipses may be solv'd a thousand ways:

Eclipses.

For if the Moon can stop descending Rays
By thrusting her dark self between, and so
Bring sudden night, and shade on all below;
Then give me Reasons, why there cannot be
Another thing, too dark for us to see,
And fit to stop the rays as well as she:
Or why the Circling Sun, in passing by
Some venomous places of the neighbouring Sky,
May not grow sick, and pale, and almost die?
Those past, grow well, recover his former light,
Thus sometimes make us day, and sometimes night?

And whilst the Moons their Monthly courses run
Within the reach of Earth's dark shadowing Cone,
If then revengeful Earth can stop the light,
If she can hide the sickning Moon in Night:

Why cannot other things divert the streams,
The falling Streams of Light, and stop the Beams?
Or if the Moon shines with a natural ray,
As thro' infectious Air she cuts her way,
Why may not she grow sick, her flames decay?

Now since I've taught the motion of the Stars above,
How Sun, and Moon, and by what cause they move;
And how Eclips'd they lose their gawdy light,
And spread o're all an unexpected Night,
As if they wink'd, and then with open eyes
View'd all again, and cheer'd the lower Skies:

Now let's descend again to new-born Earth,
And find to what she gave the soonest birth;
What sort of Beings, which of all the Kinds
The first durst venture to the faithless Winds.
First then, green Herbs and Flowers the first did yield,

Herbs first

And spread a gawdy *Green* o're all the field:
 And next, the *Tree* with spreading branches shoots,
 But closely fixt, and bound with steady roots.
 As *Bristles*, *Hairs*, and *Plumes*, are first design'd
 O're limbs of *Beasts*, and o're the winged Kind;
 So new-born *Earth* with *Herbs* and *Trees* began,
 And then by various ways bore *Beast*, and *Man*;
 For *Heaven* 'tis certain did not fashion all,
 Then let the various *Creatures* downwards fall;
 Nor *Seas* produce an *Earthly* Animal.
 And therefore *Parent-Earth* doth justly bear
 The name of *Mother*, since all rose from Her.
 She now bears *Animals*, when softning Dew
 Descends, when *Sun* sends heat she bears a thousand
 Well, who can wonder then, if then she bore (new,
 Far stronger bulky *Animals*, and more,

When both were young, when both in *Nature's* pride,
 A lusty *Bridegroom* He, and She the *Bride*?

The first of *Animals*, ith' teeming Spring,
 The feather'd Kind peep'd forth, and clapt their wing;
 As even now, our tender *Insects* strive
 To break their bags, get forth, and eat, and live.

Next *Beasts*, and thoughtful man receiv'd their birth,
 For then much vital heat in *Mother Earth*
 Much moisture lay; and where fit place was found

There wombs were form'd, and fastned to the ground:
 In these the yet imperfect *Embrio's* lay, (way, }

Thro these, when grown mature, they forc'd their
 Broke forth from *Night*, and saw the cheerful *Day*: }

Then *Nature* fashion'd for the *Infant's* use
 Small *Breasts* in *Earth*, and fill'd with milky juice,
 Such as in *Womens* breasts she now provides
 For future *Infants*; thither *Nature* guides
 The chiefest parts of food, and there they meet

Fit

Fit Ferment, there they grow both white, and sweet :
Earth gave the Infants food, thin Mists were spread
For Cloaths, the grassy Meadows gave a Bed.

The Earth, when new, produc'd no raging Cold,
No Heats, nor Storms : these grew, as she grew old.
Well then, our Parent Earth deserves to bear
The name of Mother, since all rose from Her.

Thus for a certain time Mankind she bore, (Rear;
And Beasts, that shake the Woods with dreadful
And various kinds of Birds ; and as they flew,
The Sun with curious Skill the figures drew
On all their Plumes ; he well the Art did know,
He us'd to paint the like on his own Bow :
But wearied now, and tir'd by length of Time,
Grows old, and weak, as Women past their Prime.

Time changes all ; and as with swiftest wings
He passes forward on, He quickly brings
A different face, a different sight of Things.
And Nature alters ; this grows weak, this strong,
This dies, this newly made is firm and young.
Thus altering Age leads on the World to Fate,
The Earth is different from her former state ;
And what in former times with ease she bore,
Grown feeble now, and weak, she bears no more,
And now doth that she could not do before.

Besides, the Earth produc'd a numerous train
Of Monsters, Those her labour wrought in vain ;
Some without hands, or feet, or mouth, or eyes,
Some shapeless lumps, Nature's Absurdities ;
Dull, moveless things, and destitute of food,
Which could not flee the bad, nor choose the good.
A thousand such in vain arose from Earth ;
For Nature frighted at the ugly birth,
Their strength and life to narrow bounds confin'd,

The Earth
bore Mon-
sters.

De-

Deny'd them Food, or to increase their Kind.

For that one power a thousand things requires,
Almost as many as its own desires.

There must be Food, and Seed, and Organs fit

For sowing Seed, whilst all the happy night

The Body lies dissolv'd in soft delight.

That Male and Female might their Powers employ,

They must have Organs fit for mutual Joy.

But more, these Years must numerous Kinds deface,

They could not all preserve their feeble race:

For those we see remain, and bear their Young,

Craft, Strength, or swiftness hath preserv'd so long.

Many their Profit, and their Use commends,

Those species Man preserves, kind Man defends.

Wild Beasts and Lions race, their native Rage

Preserves secure, thro' all devouring Age.

Swiftness preserves the Deer, and Craft the Fox,

The vigilant faithful Dog, the Horse, the Oxe,

We Men defend, we keep the tender Flocks;

They shun wild Beasts, they flee the dreadful Wood,

They seek for peace, and much and easie food,

Gotten without their toyl; and this we give

For the vast profits we from them receive.

But those to whom their Nature gave no force,

No courage, strength, or swiftness to the course,

Whom neither Profit could, nor Use commend,

Those Man refus'd to feed, or to defend;

Thus doom'd by chance, they liv'd on easie prey

To all, and thus their Kind did soon decay.

But never Centaurs, these were never known,

That two such Natures should combine in one;

Such disagreeing powers; absurd, and vain;

Plain Non-sense! These are Creatures of the Brain,

A fool knows this, nor Horfes can enjoy

Full

Why some
Kinds are
lost.

No Cen-
taurs.

Full growth at three years old; not so a Boy,
 He scarce forgets his Teat, and oft at rest,
 As *Dreams* present, he seeks his *Nurses* Breast,
 Then, when the *Horse* grows old, his limbs decay,
 And *loosned* life begins to flie away,
 The *Boy* grows strong, he feels the *pride* of growth,
 A sturdy, vigorous, gay, and bearded Youth:
 Lest you should think such *Monsters* apt to grow,
 A thoughtful Man above, a *Horse* below:
 Or *Scyllas*, whom a numerous train entwines
 Of half *Sea-dogs*, and barks above her loyns:
 Or such that live, nor grow an *equal* time,
 And which at *equal* years not reach their prime;
 Whom *equal* years not fill with youthful rage,
 Nor lose their strength again at *equal* age,
 Whom neither the same Kinds of *Beauty* fire,
 Nor raise soft thoughts, gay wishes, warm desire;
 Or Those that seek, and live by *different* food;
 Thus *Hemlock* kills a *Man*, for *Goats* 'tis good.

Beside since flames will scorch the *Lion's* breast,
 And burn, as well as any meaner beast;
 How could *Chimæras* rise, or how contain
 Three Kinds, a *Lion's* head, a *Serpent's* train,
 A *Goat* the middle of the fancy'd frame,
 And still with scorching *Nostrils* breathing flame?

Then he that thinks the new-made Heaven and
 Did give to such prodigious *Monsters* birth, (Earth,
 Yet brings no cause to prove the fancy true,
 But still relies on the poor shift, 'Twas New,
 May fancy too, that *streams* enrich the Seas
 With golden Waves, that *Jewels* grew on Trees;
 That *Man* of such vast force and limbs did rise,
 That he could stride the *Ocean*, whirl the *Skies*,
 Or any thing mad fancy can devise.

No Chimæ-
ra.

For

For tho' much Seed lay hid, when *thoughtful* Man,
 And all the *various* Kinds of Beasts began;
 Yet nothing proves, that things of *different* Kind,
 That *disagreeing* Natures should be joyn'd,
 Since now the *Grass*, and *Trees*, and all that grows,
 And springs from *Earth*, are never joyn'd like those;
 But each arising from its *proper* cause
 Remains *distinct*, and follows *Nature's* Laws.

The state of
 Man.

Then Man was *hard*, as hard as *Parent-stones*,
 And built on *bigger* and on *firmer* bones; (*strong*,
 The *Nerves*, that joyn'd their limbs, were *firm* and
 Their Life was *healthy*, and their *Age* was long.
 Returning *Tears* still saw them in their *Prime*.
 They wearied e'en the wings of *measuring* Time.
 No *Colds*, nor *Heats*, no *strong* *Disease* did wait,
 And tell *sad* news of coming *hasty* Fate:
Nature not yet grew *weak*, not yet began
 To shrink into an *Inch*, the larger *span*:
 Like *Beasts* they lay in every *Wood* and *Cave*,
 Gathering the *easy* food that *Nature* gave.
 Now *impious* *Plowman* yet had learn't to tear
 His *Parents* Bowels with the *crooked* Share;
 None planted fruitful *Trees*, none dress'd the *Vine*,
 None prun'd *decaying* boughs, none prest the *Wine*;
 Contented they with the *poor* *easy* store
 That *Sea* and *Earth* bestow'd, they wish no more.
 Soft *Acorns* were their first and *chiefest* food,
 And those *red* *Apples* that adorn the *Wood*,
 And make *pale* *Winter* blush; such *Nature* bore
 More numerous then, beside a *thousand* more,
 Which all supply'd poor *Man* with ample store.
 When thirsty, then did *purling* streams invite
 To satisfy their *eager* appetite:
 As now in *murmurs* loud, the headlong *Floods*

Invite

Invite the thirsty *Creatures* of the Woods.

Besides, by night they took their rest in Caves,
Where little Streams roll on with silent waves,
They bubble thro the stones, and softly creep,
As fearful to disturb the *Nymphs* that sleep,
The Moss spread o're the *Marbles* seems to weep,
Whilst other *streams* no narrow bounds contain,
They break such banks, and spread o're all the Plain.

They knew no use of Fire to dress their food,
No Cloaths, but wandred naked o're the Wood.
They liv'd to *shady Groves* and *Caves* confin'd,
Meer shelter from the Cold, the Heat, and Wind.
No fixt Society, no stedd' Laws,
No publick good was sought, no common Cause;
But all at War, each rang'd, each sought his food,
By Nature taught to seek his *private* good.

Then to renew frail Man's decaying race,
Or mutual lust did prompt them to embrace,
Or else the greater vigour of the Male,
Or some few treacherous Presents did prevail;
Some *Acorns*, *Apples* some, some *Pears* bestow:
The Thing the same, the Price was less than now.

Then throng and swift they did the Beasts pursue,
Their Arms were *stones* and *clubs*, and some they slew,
And some they fled; from those they fear'd to fight
They ran, and ow'd their safety to their flight.

When drowfy Night came on, they naked lay
Spread o're the ground like *Bears*, and rough as they;
Their sleep was sound, they wak't not all the night,
Nor wandred here and there, whilst *shades* affright,
Nor view'd the East with longing Eyes for light;
But all dissolv'd in *sweetest slumbers* lay,
Till the bright Sun arose, and brought the Day.

For since they had beheld, e're since their Birth,
The *Day* and *Night* by turns spread o're the *Earth*,
They never fear'd the *Sun* should lose his light,
And all lie buried in eternal Night :

The most they dreaded was the *furious* Beast,
For those ith' dead of *night* did oft molest,
And *lengthen* into *Death* their slumbring Rest.
Sometimes they left their *Caves* by night, and fled,
Rous'd from their *softest* sleep, all pale, half dead,
Whilst *Bores* and *Lions* came, and seiz'd their bed.

Yet fewer dy'd than *now* ; for *singly* then
Each caught within the limits of the Den,
Whilst the *Beast* tore the *living* trembling food,
And revell'd in full draughts of *reeking* Bloud,
With *dreadful* cries he fill'd each *Wood* and *Cave*,
To see his limbs go down a *living* Grave:
Others that scap't with life, but *wounded*, groan'd,
Holding their hands on the *corrupting* wound,
Whilst trembling *Ecchos* did restore the sound:
Not skill'd in *Herbs*, and now grown desperate,
With *horrid* cries they call'd on *lingring* Fate,
Till *Worms* increas'd, and eating thro the Clay
Made passage for the *Soul* to flie away.

But then no *Armies* fell at once, no *Plain*
Grew *red*, no *Rivers* swell'd with *Thousands* slain ;
None plough'd the *Floods*, none *Ship-wrack't* made
their Graves

Ith' *Sea*, none drank *cold death* among the *Waves* :
But oft the *furious Ocean* rag'd in vain ;
No mischief done, the *Waves* grew mild again :
No *Ships* were found, nor could the treacherous smile
Of smoooth-fac't *Waves* tempt one poor man to toyl.

Then *want*, now *Surfets* bring a hasty death,
Our *Bellies* swell so much they stop our breath.

Then

Then *poys'nonous Herbs*, when pluckt by chance, did kill,
Now *poys'ning's* grown an *Art*, improv'd by skill.

But when they built their *Huts*, when Fire began,
And *skins* of murder'd Beasts gave *Cloaths* to Man ;
When One to One confin'd in chaste embrace

Enjoy'd *sweet love*, and saw a *numerous* race ;
Then Man grew *soft*, the temper of his Mind
Was chang'd from *rough* to *mild*, from *fierce* to *kind*.
For us'd to fire, his Limbs refus'd to bear

The *piercing* sharpness of the open Air :
And *Lust* enfeebled him ; beside, the *Child*,
Softned by *Parents* love, grew *came*, and *mild*.

Then *Neighbours*, by degrees *familiar* grown,
Made *Leagues*, and *Bonds*, and each secur'd his *own* :
And then by *signs*, and broken words agreed,
That they would keep, preserve, defend, and feed
Defensless Infants, and the *Women* too,
As *natural Pity* prompted them to do.

Tho this fixt not an *universal* peace,
Yet *many* kept their faith, and liv'd at ease ;
Or else almost as soon as it began,
The *Race* had fallen, this *Age* ne're seen a man,

Kind *Nature* power of framing *Sounds* affords
To Man, and then *Convenience* taught us *Words*.

As *Infants* now, for want of words, devise
Expressive signs, they speak with Hands and Eyes ;
Their *speaking* hand the want of Words supplies :
All know their *powers*, they are by *Nature* shown.

Thus tender Calves with *naked fronts* will run,
And *fiercely* push before their *Horns* are grown.

Young *Lyons* shew their Teeth, prepare their Paws,
The *Bears* young *Cubs* unsheath their *crooked* claws
Whilst yet their *Nails* are young, and soft their jaws.

The *Birds* streight use their *Wings*, on them rely,

As soon as *dangers* press they strive to flee.

Besides,

That *One* the various *Names of Things* contriv'd,
And that from *Him* their Knowledge *All* deriv'd,
'Tis fond to think: for how could *that man* tell
The Names of Things, or lisp a Syllable,
And not another man perform't as well?

Besides, if others us'd not *words* as soon,
How was their *use*, and how the *profit* known?
Or how could he instruct the *Other's* mind,
How make them understand what was design'd?
For *his*, being *single*, neither force nor wit,
Could conquer *many* men, nor they submit
To learn his *words*, and practise what was fit.
How he perswade *those* so unfit to hear?
Or how could *savage* *They* with patience bear
Strange *sounds* and *words*, still *railing* in their ear?

But now since *Organs* fit, since *Voice*, and *Tongue*,
By *Nature's* gift bestow'd, to *Man* belong,
What wonder is it then, that *Man* should frame,
And give each *different* Thing a *different* Name?
Since *Beasts* themselves do make a *different* noise,
Opprest by pains and fears, or fill'd with joys.
This plain Examples shew: When *Dogs* begin
To bend their backs, and shew their teeth, and
grin,

When *hollow murmurs* shew deep rage within:
Their *voice* is *different* when they bark aloud,
And with strong *roarings* fright the *trembling* croud:
And when they lick their *whelps* with tender tongue,
Or when they play, and *wanton* with their young,
Now seem to bite, but never chop their Jaws,
Now spurning, but with tender fearful Paws:
Then *flattering*, soft, and tender is their voice,

Far

Far different from that *grating howling noise* which
They make, when shut alone, or creeping low,
Whine, as they strive to shun the coming blow.

Beside,
The *Horse* with *different noises* fills the Air,
When hot and young he neighs upon his *Mare*,
Rous'd by *strong Love*; or when by fierce *Alarms*,
He snorts, and bears his *Rider* on to Arms.

Thus *Birds*, as *Hawks*, or those that cut the Flood,
Make *different noises* as they eat their food;
Or when they fiercely fight, or when pursue
Their *trembling prey*; each *Passion* hath a new.

Sometimes at change of *Air* they change their voice:
Thus *Daws*, and *ominous Crows*, with various noise
Affright the *Farmers*, and fill all the Plain,
Now calling for *rough Winds*, and now for *Rain*.

Well then, since *Beasts*, and *Birds*, tho' dumb
commence

As various *voices*, as their various *sense*;
How easie was it then for *Man* to frame,
And give each *different Thing* a *different Name*?

Now for the rise of *Fire*: *Swift Thunder* thrown
From broken *sulphurous Clouds*, first brought it down;
For many things take fire, when *Lightning* flies,
And *sulphurous Vapours* fill the lower Skies;
And *Trees*, when shaken by a *Southern blast*,
Grow warm, then hot, and so take fire at last;
Their branches mingling with a rude embrace,
Burst into flames.

And thus our *Fires* might rise from either Cause.

The *Sun* first taught them to prepare their meat;
Because they had observ'd his *quickning* heat,
Spread o're the Hills, and every *shady Wood*,
Did ripen Fruits, and make them fit for food.

Hence

How Fire
began:

why they
dress their
Food.

Hence various methods they did still pursue,
And chang'd their former life to take a new.
The wiser and the wittier left the field;
And Towns for safety did begin to build;
By Nature, Kings.—

Division of
Lands.

Then Cattle too was shar'd, and steddly bounds
Markt out to every man his proper grounds;
Each had his proper share, each what was fit,
According to his beauty, strength, or wit;
For beauty then, and strength, had most command,
Those had the greatest share in Beasts and Land.
But when once Gold was found, the powerful Ore
Saw light, and Man gap'd after glittering store,
Then Wit and Beauty were esteem'd no more:
But Wealth enjoy'd their Honour, seiz'd their place,
The Wise and Beauties bow to Fortune's As.
But if Men would live up to Reason's rules,
They would not scrape and cringe to wealthy Fools
For 'tis the greatest wealth to live content
With little, such the greatest joy resent;
And bounteous Fortune still affords supply
Sufficient for a thrifty Luxury.

Against
Ambition.

But Wealth and Power men often strive to gain,
As that could bring them ease, or make a chain
To fix unsteddy Fortune, all in vain.
For often when they climb the tedious way,
And now ith' reach of top where Honour's lay,
Quick strokes from Envy, as from thunder thrown,
Tumble the bold aspiring Wretches down;
They find a Grave, who strove to reach a Crown.
And thus 'tis better, than proud Scepters sway,
To live a quiet Subject, and Obey. (thrown,
Those former Kings now murdered, they o're-
The glory of the Scepter, and the Crown

De

Decreas'd ; The *Diadem*, that sign of State,
Now wept in drops of blood, the *Wearer's* fate,
Spurn'd by the *common feet*, who fear'd no more :

'Tis sweet to spurn the things we fear'd before.

Thus *Monarchy* was lost.-----

That *Sun* once set, a *thousand* little *Stars*
Gave a *dim* light to *Jealousies* and *Wars*,
Whilst each among the *many* sought the *Throne*,
And thought no *Head* like his deserv'd the *Crown*.
This made them seek for *Laws*, this led their choice
To *Rulers* ; Power was given by *publick* voice.

Common
Wealths.

For *men* worn out, and tir'd by constant strife,

At last began to wish an *easy* life,

And so submitted of their own accord

To *rigid* *Laws*, and their *elected* *Lord*.

For when each *single* man, led on by rage,

Grew bloody in revenge, and strove t' engage

His *Enemy* ; 'twas an *unpleasant* *Age*.

Hence men grew weary of *continual* wars,

Which sow'd the *sweet* of life with constant fears :

Because *diffusive* *wrong* can spread o're *all*,

No *state* secure, nay oft the *wrongs* recoyl,

With double force on the *Contrivers* fall :

Nor can those men expect to live at ease,

Who violate the *common* bonds of *Peace*.

Tho now they lie conceal'd from *Man* and *God*,

They still must fear 'twill *sometimes* come abroad ;

Since some *diseas'd*, and some by *night* betray

The wicked *Actions* they have done by *day* ;

Tho hid in *Night* ; scarce *Hell* so deep as *They*.

Now sing, my *Muse*, for that's my next *Design*,

Why *All* do bow to somewhat as *Divine*.

Why every *Nation* hath its proper *Shrine* ?

Why *all* do *Temples* build, why *Altars* raise ?

And

Why men
think there
are Gods.

And why all sacrifice on *sacred* days?
How this *diffus'd*, this *lasting* fame was spread
Of Powers above? Whence came that awful Dread;
That Parent of Religion thro the Rout,
Which forceth them to bow; and grow devout?
This is an easie task: For *new-born* Man
Just sprang from *Earth* when first this Frame began:
Divine and *glorious* Forms descending came,
And stroke his Mind by *Day*, by *Night* the same;
But then increas'd; their working fancies shew'd
Great limbs and *strength*, and fit to make a *God*: (shook
And these they thought had *sense*, because they
(As fancy told) their limbs, and proudly spoke;
Their Words were all *majestick* as their Look.

Eternal too; because a *new* supply,
A *constant* stream, where e're they turn'd their eye,
Of Forms came in, and shew'd the *Deny*,
Nor could they think such *mighty* things could fail,
Or *powerful* blows on so much strength prevail.

And *Happy* too; because no fear destroys,
No dread of *sullen* Death corrupts their joys.

Beside, in dreams They often seem'd to do
A *thousand* various things, and *wonders* show;
Yet never weary They, but vigorous still,
Their *Strength* as much *unbounded* as their Will.

Besides, they saw the *Heavens* in order roll,
Their *various* motion round the *steady* Pole;
The *Seasons* of the Year by *constant* Laws
Run round, but knowing not the *natural* Cause;
They therefore thought the *Gods* must rule above,
(Poor shift!) and all at their *Direction* move.
In *heaven* they plac'd their seat, their *stately* throne;
For there the *Sun*, the *Stars*, and *various* Moon;
And *Day*, and *Night*, their *constant* courses run.

And

And Hail, and Rain; and thro a broken Cloud
Swift *Lightning* flies, and *Thunder* roars aloud.

Unhappy Man, who taught, The *Gods* engage
In these, that they are subject unto rage,
A Curse to Theirs, to Ours, and future Age.
What grief they brought *themselves*, to us what fears,
To poor *Posterity* what sighs; what tears?

Alas, what *Piety*! Alas, 'tis none
To bend all cover'd to a *senseless* Stone,
Lie *prostrate*, or to visit every Shrine,
Or with spread arms invoke the *Powers* Divine
Before their *Temples*; whilst the Altar flows
With blood of Beasts, and we make Vows on Vows.

But sure 'tis *Piety* to view the *Whole*,
And search all *Nature* with a quiet Soul.
For when we view the *Heavens*, and how the Sun,
And Moon, and Stars, their constant Courses run;
Then *Doubts*, that lay oppress'd with other Cares,
Begin to raise their head, and bring new fears.
We doubt; What are there *Gods* that rule above;
At whose direction the bright Stars do move?
For *Ignorance* in Causes troubles Man,
And hence we doubt if e're the World began,
If't e're shall end, how long the *Orbs* shall roll,
How long the Stars run round their steady Pole;
Or if preserv'd by Gods, can stand the rage
And powerful *Envy* of devouring Age.

what is
Pity

Besides,
What *Mind's* unshaken, and what *Soul* not aw'd;
And who not thinks the *angry Gods* abroad, (hurl'd
Whose limbs not shrink, when dreadful *Thunder*
From broken Clouds shakes the *affrighted* World?
What, do not *Cities*, do not *Nations* fear,
And think their dismal *dissolution* near?

Z

What

Why do not *Tyrants* then, and *Mighty Lords*,
Recall their wicked deeds, and boasting words,
And fear that now *Revenge* is surely come?
Do not they tremble at *approaching Doom*?

Besides, when *Winds* grow high, when *Storms* en-
And scatter *warlike Navies* thro the *Seas*; (creafe,
When Men for *Battle* arm'd, must now engage
A *stronger* foe, and fight the *Waters* rage:
Doth not the trembling *General* prostrate fall,
And beg a *Calm* o'th' *Gods*, or *prosperous Gale*?
In vain, the *Storms* drive on, no *Offering* saves;
All shipwrack't *drink cold Death* amongst the *Waves*.
And hence we fancy *unseen Powers* in *Things*,
Whose *Force* and *Will* such *strange Confusion*
brings,

And spurns, and overthrows our *greatest Kings*.
Besides, when *Earthquakes* shake this *mighty Ball*,
And tottering *Cities* fall, or seem to fall;
What then if Men, *defenseless* men despise (Eyes)
Their own weak selves, and look with *anxious*
For present help, and *pity* from the *Skies*.
What wonder if they think some *Powers* controle,
And *Gods* with *mighty force* do rule the *Whole*?

How Me-
tals were
found.

But farther, *powerful Gold* first rais'd his head,
And *Brass*, and *Silver*, and ignoble *Lead*,
When shady *Woods*, on lofty *Mountains* grown,
Felt scorching *Fires*, whether from *Thunder* thrown,
Or else by *Man's design* the *Flames* arose,
Whoburnt the *neighbouring Woods* to *fright* their foes:
Or else delighted all with *fruitful grounds*,
They sought more *Meadows*, and enlarg'd their
Or greedy to increase their *Store* of *Food*, (bounds;
And take the *Beasts*, they fir'd the sheltring *Wood*;
For thus Men *hunted*, whilst no *Nets* were found,

Not

Nor *Forrests* trembled at the *barking* Hound :
 What ever 'twas that gave these *flames* their birth,
 Which burnt the towring Trees, and scorcht the
 Earth,

Hot *streams* of *Silver*, *Gold*, and *Lead*, and *Brass*,
 As Nature gave an *hollow* proper place,
 Descended down, and form'd a *glittering* Mass.
 This when *unhappy* Mortals chanc't to spie,
 And the gay *colour* pleas'd their *childish* eye;
 They dug the *certain* cause of *Misery*.
 And then observing that it *show'd* the frame,
 And figure of the *Hollow* whence it came ;
 They thought, these melted would with ease receive
 What ever shapes the *Artist* pleas'd to give ;
 Or drawn to *breadth*, or take the *keenest* Edge,
 And so the *Hook* be fram'd, or *subtle* Wedge,
 Or other *Instruments*, all apt, and good
 To cut, or cleave, or *scrape*, or *hollow* Wood.
 But *Gold* they try'd in vain, the *Metal* broak ,
 Or the *soft* Edge was turn'd at every stroak ;
 This they *contemn'd*, the blunted *Gold* despis'd,
 And feeble *Silver* ; *Brass* alone was priz'd.
 But now the *feeble* and the *useless* Ore
 Gets all the *honour*, *Brass* is priz'd no more.

Thus *Time* doth change the dignity of Things :
 For some He bears away with swiftest Wings,
 And hurls into contempt ; brings others forth,
 And gets them new, and still preserves their worth.

Whilst *Cruelty* was not improv'd by *Art*,
 And *Rage* not furnish't yet with *Sword* nor *Dart* ;
 With *Fists*, or *Boughs*, or *Stones* the Warriors fought,
 These were the only *weapons* Nature taught : (*ground*,
 But when *Flames* burnt the *Trees*, and scorcht the
 Then *Brass* appear'd, and *Iron* fit to wound.

Brass first was us'd because the *softer Ore*,
 And Earth's cold Veins contain'd a *greater store* :
 Thus *Brass* did plough, and *brazen* Trumpets sound,
 Their Weapons *Brass*, and *Brass* gave every wound ;
 Thus arm'd, they did invade their Neighbours field,
 And took his *Beasts* ; to *Arm'd* the *Naked* yield.

At last, they melting down the *rigid Mass*,
 Made *Iron* Swords, and then despis'd the *Brass* :
 Then they began to plough with *Iron* Shares,
 And *Iron* Weapons only us'd in *Wars*.

Thus Men first learn't to ride a *single Horse* ;
 And whilst their *steddy Left hands* rul'd the course,
 Their stronger *Right hands* fought ; before they
 knew,

Or brought to Wars a Chariot *drawn by Two* :
 Then *Four* were joyn'd, and then the Armed Carrs,
 And Castled *Elephants* were brought to Wars ;
 The *Moors* first taught them to endure the Blows,
 And break the *Ranks*, and Order of the Foes.
 Thus *Rage* invented still *new Arms* for Fight ;
 New *dreadful* Weapons still, and fit to fright.

Some train'd the furious *Bull*, and some the *Bore* ;
 Before the *Parthian* Ranks did *Lions* roar,
 With *armed Guides* sent out to scour the Plain,
 And fright their *Foes* ; but these *designs* were vain :
 Because, when *hot* in fight, they *fiercely* fall
 On *either* side, and *common* Foes to All,
 Confus'dly *Enemies*, or *Friends* engage ;
 Shaking their dreadful Heads, and fir'd with *Rage*.
 The *Horses* frightened with the dreadful Roar,
 Ran o're the Plain, and would obey no more ;
 The *Beasts* leapt on their *Friends*, and tore their *face* ;
 Or seiz'd *behind*, and with a rude embrace
 They bore their *wondring* frightened friends to ground,
 Whilst

Whilst *Teeth* and cruel *Paws* did doubly wound.
The Bulls grew wild, and with destructive force
They *tost*, or *trod* the *Men*, and *gor'd* the *Horse*.
Whole *Ranks* and *Troops* fell by the furious *Bore*,
Their *Arms*, yet *whole*, blusht with their *Masters* gore:
For tho the *Horses* turn'd, tho oft did rear,
And stand aloft, and paw'd the *yielding* Air ;
Yet all in vain they strove to shun the wound,
Their *Nerves* all cut they struck the *shaking* ground.
Thus what seem'd tame at *home*, grew wild again,
And *fierce*, when scouring o're the warlike Plain,
Their *Rage* was fir'd by *Tumult*, *Wounds*, and *Noise*,
Refus'd to hear their former *Masters* voice,
But fled, much mischief done, as furious Bulls,
When the *weak* *Ax* descends, nor breaks their *Skulls*,
They start, and fright the *Priest*, and bellowing loud
Run frantick round, and gore the *Pious* Croud.

'Tis safer far to say, that this was done
In *some* of *all* the *Worlds*, than fix on *One* :
Yet I can scarce believe but that They knew,
Before their sad *Experience* prov'd it true,
The *Ills* of *These* : but that the *weaker* side
The various methods of *Confusion* try'd,
Not hoping to subdue ; but bring fierce woes,
And *grief*, and *pains*, upon their *stronger* foes.

But more, the *Garments* by the *Ancients* worn
Were sewn with tender *twigs*, or pinn'd with *thorn*,
Before they learn't to *weave* : the *Wheel*, the *Round*,
Whilst rigid *Iron* lay within the ground,
Were *All unknown* ; those *Things* did first begin
When *That* appear'd, and *Men* learn't first to *spin* :
Because the *Wits* of *Men* are finer far,
And fitter to invent than *Womens* are ;
Till *laught* and *jeer'd* at by the *ruder* *Swains*,

How Gar-
ments.

They

They taught the *Women*, and manur'd the *Plains*,
And hardned all their limbs with rougher Pains.

How Men
sow'd.

Nature first taught them how to plant and sow ;
For they observ'd that falling Seeds did grow ;
They saw them fixt, and bound to steddý Roots,
Then rise, and spread, and promise noble Fruits :
Then some began to graft, and till the field,
And found the *Trees* a better burthen yield,
When drest with care, and in a richer Soyl ;
The Fruits increast, and did reward their toyl :
They forc't the cumbring Wood to narrow bounds,
Enlarging still their Corn, and Pasture grounds :
The Tyrant Wood, that all the *Plains* did fill,
Was now confin'd unto the barren Hill ;
And left the *Vales* to Olive, Corn, and Vine,
Thro which smooth streams in fair Meanders twine ;
Now kiss the tender Roots with wanton play,
Now flow again, enriching all their way :
Such beauteous pride did all the Vallies show,
So taking pretty, as our *Gardens* now,
Where fruitful Trees in decent order grow.

How Sing-
ing.

Thro all the Woods they heard the charming noise
Of chirping Birds, and try'd to frame their voice,
And imitate. Thus *Birds* instructed Man,
And taught them Songs, before their Art began :
And whilst soft Evening gales blew o're the Plains,
And shook the sounding Reeds, they taught the
Swains ;
And thus the Pipe was fram'd, and tuneful Reed ;
And whilst the tender Flocks securely feed,
The harmless Shepherds tun'd their Pipes to Love,
And *Amaryllis* sounds in every Grove.
Thus Time, and thus sagacious men produce
A Thousand things, or for Delight, or Use.

These

These charm'd the Swains, and these were wont
to please,

When Feasts were done, for then all seek for ease.
Then underneath a loving Mirtle's shade,
Close by a purling stream supinely laid, (spread,
When Spring with gawdy flowers the Earth had
And sweetest Roses grew around their head,
Envied by *Wealth*, and *Power*, with small expence
They oft enjoy'd the vast delight of Sense :
Then *laughing*, merry *jest*s, and Country play,
And Tales began, as *Once upon a day* :
Then pleasant *Songs* they sang, and wanton grown
Each pluckt, and bound his Flowers, and made a
And with *uneven* steps they *danc*'t around ; (Crown,
Their *heavy* leaps still shook the *trembling* ground ;
Whilst all the *idle Croud*, that flock't to view,
Laught much, because the *Tricks* seem'd *strange*, and
And thus they pass the *day* in *gay* delight, (new :
And *watch*'t, and fed their tender Flocks by *Night* ;
No need of *Sleep*, that want the *Songs* supply,
The Noise chas'd Morpheus from their willing Eye.

These now our *Wantons* use, with toyl and pain
They learn to dance in *measure* ; all in vain.
For these can reap no joy, no more content
Than what these *Earth-born* Swains did first resent :
For whilst we know no *better*, but possess
A *present* Good, it doth *extreamly* please ;
The *later* Good our *varying* Thoughts employs,
And we condemn the gulf of *former* joys.
Thus Man despis'd their ancient easie Food,
Their Acorns, and their Apples of the Wood :
When *Cloaths* were found, and other *Coverings*
spread,
They scorn'd their *Skins* of Beasts, and *grassy* Bed ;
The

The Skins of Beasts, which sure the *first* that found,
Not long enjoy'd, but by a treacherous wound
He fell; so highly then, the now despis'd,
Contemn'd, neglected Skins of Beasts were priz'd.

Thus Men did fight for *Skins*, those rais'd their
But *Gold* and *Purple* now are cause of Wars: (Cares,
The fault is *ours*, for *they* could only find
These *Skins* as *Cloaths* against the *Cold* and *Wind*;
But now what harm, if none go proudly drest
In *Cloth of Gold*, or an *embroid'ed* Vest,
Since *meaner* Garments yield as much defence
'Gainst *Wind* and *Cold*, as much preserve the Sense.

Then wretched *Mans* endeavours are in vain,
They fruitlessly consume their years in pain,
Not knowing how to *use*, nor how to *measure*
Their boundless *wish*, nor height of *real* pleasure:
This drives them on into a *Sea* of Cares,
And the destructive *rage*, and storms of Wars.

The *Sun* still running round his yearly Race,
Shew'd all the *Seasons* turn'd by constant cause,
By *certain* order rul'd, and steady Laws. }
Some liv'd in *Castles* then, some built a *Town*,
And *Land* divided, each enjoy'd his own.
Then *mighty* Ships, driv'n by the *labouring* Wind, }
Flew o're the *Seas*, and *distant* Nations joy'd,
Whilst *Leagues* and *Bonds* the *neighbouring* Towns }
combin'd:

Then *Letters* found, and the *Poetick* Rage
First told the Noble *Actions* of the Age:
But all *beyond* lies hid in *dismal* Night,
And only seen by searching *Reason's* Light.

Thus *Ships*, thus *Cloaths*, thus *Wine*, and *Oyl* began,
And *Towns*, the *comforts* and *support* of Man;
But *better'd* all, to due *perfection* brought

By

By *searching Wits* from long *Experience* taught;
 Thus *Time*, and thus *sagacious* men produce
 A *thousand Things*, or for *Delight*, or *Use*;
 For one Thing known, doth *vigorous Light* impart
 For farther search, and leads to *Height* of Art.

LUCRETIUS

THE SIXTH BOOK

The End of the Fifth Book.

A a

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LUCRETIUS

THE SIXTH BOOK.

the praise
of Epicurus.

A *Thens* first gave us *Lams*, and chang'd our Food,
 For *Acorns* tender fruit and Corn bestow'd
 On wretched Man ; each was a mighty Good.
 But then she taught us how to live at ease,
 She taught the joys of *Life*, and shew'd us Peace,
 When *Epicurus* rose, when *He* began,
 That *Oracle of Truth*, That more than Man :
 The fame of whose *Inventions*, still surviv'd,
 And rais'd an everlasting *Pyramid*, wide :
 As *High* as Heaven the *Top*, as *Earth* the *Basis*
 For He observing some, that could supply
 Contented Nature's thrifty *Luxury* ;
 Happy in *Honours*, and in *Wealth's* Embrace,
 And doubly happy in a Noble Race ;
 Still giv'd at home, with *Cares* and *Fears* oppress'd
 Each found a sad *Disturber* in his Breast ;
 Imagin'd streight some fault lay hid in Man,
 Whence this corruption of the Joys began :
 Because his *Wish* is boundless, vast his Mind,
 The *Goods* ran thro', and left no *Sweet* behind ;
 Or else some ill *Opinion* still destroys
 The entring *Good*, and still sows all his Joys :

Then

Then *He*, the *Mighty He*, by powerful Rules,
 And true *Philosophy* reform'd our Souls;
 He purg'd away all *vain*, and *empty Care*, } *fear*
 And taught, what Man should *hope*, what Man should
 The *End*, at which our Actions aim, He shov'd,
 And taught an *easie way* to find the Good,
 What we from *Chante*, or *Nature's* force may fear, }
 And taught us how t' avoid, or how to bear, }
 And prov'd that Man is *fondly* vext with Care.
 For *We*, as *Boys* at *Night*, at *Day* do fear
 Shadows, as *vain* too, and *sensless* as those are :
 Wherefore that *Darkness*, that o'respreads our Souls,
Day can't disperse, but those *eternal Rules*,
 Which from firm *Premises* true Reason draws,
 And a deep insight into *Nature's* Laws.

And therefore I'll proceed. Now since the Sky,
 And all that is, or can be fram'd on high,
 Is *mortal*, once was *made*, and once must *dye*;
 Since this is prov'd, now I'll go farther on,
 And finish this so *happily* begun.

The various *wonders* of the *lower Air*
 Perplex mens *doubtful* thoughts with vexing *c r*, }
 And make the *Wretches* bend with *slavish* fear : }
 For *Ignorance* of *Causes* heaves the Mind
 To *Powers* above ; as *Birds* *flie* high when *blind* :
 We see *Effects*, but when their *Causes* lie.
 Beyond the ken of *vulgar Reason's* eye,
 They are ascrib'd unto the *Deity*. }
 For e'en those few *exalted* Souls that know
 The *Gods* must live at *ease*, not look below ;
 If They *look up*, and view the *World* above,
 And wonder how these *glorious Beings* move,
 They are intrapt, They bind their *slavish* chain,
 And sink to their *Religious* Fears again.

And then the *World* with *Heavenly Tyrants* fill,
 Whose *Force* is as *unbounded* as their *Will*.
 Deluded Ignorants ! who ne're did see
 By *Reason's* light, what *can*, what *cannot* be ;
 How *all* at last must yield to *fatal* force,
 What *studdy bounds* confine their *Natural* Course ;
 And therefore Err. If you refuse to flie
 Such thoughts, *unworthy* of the Deity ;
 But think they *act* *such things* as break their ease,
 And *opposite* to joy, and *happiness* ;
 Then thou shalt surely *smart*, and fancying still
 The *Gods* are *angry*, fear a *coming* ill :
 Tho no *revengeful thoughts* their *Minds* imploy,
 No *thirst* to punish Man disturbs their joy ;
 Yet Thou dost think their *happy quiet* Age
 Still vext with *waking* Cares, and *violent* rage.

Nor shalt thou visit on the Sacred days.
 Their *Shrines* with *quiet* mind, or sing their *praise*.
 Besides, the *Images*, the *Forms* that rise
 From their *pure limbs*, and strike thy *Reason's* eyes,
 And constantly present the *Deities*,
 Those *Images* will still disturb thy *Mind*,
 Strike *deep*, and *wound*, and leave *despair* behind :
 And then how *sad* thy life ? What *pungent* cares
 Will vex thy *wretched* Soul ? What *anxious* fears ?

But now to chase these *Phantoms* out of sight
 By the plain *Magick* of *true Reason's* light,
 Tho I have sung a *Thousand* things before,
 My labouring *Muse* must sing a *Thousand* more,
 How *Thunder*, *Storm*, and how *swift Lightning* flies,
 Singeing with *fiery* wings the *wounded* Skies ;
 Lest *Superstitious* you observe the flame,
 If those quick *Fires* from *lucky* quarters came,
 Or with *sad Omen* fell, and how they burn

The Subject

Thro

Thro' *closest* Stones, and walt, and then return.
 And you my *sweetest Muse*, come lead me on,
I'm eager, and 'tis time that *I was* gone;
 Come lead me on, and show the *Path* to gain
 The *Race* and *Glory* too, and crown my Pain.

First then, the *dreadful Thunder* roars aloud,
 When *fighting* Winds drive *heavy Cloud* on *Cloud*:
 For where the *Heaven* is *clear*, the *Sky* *serene*,
 No *dreadful Thunder's* heard, no *Lightning* seen;
 But where the *Clouds* are *thick*, there *Thunders* rise,
 The *furious Infant's* born, and *speaks*, and *dies*.
 Now *Clouds* are not so *thick*, so *close* combin'd
 As *Stones*, nor yet so *thin*, and so *refin'd*
 As *rising Mists*, or *subtle Smoak*, or *Wind*;
 For then the *upper Clouds*, like *weighty Stone*,
 Would fall abruptly, and come *tumbling down*;
 Or else *disperse* like *Smoak*, and ne're *enclose*
 The hanging drops of *Rain*, nor *Hail*, nor *Snows*:
 They give the *Crack*, as o're a *Theater*
Vast Curtains spread are *ruffled* in the *Air*,
 Or *torn*, (for such a *sound* is often known
 From *Thunders crack*) they give a *mighty groan*;
 Or as *spread Cloaths*, or *Sheets of Paper* flie
 Before the *Wind*, and *rattle* o're the *Sky*.

Of Thun-
der.

But *Clouds* meet not *directly* still, but *slide*,
 And *rudely* grate each others *injur'd* side;
 And hence that *buzzing Noise* we often hear,
 That with *harsh Murmurs* fills the *lower Air*;
 Continues long, but with a *softer sound*,
 At length it *gathers strength*, and breaks the bound.

But more, the *Thunder* arm'd with *pointed flame*,
 May seem to *shake* the *World*, and break the *frame*;
 When e're a *fierce*, a *strong*, and *furious Wind*,
 In *narrow*, *thick*, and *hallow* *Clouds* confin'd,

Breaks

Breaks thro the *Prison* with a mighty Noise,
 And shouts at *Liberty* with dreadful voice:
 Nor is this strange, when *one poor breath* of Air,
 That starts from *broken Bladders*, sounds so far.

But more, 'tis *Reason* too that Noise should rise,
 When *violent Storms* rage o're the *lower Skies*;
 For *thousand Clouds* appear, rough, close combin'd,
 And thick, and able to resist the Wind:
 Thus Noise must rise; as when the *Woods* they wound
 The *injur'd Boughs* sigh forth a *mournful sound*:
 These Winds do cut the *Clouds*, and passing thro,
 With murmuring Sound fill all the Air below:
 For that the Winds may break the *Clouds*, and flie
 Thro all *resistance* in the lower Sky,
 'Tis easie to discover, since they break,
 And twist our *Trees*; yet here their force is weak.

Besides, vast waves of *Clouds* seem roll'd above,
 And in confus'd, and tumbling order move;
 These meeting strike, and break, and loudly roar,
 As *Billows* dashing on the *trembling shore*.

Or else hot *Thunder* falls on Rain, or Snow,
 And dies, or hisses as it passes thro:
 As when we quench a *glowing Mass*, the fires
 Flie off with noise, with noise the Heat expires.

But if the Cloud is dry, and *Thunder* fall,
 A crackling *Blaze* doth rise, and spread o're all;
 As when *fiere Fires*, prest on by Winds, do seize
 Our *Laurel Groves*, and wast the *Virgin Trees*,
 The Leaves all crackle: She that fled the Chase
 Of *Phœbus Love*, still flies the *Flame's embrace*.

Or else vast *Hills* of *Hail*, and *Rocks* of *Ice*
 May break, and tumbling rattle thro the Skies:
 For when rough Storms conjoyn the parts of *Hail*,
 Or scatter'd *Ice*, their *weights* must make them fall.

Quick

Quick *Lightning* flies when heavy Clouds rush on, *Lightning.*
 And strike, as *Steel*, and *Flint*, or *Stone* and *Stone*,
 For then *small Sparks* appear, and scatter'd *Light*
 Breaks swiftly forth, and makes the *sleepy Night* :
 The *Night* amaz'd begins to hast away,
 As if these *Fires* were *Beams* of coming day.

And first we see the *Light*, and then we hear
 The *Noises*, those but slowly reach the *Ear* ;
 Because the *Images* of *Things* do fly
 More swift than *Sounds*, and quickly strike the *Eye* ;
 One *Instance* clears it ; for observe, and see
 When e're a cruel *Ax* doth wound a *Tree*,
 The *Tree* streight sighs ; but if at distance shown,
 We see the *stroke* before we hear the *groan* :
 So whilst the *Noise* moves slow, the *winged Light*
 Flies swiftly on, and strikes the *distant light* :
 Tho both arose at once, that moves the *Eyes*,
 Before the slow *Tongue*'d *Thunder* speaks, and dies.

But more, a *Cloud* seems fir'd, a *Tempest* brings
 Swift trembling *flames* upon his dreadful *Wings*,
 When shut within a *Cloud*, it scorns the bound,
 And strives to break, and whirls, and tumbles round ;
 And whirling hollows out the *Warry* frame,
 At last, grows hot, takes fire, and breaks in flame :
 For *Motion* causes *Heat* ; thus *Balls* of *Lead*,
 From *Engines* thrown, have melted as they fled :
 This *Wind* grown hot, when loos'd from cold embrace
 Of pressing *Clouds*, and gets a larger place,
 It scatters sparks of fire, which swiftly fly,
 And spread quick *Lightning* o're the lower *Sky* :
 Then the grave *Murmur* comes, the *Light* appears,
 Before the heavy *Sound* can reach our *Ears*.

Now this is done, when *Cloud* lies heap't on *Cloud*
 Thence *Lightning* flies, and *Thunder* roars aloud ;
 Nor *Clouds* very thick.

Nor must you think this false ; because the Eye
 When plac't below, sees *Clouds* more broad, than high :
 For look, and see the labouring Winds do bear
 Vast *Mountain Clouds*, and whirl them thro the Air,
 Then labouring Winds do move but slowly on,
 And as oppress'd with burthens sigh, and groan :
 Or when upon a Mountains lofty head,
 We see the higher Clouds o're lower spread ;
 And tho the Winds all hush't, they cease to move,
 Yet still the low are prest by those above :
 Then you may guess their bulk, how high they rear,
 How vast these real Castles built in Air :
 How great, how strong their Hollows, where the Wind
 Shut up, grows fierce and scorns to be confin'd,
 But roars thro all the Clouds ; as Beasts disdain
 The Dens confinement, and the slavish chain ;
 And roar to get their Liberty again :
 And seeking way rolls round the watry frame,
 And gathers numerous Seeds of subtle flame ;
 And these it whirls, until the shining streams
 Break thro the Cloud, and show their feeble Beams.
 But more, these glaring Fires, these Flames may rise,
 And fall to Earth thro all the Spacious Skies ;
 Because the Clouds hold numerous parts of light,
 For if they're dry, their Colour's fiery bright ;
 For they must catch, and hold descending rays,
 And thus look fiery Red, and often blaze :
 These prest by winds to narrow place retire,
 And scatter Seeds that frame the glaring Fire,
 But farther, often Lightning seems to glide
 When Clouds grow rare ; for as the Winds divide,
 The Clouds must lose their Seeds, those show the Fire,
 But without Thunder, silently expire.

Thunder is
 Fire.

But now, what Seeds the Thunders parts compose.

Their

Their Siroak, their Marks, and Sulphurous Odor shows,
 For These are signs of Fire, not Wind, or Rain:
 Nay oft they burn our Towns, and Men complain
 Of Heavenly Fires, and angry Gods in vain:
 Now these Celestial fires are fram'd above,
 Of Parts refin'd, and Thin, and apt to move:
 Too strong to be oppos'd, they scorn a bound,
 And pass thro' closest Walls, as Voice, and Sound:
 They fly with ease thro' Stone, thro' Gold, and Brass;
 And in one instant melt the stubborn Mass:
 Nay oft the Cask intire, the Liquors flow;
 Because the pointed flames with secret blow
 Do widen all the Pores in passing thro':
 Which yet the Sun with all his beams, and rage,
 And all his fires can't do within an Age:
 So quick these parts must move, so swift they run,
 So much excel in force the vigorous Sun.

Now how this force begins, how Thunder flies
 With that quick strength, whence these fierce Motions
 That break our Towers, and our Towns infest, (rise strong)
 Demolish Houses, raine Man and Beast:
 That split our Trees, and rage o'er all the Wood,
 I'll now explain; and make my Promise good.

First then, tis certain Thunder seems to fly
 From dark, thick Clouds, and those built vastly high;
 For when the smiling Heavens serene, and clear,
 Or thinly Clouded, we no Thunder hear:
 But now e'en Sense assures, no smiles adorn,
 No Skie's serene, whilst mighty Thunder's born;
 But a thick Cloud o'erspreads Heavens threatening face
 As if the shades of Hell, had left their place,
 And fill'd the arched Skies, so thick the Night,
 So dark the horrid Clouds, and so affright.

Besides, at Sea dark Clouds do often fall,

As streams of flowing Pitch, and spread o're all,
 Far from the darkned Sky ; and swoln with Rain,
 And Storms, they draw behind a dreadful Train
 Of Thunder-cracks, which rage o're all the Main :
 E'en we on Earth do shake, with terror aw'd ;
 We seek for shelter all, nor peep abroad.
 Well then, these Clouds, that spread o're all the Sky ;
 Must needs be thick, and all built vastly high ;
 For else they could not stop descending Light,
 Nor check the Rays, and bring so thick a Night ;
 Nor such great Floods, nor so much water yield,
 As swell our Streams, and spread o're every field.

These Winds, and Fires, when spread o're all the Skies,
 Thence Thunder roars, and winged Lightning flies.

For I have taught before, that Clouds contain
 A mighty store of fire, and much they gain

From the Sun's heat, and the descending Rays :

These when the Wind hath forc't to narrow place,

And squeez'd some sparkles from the marry frame,

And closely mixes with the gather'd flame,

It whirls, and then within the Cloud retires,

And tumbling forges there, and points the fires :

This by the rapid whirl, or neighbouring Ray

Is fir'd, for flame is rais'd by either way.

Thus when the Wind grown hot still whirls around,

Or when the furious Flame breaks o're the bound,

Then Thunder fit for birth dissolves the Cloud,

And shows the glaring Fires, and roars aloud ;

The Heavens crack, as if the Orbs would fall,

And feeble fear and tremblings seize on all :

Then Showers, as if the Air was chang'd to Rain,

Fall swiftly down, and threaten Floods again ;

So great the Thunder-storms, as if they came

From the revengeful Clouds to quench the Flame.

Some-

Sometimes *External Winds* the Clouds divide,
And break wide *Caverns* in their injur'd side;
Thro these the *Infant Thunder* makes its way,
These Winds call forth the Flames, and *They Obey*.

And sometimes too a Wind *unkindled* flies,
But *kindles* in its passage thro the Skies;
Losing some *heavy* parts it us'd to bear,
Which could not *swiftly* cut the middle Air;
And gathering others of *convenient* frame,
Which joyn, and *flie* with them, and raise the Flame:
As *Balls* of Lead, when shot with *mighty* force,
Their *stubborn*, their *ungentle* parts divorce,
And *softned* melt ith' middle of their Course.

Sometimes the *fury* of the Stroak may raise
Quick *sparks* of fire, and make a mighty Blaze;
For by the Stroak *small streams* of Light may spring
Both from the *striking*, and the *injur'd* Thing:
As from cold *Flint* and *Steel* bright Sparks appear,
They *flie* the blow, and leap to open Air:
And thus the *Clouds*, if of *convenient* frame,
May well be *kindled*, and dissolve in flame:
Nor can the *Winds* be cold, because they move
Thro such *vast space*, still tumbling from above;
For if not *kindled* by the Flames they meet,
Yet sure they must come *warm* with *mingled* heat.

The Thunder's *force* comes thus: For whilst it lay
Confin'd in Clouds, it strove to *break* a way;
At last *prevails*, and flies with *mighty* force,
And hence so great the strength, so swift the course:
As mighty *weights* from strong *Balista* thrown,
Which break the *Walls*, and shake the *frighted* Town.

Besides, its parts are *small*, and *quick* the blows,
And therefore meets with Nought that can oppose;
No *stops* can hinder, and no *lets* can stay,

The force
Thunder.

The *closest Pores* will yield an *open way* :
 And hence it flies with such a *mightry force* ;
 And hence, so *great the strength*, so *quick the course*,
 Besides, all *Weights* by *nature* downward go ;
 But when that *motion* is increas'd by *blow* ,
 The *Swiftness* and the *Force* must needs increase,
 And break whatever dares resist, with ease.

Lastly, since They so *large a space* do run,
 Their *swiftness* must increase in tumbling down ;
 For *Motions* still increasing run their race,
 And all by *odd proportions* mend their pace :
 Or all the *Seeds* direct their violent course,
 And strike *one part* with their *united force* :
 Or else, as thro' the *Air* they swiftly rove,
 Meet *parts* which strike, and make them *swifter move*.

And when the *Pores* receive the *subtle fire*,
 The force flies thro', the thing remains *entire* ;
 But when it strikes the *Substance*, then the *Mass*
 Is broken ; thus it melts *strong Gold*, and *Brass* :
 Because its parts are *thin*, and swiftly flie,
 And enter in, and soon *dissolve* the Tye.

Now *Spring* and *Autumn* frequent *Thunders* hear,
 They shake the *rising* and the *dying Year* :
 For *Winter* yields not *Heat enough*, the *Wind*
 Flies *Cold* : In *Summer*, *Clouds* are too *resolv'd*.
 But in these *middle Quarters* all concur,
 All *causes* joyn to make the *Thunder* roar :
 Because these *Seasons* *Heat* and *Cold* engage,
 Both *necessary Things* for *Thunders* rage ;
 That parts may *disagree*, and raise a *War*,
 And *Fires*, and rapid *Whirls* disturb the *Air*.
 For first, the *Spring* within its bounds doth hold
 The *coming Heat*, and the *retiring Cold* ;
 And therefore these *two parts* thus opposite,

When

When joyn'd, and mixt, must strive, and fiercely fight.
But then in *Autumn* Summer's flames retreat,
And coming *Winter* fights the flying Heat.
These are the troubled Seasons of the Year,
The times that *Elements* go forth to War :
What wonder then, if frequent *Thunder* flies,
If frequent storms disturb the lower Skies ?
Since fighting all in doubtful wars engage ;
Here *Heat*, and *Flames*, there *Cold*, and *Waters* rage.

And hence we know the nature of the Flame,
And how it works, and whence the fury came.
But not by reading *Thuscan Books* inquire
The Gods design by this *Celestial* fire ;
Observe the moving flame, and thence presage
The Kindness of the Gods, or coming Rage ;
Or if the *Clouds* in lucky *Quarters* swell,
And *Thunder* breaks, or with sad *Omen* fell.
And hence we know, how its quick force doth pass
Thro' closest Stones, and *melt*, or break the *Mass* ;
What drives swift *Lightning* on, what makes it flow,
And all the harm *Celestial* flames can do.

For if these Bolts were thrown by Gods above,
Or if they were the proper Arms of Jove,
Why do the daring *Wicked* still provoke,
Why still sin on secure from *Thunders* stroke ?
Why are not such shot thro', and plac'd on high,
As sad Examples of *Impiety*,
That men may sin no more, no more desire ?
And why doth heedless *Lightning* blast the Good,
And break his bones, or cruddle all his blood ?
Why good and pious men these Bolts endure ?
And *Villains* live, and see their fall secure !
Why do they throw them ore a desert Plain,
Why thro' the empty Woods, and toyl in vain ?

What

What ? is't to try their *strength*, or is't in play
 The *Wantons* sport, and throw *Joves* Bolts away ?
 Or why the senseless Rocks They *idly* wound,
 Why blunt Their *Fathers* Bolts against the ground ?
 Why doth he suffer this; why not prepare,
 And keep his *useful Arms* for times of War ?
 Lest some *Gigantick Impious Rebels* rise,
 And *unprovided* He should lose the *Skies*.
 Why, when the *Heaven* is clear, no Thunder flies ?
 What, when thick heavy Clouds spread o're the Skies
 Doth he *descend* to take the *surer Aim*
 At *nearer distance* then, and *dart* the flame ?
 Why strike the *Floods* ? what mean such *Bolts* as these ?
 What is't to check the Fury of the Seas ?
 Poor weak design ! The *troubled waters* roar,
 And vext by *Whirling Flames* they rage the more :
 Beside : This *Jove* is *willing* Men should fly
 These Bolts, or not : if willing tell me why
 The Thunder is too *subtle* for our Eye :
 If not, why doth he *show* the *threatning light*,
 And why o'respread the *Heavens* with *Clouds*, and
 And make a *noise*, and give us *time* for flight ? (Night
 Beside : how can these *Flames* at once be thrown
 To *different parts* ? or is it never done ?
 Doth *Jove* at once throw but a single one ?
 Fond Farcy ! for as *Rain*, so *Lightning* flies
 To *many parts* at once, and breaks the Skies :
 Besides, why doth he beat the *Temples* down,
 Those of his *fellow Gods*, and of his *own*,
 Why doth He hurt and break the *Sacred Stone* ?
 Why break the curious Statue, spoyl the grace,
 And wound with fiery Bolts the *Sacred face* ?
 Why doth he seldom strike the *humble Plain* ?
 But blants his *fires* on *Hills* and *Rocks* in vain ?

And

And hence 'tis known how *fery Whirl-winds* rise,
 How they descend, and cut the *threatning Skies* ;
 For often *dark and heavy Clouds* encrease,
 And *Pillar-like* descend and reach the *Seas*,
 Whilst all around the *troubled Ocean* raves,
Fierce Winds still blow, and raise the *boyling Waves* :
 And all the *Ships* in reach of danger tost,
 Are whirld with *rapid turns*, and *wrack*, and lost :
 This happens when the *tumbling Winds* that lay
 Confin'd in *Clouds*, too weak to force a way,
 Did drive it down, for then by *slow degrees*,
 As if some *Hand*, or *Arm* above did press,
 The *Pillar Clouds* descend, and reach the *Seas* :
 When this divides, the *rustling Winds* engage
 The *Flood*, and make the *Waters boyl*, and *rage* :
 For then the *Whirling Winds* descend, and bear
 The thick, *tough, heavy Cloud* thro all the *Air* :
 But when they reach the *Sea*, they break their bound,
 And mingle with the waves, and *Whirling* round
 With dreadful noise, the *furious Billows* raise,
 And *light* the *Waters* with a *mightry blaze*. (Air,

Sometimes the *whirling Wind* might *whisk* the
 And gathering parts of *Clouds* that wander there,
 Might hollow out it self a watry frame,
 All like a *Prester*, but without the flame,
 From these as *Wombs*, *fierce Whirl-winds* take their
 And *Impiously* torment their *Parent Earth* : (birth,
 But since at *Land* the *Hills* must stop their way,
 These *Storms* are oftner seen at *open Sea*.

Now *Clouds* combine, and spread o're all the *Sky*,
 When little *rugged parts* ascend on high,
 Which may be twin'd, tho by a feeble tye,
 These make *small Clouds*, which driven on by *Wind*
 To other like and little *Clouds* are joyn'd ;

And

And these increase by more, at last they form
Thick heavy Clouds, and thence proceeds a Storm.

And thus the lofty Hills may seem to yield
More Mists and Vapours than the humble field,
Because when thin and little Mists arise,
Not thickned yet, and wander o're the Skies,
All too refin'd, and subtle for our eyes;
The Winds do drive them to the Mountains head,
And there the thin and airy covering spread,
Which thickning round the Top, there first appear,
And seem to rise from that, and fill the Air.

But farther on, the Sea give vast supplies,
From those the greatest stores of Vapours rise;
For Cloaths grow wet expanded near the Shore,
The drops arise, and stand in every Pore;
And therefore from the deep and spacious Floods
Great stores of Mists may rise, and frame the Clouds.

Besides, the Earth, and Rivers, urg'd by heat,
Do breath soft Mists, and numerous Vapours sweat,
Which joynt, and make thick Clouds, and stop the light,
And stain the glorious Skies with sudden night.

Beside, the vigorous Rays with constant blows
Still beat them on the back, and press them close.

Beside, external Matter gives supplies,
And seeds of Clouds, which spread o're all the Skies
For I have prov'd the Mist immense, the Space
Is infinite, and knows no lowest place;
And how the Atoms thro' the Vacuum rove,
How quick they measure Space, and how they move;
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The Motion, having no Account so small.

Well then, no wonder sudden Storms should rise,
And hasty night spread o're the lower Skies,
Since from the Mist still vast supplies are hurl'd

Thro

Thro every *Port*, and passage of the *World*,
And linger here, and joyn ; or break the chain,
And flie thro the *divided Skies* again.

Now sing, my *Muse*, how *Rain* is spread o're all,
How *warry Clouds* are joyu'd, and *Showers* fall.
First, with the *Clouds* moist *streams* of *Vapours* rise
From every Thing, and spread o're all the *Skies*,
And, as in *Man*, the *Moisture*, *Sweat*, and *Blood*,
Grows with the *Limbs*, increasing with the *Cloud* :
And oft as *Winds* do *whirl* them o're the *Main*,
The *Clouds*, like *Wool*, do dip themselves in *Rain*,
To shake their *Fleeces* o're the *Earth* again.

Rains

The *Rivers*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*, when stirr'd by heat,
Breath forth *soft Mists*, and numerous *Vapors* sweat ;
These rise, and sit in *Clouds* ; and these combin'd
Or by the *ambient Cold*, or *driving Wind*,
And then descend, because the *Winds* divide ;
Or else the *Clouds* contract their *injur'd* side,
Or else the *upper Clouds* press those *below*,
And squeez the *Water* out, and make it flow.

And when the *Wind* makes thin the *warry frame*,
Or *Rays* cut thro it with a *vigorous flame*,
The *Rain* breaks forth, the *injur'd Cloud* appears
Like *melted running Wax*, and drops in *Tears*.

But when the *Wind* with *higher Clouds* agrees,
And their united force begins to squeez,
When Both do press the *Cloud* swoln big with *Rain*,
Then *Storms* descend, and beat the *humble Plain*.

Storms

Then *constant Showers*, when *warry Clouds* that lie
One on another's back, receive supply
From every quarter of the *lower Sky* :
And when the *thirsty Earth* hath drunk the *Rain*,
And throws it up in *Vapours* back again.

Constant
Showers

And when the *adverse Sun's* bright *Beauties* flow,

And Rain-bow

And strike *thick* Clouds, they paint the gawdy *Bow*.
 And how the other *Meteors* rise and fall,
 What *stamps* the figur'd *Show*, and moulds the *Hail*,
 And why the *Water's* Pride and Beautie's lost;
 When *rigorous* Winter binds the Floods with Frost,
 'Tis easie to conceive; if once we know
 The Nature of the *Elements*, or how,
 Their *fighting Powers* must work, or what they do.

And next of Earthquakes.---

First then, you must suppose the *Earth* contains
 Some seeds of *Winds*, spread o're its hollow *Veins*;
 And there as well as here fierce *Vapour* reigns;
 And many *Lakes*, and *Pools*, and spacious *Caves*,
 And secret *Rivers* there roll boisterous *Waves*;
 For *Nature's* Laws command, and *Reason's* prove
 The parts below resemble those above.

These things suppos'd; when those vast *Caves* below
 Shall fail, the upper *Earth* must tremble too;
 For *Hills* must sink, and from the mighty fall
 Quick *tremblings* must arise, and spread o're all:
 No wonder this, whilst *Carts* go slowly on,
 Or swifter *Coaches* rattle o're the Stone,
 Altho the weight's not great, the *Houses* feel,
 And shake at very jumping of the Wheel.

Or else from arched *Caves* great *Stones* may fall,
 And strike the *under-waves*, and trouble all.
 Those agitate, and shake th' enclosing *Ball*:
 For when the *Liquor*, as Experience proves,
 Is troubled, all the *Vessel* shakes and moves.

Besides, when *Winds* below with mighty force
 Against resisting *Caves* direct their course,
 The *Earth* that way inclines; then fixt before
 Our *Houses* nod, the higher nod the more;
 The hanging *Beams* start from the tottering *Wall*,

We *flie* our Houses, and we *dread* the fall.
And yet some think the *World* will ne'r decay,
The scatter'd Seeds dissolv'd *flie* all away ;
Tho these few fighting *Winds* with ease displace
The *heavy Earth*, and turn the *weighty Mass*.
For did these *still rush on*, no force could stay
The coming *ruine*, all would soon decay :
But since they press but *now and then*, their course
Now *here* now *there*, now *flie* with mighty force,
And then repell'd return with weaker wings ;
The *Earth* oft *threatens* ruine, seldome *brings*,
Inclining only from its *usual Plain*,
Then *turns*, and settles in its Seat again :
And therefore Houses nod, and seem to fall,
High, most ; low, less ; the lowest, least of all.

But more, the *Earth* may shake, when *Winds* begin
(Or rais'd *without* in Air, or bred *within*,)
To rage thro hollow *Caves*, and *whirling* round
Endeavour still to force the *narrow bound*,
At last break thro, and leave a gaping wound.
Thus *Aga*, thus *Phenician* Towns did fall,
The *greedy Earth* gap'd wide, and *swallow'd* all :
Besides a thousand Towns, a thousand Isles,
Whilst cruel *Eddies* dimpled into smiles,
Have fall'n, all swallow'd by the *greedy Main*,
And poor *Inhabitants* strove for life in vain.
But if the *Vapor's* cold, too *weak* the Wind
To force a way, if by strong bounds confin'd,
It spreads o're all the Pores the *Earth* contains,
And brings a *shivering Cold* thro all the Veins,
As when *Frost* comes, it brings a trembling *Chill* ;
And makes our members shake against our will ;
Then Men begin to fear, and wisely dread,
And *flie* the Towers that nod their *threatning head* ;

Or else they think the Earth will fail, the Ground
Will gape, and all sink thro the mighty Wound.

E'en those, who think the *World* must still endure,
Eternal still, from *Fate* and *Age* secure,
Yet often wakened by the *present* fear,
Start all, and think the *Dissolution* near;
They fear the *Earth* will sink, the *World* will fall,
And *ruine* and *confusion* spread o're all.

why the
Seas not
increase.

Now I must sing, my *Muse*, why greedy *Seas*
Devour *Water* still, yet ne're increase:
For it seems strange, that *Rivers* still should flow,
And run for *numerous* years as much as now;
And tho they *daily* bring a *mighty* Store,
The spacious *Ocean* should encrease no more,
But still be *bounded* with the *former* Shore:
And yet it is not strange: for *these*, the *Rain*,
And all the *Moisture* that the *Clouds* contain,
Scarce seem a *drop*, compar'd to *spacious* *Seas*:
No wonder then the *waves* do ne're increase.

Besides, the *Sun* draws much, the fiery *Ray*
Descends and forces *many* parts away:
For *Sense* assures, that when the *busie* beams
Press *moistned* Cloaths, the *Vapors* rise in streams;
Therefore from *spacious* *Seas* the *Rays* must bear
More *watry* parts, and scatter thro the *Air*;
But now, tho *here* and *there* few parts arise,
Yet a vast *spacious* *Mass* of *Water* flies
From the *whole* *Sea*, and spreads o're all the *Skies*.

Besides, the *Winds* take some, with *vanion* play
They dip their *wings*, and bear some parts away:
This *Sense* declares; for often after *Rain*
In one short night, if *Winds* sweep o're the *Plain*,
The *Dirt* grows hard, the *Ways* are dry'd again.

Besides, as *Winds* drive on the *low-hung* *Clouds*,

And

And make them skim the *surface* of the Floods,
 They take some drops away; and these compose,
 And fall to Earth in *Hail*, in *Rain*, and *Snows*.
 And since the *Earth* is rare, and full of *Pores*,
 And Waves still beat against the neighbouring Shores,
 As Rivers run from *Earth*, and fill the Main,
 So some thro *secret Pores* return again :
 These lose their *Salt*, and thro small *Channels* spread,
 They joyn where e're the *Fountain* shows her head ;
 Hence *Streams* arise, and fair *Meanders* play,
 And thro the *Vallies* cut their *liquid* way.

Fountains.

Now next why *Ætna* burns, and why the Flame *why Ætna*
 Breaks forth in Whirls, and whence the *fury* came : *burns.*

For sure 'tis fond to think these *Flames* arise

Directed by the *angry* Deities

To wast fair *Sicily*, and burn, and spoil

The Farmer's *hopes*, and *fruits* of all his toyl ;

Whilst all the neighbouring Nations stood amaz'd,

Opprest with *anxious* fear, and wildly gaz'd :

The Heaven all spread with flames they flock't to view,

And wonder'd what 'twas *Nature* meant to do.

Well, look about thee then on every side,

Consider, that the *Whole's* immensely wide ;

Then view the arched *Skies*, and see how *small*,

And mean a *portion* of the *spacious* All,

How *little* Man, compar'd to *Earth's* vast Ball ;

This done, you'l find your *Fears* and *Cares* decrease,

Your *jealousies*, and *admiration* cease.

For who admires to see a *Patient*-sweat,

Or hear him groan, when scorch't by *Fevers* heat,

Or when the *Foot*, or *Eye* is vex't with pains,

Or any *hot-disease* spreads o're the *Veins*?

And this, because there lie vast stores of Seed

In *Heaven*, and *Earth*, all fit, all apt to breed

Such

Such *strange* and *vexing* pains: or else increase
 The *noxious* flame, and feed the strong Disease:
 So you may think the *Mafs* sends great supplies,
 And stores of Seed thro' all our Earth and Skies,
 Sufficient to *raise storms*, to shake the Frame,
 Raise *Aetna's* Fires, and cover *Skies* with Flame;
 For That appears, when Seeds of *Flame* combine,
 As Rain, and Clouds, when drops of *Water* joyn.
 Ay, but the Fire's *too strong*, the Flame *too great*.
 A vain *Objection* this, and *Fancie's* cheat:
 Thus he that views a *River*, *Man*, or *Tree*,
 Or else what ever 'tis *He* chance to see,
 Streight thinks them *great*, because perhaps he knows
 No *larger* Streams, no *greater* Things than those;
 Yet *these*, and all the spacious *Skies* controule,
 Are *small*, and *nothing* to the mighty Whole.

Why Flame
breaks out.

Now why the Flames break forth:
 First then, this *Aetna's* Cave's a mighty one,
 A *spacious* Hollow, and all arch'd with Stone: (there
 This swells with *Winds*, which whirl, and tumble
 (For *Wind* is nothing else but troubled Air,)
 When These by *whirling* round the *arched* Frame
 Grow hot, and from the *Flints* strike sparks of flame,
 Then *proud*, and *furious* too, and rising higher,
 Break forth at top, in *smoak*, and *sparks* of Fire:
 By the same force e'en *weighty* *Mountains* rise,
 And *whirling* *Rocks* cut thro' the wounded *Skies*.

But more, this *hollow fiery* *Mountains* side
 The Sea still *washes* with impetuous Tide,
 And *passing* thro' the *Pores*, the Flame retires,
 The *pressing* Waters drive the *yielding* Fires
 And force them out; these raise large Clouds of Sand,
 And scatter *Stones*, and *Ashes* o're the Land.

And thus my *Muse* a *store* of *Causes* brings,

For

For here, as in a *thousand* other things,
 Tho by one *single Cause* th' *Effect* is done,
 Yet since 'tis hid, a *thousand* must be shown,
 That we might surely hit that *single one*,
 As when a *Carcass* we at distance view,
 We all the *various* means of Death must shew,
 That in the *number* we may speak the true:
 For whether he was kill'd by *strong Disease*,
 Or *Cold*, or *Sword*, tho' twas by *one* of these,
 We cannot tell, and thus it must be done
 In other things; a *thousand* reasons shown,
 When sense *determines* not our choice to one.

In Summer *Nile* o'reflows, his streams do drown
 The fruitful *Egypt's* fields, and *his* alone:

Of the over-
 flowing of
 Nile.

Because the Mouth of that *wide River* lies
 Oppos'd to *North*; for when th' *Etesia's* rise
 From heavy *Northern* Clouds, and fiercely blow
 Against the *Streams*, those *stop*, and *rise*, and *flow*:
 For *Northern* Winds blow full against the streams,
 Their Spring is *South*, it boyls with *Mid-day* beams,
 Then cuts its way thro *Sun-burnt* *Negroes* Land,
 And hisses passing o're the *fiery* Sand.
 Or else the *troubled* Sea, that rolls to *South*,
 Brings heaps of Sand, and choaks the *River's* Mouth:
 These stop the *headlong* Floods, they strive in vain
 To force a way, but *wearied* turn again,
 And break their *Banks*, and flow o're all the Plain.

Or else *Rain* makes it swell, th' *Etesia's* bear
 The *Northern* Vapours thro the *Southern* Air,
 There thickned round the Hills the *Rain* compose;
 Or else the Sun melts *Ethiopian* Snows,
 These swell the *River*, and the water flows.

Next of *Averni* sing, and whence the *Name*,
 And whence the *Rage*, and *hurtful* *Nature* came.

So

So call'd because the *Birds* that cut the Sky,
 If o're those *Places* they do chance to fly,
 By noxious streams oppress'd, fall down, and dye:
 Death meets them in the Air, and strikes them dead:
 They fall with *hanging Wing*, and bended head;
 And strike the *pois'nous Lake*, or *deadly Field*:
 Such *Vapors* boyling Springs near *Cuma* yield.

In *Athens*, where *Minerva's* Temple stands,
 There never *Crow*, or boading *Raven* flies,
 No, tho the fat, and oily Sacrifice
 Doth tempt his *smell*, and call his *willing Eyes*:
 Not that he fears *Minerva*: vain pretence!
 Or banish't from her *Train* for an offence;
 No, 'tis the *noxious Vapour* drives him thence.

A place (as *Stories* tell) in *Syria* lies,
 Which if a *Horse* goes o're he groans, and dies;
 As if by sudden stroak, and violent blow,
 He fell a Sacrifice to Gods below:
 Yet these effects agree with *Nature's* Laws,
 And strickt *observers*, may discern the Cause:
 Lest you should fancy these the *Gates* of Hell,
 That there the *Smutty Gods*, and *Manes* dwell;
 And thro these places draw the wandering Souls,
 As *Deer* suck *Serpents* from their lurking holes:
 But that's *absurd*, *irrational*, and *vain*,
 Come, understand the Cause, for I'll explain.

First, Seeds do lye (as I have prov'd before)
 In *Earth*, of every shape a mighty store;
 Some vital parts to *Men*, prolong their Breath;
 Some apt to breed disease, and hasten Death:
 To other *Animals* some parts are good,
 Some hurt, some kill, and some give wholesome food;
 And all these different Effects arise,
 From different *Motion*, Figure, Shape, and Size.

A thousand *hurtful* parts thro *Ears* descend ;
 A thousand pass the *Nostrils*, and offend ;
 A thousand hurt the *Touch*, a numerous store
 Disturb the *Eye*, the *Tast* a thousand more ;
 Besides, on Man a thousand *Atoms* wait,
 And *hurtfull* all, and carry *hasty* Fate.
 Thus often under *Trees* supinely laid,
 Whilst Men enjoy the pleasure of the *Shade*,
 Whilst those their loving *branches* seem to spread
 To screen the Sun, They noxious *Atoms* shed,
 From which quick *pains* arise, and seize the *head*.
 Near *Helicon*, and round the *Learned Hill*
 Grow *Trees*, whose *Blossoms* with their *Odor* kill :
 And all these *hurtful* things from *Earth* arise,
 Because the *Parent Earth's* vast wombs comprise
 Those different *Stores* and *Kinds* of *Poys'nous* Seed,
 Which fitly joyn'd these *hurtful* *Natures* breed.
 The *Snuff* of *Candles*, (this is often known)
 Offends the *Nose* with stench, and makes us swoon.
 Besides, a thousand other *Things* that seize
 The *Soul* within, they make their way with ease,
 And shake the *vital* *Powers* with strong disease.
 So when the *Belly's* full, go sit, and stay,
 And wanton in *hot Baths*, streight flies away
 Thy *Life*, thy *Strength*, and all thy *powers* decay.
 From *Charcoal*, deadly *Smells* the *Brains* ingage,
 If draughts of *Water* not prevent their rage.

To those whom *Feavers* burn, the piercing smell
 Of vigorous *Wine* is grievous, *Death*, and *Hell*.
 Besides, observe what parts the *Earth* contains,
 And how much *poys'nous Sulphur* fills her veins :
 Besides, whilst men pursue the *bidden* store
 And dig in *Mines* of *Gold*, or *Silver Ore*,
 What *hurtful Damps*, what noxious *Vapours* rise ?

D d

The

Tale of a
 Tub.
 Dig. I.

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The wretched Miner o're the Metal dies.

What noxious parts from golden *Mines* exhale,
How soon they seize, and make the *Miners* pale?
With what quick force they kill the *wretched* Slaves?
How soon they bury them in *precious* Graves?
Well then, these noxious parts must often rear,
And scatter Poyson thro the *upper* Air.

Thus *hurtful* parts from the *Averni* rise,
And with strong *poysons* fill the lower skies;
And These, as Birds cut thro the *liquid* way,
Seize them, and then some parts of *life* decay;
Thus they *amaz'd* on the *Averni* fall,
And there the *poysons* work, and ruine all.
For first they make them *giddy*, then their wing
Grows *weak*, they fall into the *Poyson's* spring,
There *die*, there leave their *Soul* in deep despair,
Because the *poyson's* fierce, and *stronger* there:
Or else the constant *rising* streams displace
The *neighbouring* Air, and leave an empty space:
Where when the *Birds* are come with nimble force,
And still endeavour to pursue their course,
Deceiv'd they fall, they clap their *Wings* in vain;
For no *resisting* *Airy* parts sustain, Plain:
Their *weight* doth force them on the *poy's'nous*
And whilst they *helpless* in the *Vacuum* lie,
Breath out their *Soul* thro every Pore, and die.

*Why Wells
cold in
Summer.*

In Summer *Springs* are cold, for *Earth* contains
Some Seeds of *Heat* within her *hollow* veins,
But when the *Heats* increase, and *vigorous* Ray
Doth cut a *passage* thro, they *fly* away;
Thus as the *Summer* comes, and *Rays* begin
To cleave the *Earth*, the *streams* grow *cold* within:
But *Cold* contracts the *Pores* to lesser space,
And binds the *seeds of heat* with strict embrace;

And

And those squeez'd from the *Pores*, with nimble wings
Pass into *lower Wells*, and warm the Springs.

Neer *Ammon's Shrine*, as *fame* hath loudly told,
A *Spring* runs *hot* by *Night*, by *Day* 'tis *cold*:
This Men admire, and think, when *Night* hath spread

Of the
Spring at
Ammon's
temple

Her blackest *Curtains* o're our *sleepy* head,
The *Sun* below doth cast his *vigorous* beams,
And pierces thro the *Earth*, and warms the streams.
Absurd, and vain! For since the *furious* Ray,
When roll'd *above*, it makes our *warmest* day,
And beats the *open surface* of the *Sea*,

Can raise but little warmth; when roll'd below
How pierce the *Earth*, and heat in passing thro?
Since *Sense* assures, that when the *Rays* do beat,
Our *Houses* yield us a *secure* retreat,

We lie within, and scorn the *Summer's* heat.
Then what's the Cause? 'Tis this; a *spongy* ground,
And fill'd with *fiery* Seeds, lies all around;

This when *cold Nights* contract, the Seeds of *Fire*
Squeez'd out *lie off*, and to the *Spring* retire,
And make it *hot*: but when the *vigorous* Ray
Peeps forth, and *opens* them an *easie* way,

They leave the *cold embrace*, and soon retreat
To *Earth* again, and take their *former* Seat;
And thus by *day* it loseth all it's heat.

Besides, the *Water* grows more *rare* by day,
Its part *divided* by the piercing Ray,

So lose their fire: as when the beams arise
And warm the frozen Streams with softning kiss,
They melt in the Embrace, and lose their Ice.

And some *cold Springs* light *Flax* held o're the
Streams.

The *Flax* takes fire, and scatters feeble beams:
A *Torch* is kindled too, the *Flames* appear,

brings
out light
torch.

And nod at every little breath of Air ;
Because the *Water* Seeds of Heat contains,
And many rise from *Earths* capacious Veins ;
And cut the *Body* of the streams, and flow,
Too weak to warm the waves in passing thro :
Beside, their own quick force will make them move,
And pass the yielding Waves, and joyn above :
As little streams that cut their secret way,
And rise up sweet in' bottom of the Sea,
Beat of the Salt, and the resisting Flood
To thirsty Sailors prove a mighty good ;
Just so these Seeds of fire might rise, and flow,
And cut the yielding Waves, and passing thro
Streight strike, and kindle oily Torch, or Tow :
Because these parts are of convenient frame,
Hold Seeds of fire, and fit to raise a flame :

Thus take a Torch but lately dead, and strive
To light the Snuff again, and make it live,
It kindles long before it comes to touch ;
And sure Experience shows a thousand such,
Which light at distance, e're they reach the flame ;
And thus this Fountain acts, the Cause the same.

Of the
loadstone. Now sing my Muse, for 'tis a weighty Cause,
Explain the Magnet, why it strongly draws ;
And brings rough Iron to its fond embrace :
This Men admire, for they have often seen
Small rings of Iron, Six, or Eight, or Ten,
Compose a subtle Chain, no tie between :
But held by this, they seem to hang in Air,
One to another sticks, and wantons there ;
So great the Loadstone's force, so strong to bear.
In order to the Cause, must first be prov'd
A Thousand things, a Thousand doubts remov'd,
And long deductions made ; do you prepare
A strict observing Mind, and listning Ear.

First

First then, from *Objects* seen thin forms arise,
 In constant subtle Streams, and strike our Eyes :
 Thus *Odors* fly from *Gums*, a gentle Breez
 From *Rivers* flows, and from the neighbouring Seas
 Sharp *Salts* arise, and fret the *Shores* around.
 Thus all the *Air* is fill'd with *murmuring* Sound :
 And whilst we walk the *Strand*, and pleas'd to view
 The *Wanton waves*, or squeeze, and mingle *Ruc*,
 Or *Salt*, or bitter *Tasts* our *Tongues* surprise ;
 So certain 'tis that *subtle* parts arise
 From all, and wander in the lower *Skies* :
 And never cease to *flow*, because the *Ear*
 And *Eye*, and *Nose*, still *smell*, and *see*, and *hear*.

Next I'll repeat what I have prov'd before,
 No *Compound's* perfect *solid*, free from *Pore* :
 For tho' tis *useful* to direct our *Eye*
 Thro all the *Secrets* of *Philosophy*,
 To prove that *Solid* Seeds can never joyn
 Unless some *empty space* is left between ;
 Yet't hath its *proper force* in this design :
 Then first, in *Caves* the subtle moisture creeps
 Thro hardest *Rocks*, and every *Marble* weeps :
 And sweat from every *labouring* Member flows,
 And *stubborn* hair o're all the *Body* grows ;
 And *Nature* drives our food with *curious* Art
 Thro all the *Lungs*, encreasing every part :
 Strong *flames* divide the rigid *Gold*, and *Brass*,
 And to a *liquid* substance break the *Mass* :
 Thro *Silver*, Heat, and Cold ; and each disdains
 And scorns a *Prison*, tho in precious chains :
 This *Sense* assures ; into a well clos'd Room
 The parts of *Odors*, *Sounds*, and *Heat* will come,
 And often, as our sickly *Souldiers* feel,
 The moist and subtle *Air* creeps thro their *Steel* :

Well

Well then 'tis certain, as I prov'd before,
No Compound's perfect solid, free from Pore :

Besides,

The parts that rise from things, not all alike,
Nor equally agree to what they strike ;
For first, the beauteous Sun with vigorous ray
Melts Snow, and Ice, and Wax, and hardens Clay ;
Thus Leather shrinks in Fire, but Gold and Brass
Dissolve, Flames soften all the rigid Mass ;
Thus Water strengthens Steel grown weak by heat,
But gently softens Skins, and boiling Meat :
Leaves of wild Olives yield a sweet repast
To Goats, to Man a rough and bitter tast :
Thus Pigs fly sweetest Odors, those that please
And tickle Man, offend and poison these ;
Yet they will roul in Dung, in Filth delight,
Tho squeamish man can scarce endure the sight.

Besides, we must remember,

Since Things Compos'd do numerous Pores comprise,
Those must have different Shape, and different Size :
In Animals are various Organs found,
And each the proper Objects gently Wound ;
One Tast, another smell, another sound :
Some things thro Stones or Silver, Gold or Brass,
Some move thro Wood alone, and others Glass :
And those that pass the same, not always flow
With equal ease and cut their passage thro,
And this depends on the varieties
And difference of Pores in shape and size,
Which Things of different texture still comprise:
These things thus prov'd, come now I'll sing the
Explain the Magnet, show thee why it draws, (Cause
And brings rough Iron to its fond embrace :

First, from the Magnet numerous parts arise,

And

And swiftly move, the *Stone* gives vast supplies ;
Which springing still in *constant* Streams displace
The *neighbouring Air*, and make an *Empty* space ;
So when the *Steel* comes there some parts begin
To leap on thro the *Void*, and enter in :
But since they're *twin'd*, the formost parts must bring
The *latter* on, and so move all the *Ring* :
For parts of *Steel* are very stricktly joyn'd,
Scarce any *Compounds* are so closely twin'd.
No wonder then that when the *foremost* strove,
The *other* parts should stir, and all should move ;
Which still they do, they still press farther on,
Until they reach and joyn the *willing* *Stone* :
The *Steel* will move to seek the *Stone's* embrace,
Or *up*, or *down*, or unto *any* place,
Which way soever lyes the *empty* space ;
Not that the *heavy Steel* by Nature flies,
But *Blows without* will force, and make it rise :
Because the *Air before the Steel* is rare,
And *Emptier* than it was, and *weaker* far ;
And therefore all the *Air* that lyes behind,
Grown strong, and gathering like a *subtle* Wind,
Must force it on ; for still the *Ambient Air*,
Endeavours, still contends to drive it near,
But then alone can move it, when the *space*
Is *free*, and fit to take the *coming* Mass :
This fills the *Pores*, and then with *subtle* gales
Drives on the *steel*, as Winds great Ships, and Sails :
Besides all *Compounds* hold some parts of *Air*,
For every *Compound* is by nature rare ;
This lurking *Air*, no doubt, with nimble wing,
And constant turns still *whirls* and beats the *Ring* :
But once determin'd forward, keeps the Course
It first receiv'd, and that way bends its force :

But

But more than this, coy *Steel* will sometimes move
 And flie the *striving* Stone, and cease to love.
 And thus *Steel* Filings I have often known,
 In little *brazen* Pots held o're the Stone,
 Will strive, and leap, as eager to be gone;
 Because the little *brazen* parts that rear,
 Fill all the *Steel's* small *Pores*, and settle there;
 And so the other rising *streams* that come
 From *Magnets*, find no way, no open room,
 And therefore strike; thus *flying* thro the *Brass*
 They rudely beat, and drive away the *Mass*,
 Which otherwise they'd take to their embrace.

Besides, no wonder *This* alone should feel
 The *Loadstone's* power, and *That* move only *Steel*;
 For some their *weight* secures, as *Gold*, and some
 Their *Pores*, they give the *streams* too large a room,
 And so they find an *easy* passage thro,
 And thus the *Substance* ne re endures the blow.
 But *Steel*, when *brazen* parts fill every *Pore*,
 And settle there, when it can take no more;
 Then 'tis prepar'd to take the subtle shove
 The *Loadstone's* *streams* can give, and fit to move.

Nor is there *friendship* 'twixt these *two* alone,
 A thousand things beside, but *One* to *One*,
 Agree: Thus *Lime* will fasten only *Stone*,
 Thus *Glew* hatd *Boards*, and we may often view
 The *solid* *Table* break before the *Glew*;
 Thus pure and *Fountain-streams* will mix with *Wine*,
 But *Oyl* and heavy *Pitch* refuse to joyn:
 The *Purples* blood gives *Wool* so deep a *stain*
 That we can never wash it out again,
 No, pour on all the *Sea*, 'tis all in vain:
Soulder ignobly wedds the *Golden* *Mass*
 To *Silver*, Proper *Soulder* *Lead* to *Brass*:

Besides

Besides these mention'd, there's a thousand more.
 But stay, what need of such a numerous store?
 Why should I waste my time, and trouble Thee?
 Take all in short: Those Things whose parts agree,
 Whose Seeds oppos'd to Pores securely lie,
 The Union there is strong, and firm the Tie:
 Others by Rings and Hooks are joyn'd in one,
 This way combine the lasting Steel and Stone.

Now next I'll sing, what Causes Plagues create,
 What drives a Pestilence, sworn big with Fate,
 To waste, and lay a Nation desolate.

I've prov'd, that numerous vital parts do fill
 The Air, so likewise numerous those that kill:
 These Poysons, whether from the threatening Skies
 Like Clouds they fall, or from the Earth arise,
 When She's grown purr'd by the Rains, or sweats
 Such noxious Vapors prest by scorching heats,
 Infect the lower Air, and hence proceed
 All raging Plagues, these all Diseases breed.

A Traveller, for every place he sees,
 Or hazards, or endures a new Disease,
 Because the Air or Water disagrees.
 How different is the Air of th' British Isle
 From that which plays upon the winding Nile?
 What different Air doth Pontus' snows embrace,
 From that which fans the Sun-burnt Indian's face?

Besides, Mens Shape, or Colour disagrees,
 And every Nation hath its own Disease.
 The Lepers only are to Egypt known,
 Those Wretches drink of Nilus' streams alone:
 Athens, the *Masses* Seat, and chief delight,
 Offends the Feet, *Achaia* hurts the sight:
 And thus in every Land a new Disease,
 New Pains on all the other members seize,

And different Air is still the Cause of these.
 Thus often when one Countrey's Air is blown
 Into another, and forsakes it's own
 It spoys the wholefom Air where e're it goes,
 And makes all like it self, unfit for Us:
 Thence Plagues arise, and these descend, and pass
 Into our Fountains, tender Corn, or Grass,
 Or other food, or hang within the Air
 Held up by ferial wings, and threaten there;
 So whilst we think to live, and draw our breath,
 Those parts must enter in, and following Death:
 Thus Plagues do often seize the labouring Ox,
 And raging Rors destroy our tender Flocks.
 And thus the Thing's the same, if Winds do bear
 From ether Countries an unusual Air,
 And fit to raise a Plague, and Feaver here,
 Or if we travel all, and suck in there.

The Plague
 of Athens

A Plague thus rais'd, said learned Athens wast,
 Thro every Street, thro all the Town it past;
 Blasting both Man and Beast with poysonous Wind,
 Death fled before, and Ruine stalks behind.
 From Egypt's burning Sands the Feaver came,
 More hot than those that rais'd the deadly flame;
 The Wind that bore the Fate, went slowly on,
 And as it went was heard to sigh and groan.
 At last the raging Plague did Athens seize,
 The Plague, and Death attending the Disease:
 Then Men did die by heaps, by heaps did fall,
 And the whole City made one Funeral.

First, fierce unusual heats did seize the Head,
 The glowing Eyes with blood-shot-beams lookt red,
 Like blazing Stars approaching Fate foreshew'd;
 The Mouth and Jaws were fill'd with clotred blood,
 The Throat with Ulcers, the Tongue could speak no
 more,

But

But overflow'd and drown'd in putrid gore,
 Grew *useless, rough, and scarce could make a Moan,*
 And scarce enjoy'd the *wretched power to groan.*
 Next thro' the *Jaws* the *Plague* did reach the *Breast,*
 And there the *Heart*, the *Seat of Life*, possess'd;
 Then *Life* began to fail, *strange stinks* did come
 From every *putrid Breast*, as from a *Tomb*;
 A sad presage that *Death* prepar'd the *Room*;
 The *Body weak*, the *Mind* did sadly wait,
 And fear'd, but could not flie *approaching Fate*:
 To these fierce pains were joyn'd *continual care,*
 And sad *complaining*s, *groans*, and deep *despair*;
 Tormenting, vexing *Sobs*, and deadly *Sighs*,
 Which rais'd *Convulsions*, broak the vital *Ties*
 Of *Mind* and *Limbs*, and so the *Patient* dies.

Yet touch the *limb*, the warmth appear'd not great,
 It seem'd but little more than *natural heat*;
 The *Body* red with *Ulcers*, swoln with pains,
 As when the *Sacred fire* spreads o're the *Veins*;
 But all within was *fire*, fierce flames did burn,
 No *Cloaths* could be endur'd, no *Garments* worn;
 But all (as if the *Plague*, that *fix'd* their blood,
 Destroy'd all *Verue*, *Modesty*, and *Good*,)
 Lay *Naked*, wishing still for *cooling Air*,
 Or ran to *Springs*, and hop'd to find it there:
 And some leapt into *Wells*, in vain; the *Heat*
 Or still *increas'd*, or still remain'd as *great*.
 In vain they drank, for when the *Water* came
 To th' *burning breast*, it hiss'd before the *flame*;
 And thro' each *mouth* did streams of *Vapours* rise,
 Like *Clouds*, and darkned all the *ambient Skies*;
 The pains *continual*, and the *Body* dead,
 And *senseless* all, before the *Soul* was fled;
 Physicians came, and saw, and shook their head:

*St. An-
 thones
 frt.

No Sleep, the pained and wearied Mens delight;
 The fiery Eyes like Stars, wak'd all the night.
 Besides, a thousand Symptoms more did wait,
 And told sad news of coming lusty Fate.
 Distracted Mind, and sad and furious Eyes,
 Short breath, or constant, deep, and hollow sighs,
 And buzzing Ears, and much and frothy sweat
 Spread o're the Neck, and Spittle thin with heat,
 But salt and yellow, and, the Jaws being rough,
 Could hardly be thrown up with violent Cough.
 The Nerves contracted, strength in Hands did fail,
 And Cold crept from the Feet and spread o're all:
 And when Death came at last, it chang'd the Nose,
 And made it sharp, and prest the Nostrils close;
 Hollow'd the Temples, forc'd the Eye balls in,
 And chill'd, and harden'd all, and stretcht the Skin.
 They lay not long, but soon did Life resign,
 The Warning was but short, Eight days, or Nine.
 If any liv'd, and scapt the fatal day,
 And if their Looseness purg'd the Plague away,
 Or Ulcers drain'd, yet they would soon decay;
 Their weaknes kill'd them; or their paynor's blood,
 And strength, with horrid pains thro' Nostrils flow'd.
 But those that felt no Flax, the strong Disease
 Did oft descend, and wretched Members seize;
 And there it rag'd with cruel pains and smart,
 Too weak to kill the Whole, it took a Part.
 Some lost their Eyes, and some prolong'd their breath
 By loss of Hand; so strong the fear of Death.
 The Minds of some did dark Oblivion blot,
 And they their Actions, and Themselves forgot.
 And tho' the scatter'd Bodies naked lay,
 Yet Beasts refus'd, the Birds fled all away.
 And us'd their Wings to hunt their calie prey,

They

They fled the French, whom Tyrant banish prest,
And forc't to fall, he prov'd a wretched Guest,
The price was Life, it was a costly Feast,
Few Birds appear'd, no wing could serve for flight,
The Beasts scarce dar'd to trust themselves to Night,
The Plague walkt thro' the Woods, in every Den
They lay and sigh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd like Men.
The faithful Dogs did lie in every Street,
And dy'd at their expiring Masters feet.
Disorder'd Funerals were hurried on,
No decent Mourners, and no friendly groan:
Neglecting others Fates All wept their Own,
No common Remedy did Health impart
To All, Physick was grown a Private Art,
For that which gave to One fresh vigour, ease,
And health, and strength, and conquer'd the disease,
E'en the same thing, with equal Art apply'd,
Another took, and by the Physick dy'd.
All the Infected lay in deep despair,
Expecting coming Death with constant fear,
Pale Ghosts did walk before their Eyes, and fright,
No dawning Hopes broke thro' their dismal Night,
No thoughts of Help. This was a grievous Ill,
This harp'd the Plague's rage; these fears did kill.
Besides, the fierce Infection quickly spread,
When one poor Wretch was fall'n, to others fled,
One kill'd, the Murderer did cast his Eye
Around, and if he saw a Witness by,
Seiz'd him for fear of a Discovery.
Those Wretches too, that greedy to live on,
Or fled, or left infected friends alone,
Streight felt their punishment, and quickly found
No flight could save, no place secure from wound:
A strong Infection all their walk attends,

They

They fall as much neglected as their Friends;
 Like rotten Sheeps they die in wretched state,
 And none to pity, or to mourn their Fate.
 Those whom their friends complaints, and piteous
 Did force to come, and see their miseries,
 Receiv'd the fatal and infectious breath,
 An innocent Murderer He that gave 'em death.
 This kind of Death was best; so Men did choose
 (A wretched choice) this way their Life to lose.
 Some rais'd their Friends a Pile, that Office done,
 Return'd, and griev'd, and then prepar'd their own:
 A treble mischief this, and no Relief,
 Not one but suffer'd Death, Disease, or Grief.
 The Shepherd midst his Flocks resign'd his breath,
 Th' infected Plowman burnt, and starv'd to death;
 By Plague and Famine both the Deed was done,
 The Plowman was too strong to yield to One.
 Here dying Parents on their Children cast,
 Their Children on their Parents breath'd their last.
 Th' infected Plowman from the Country came,
 He came, and brought with him additional flame.
 Men flockt from every part, all places fill'd;
 Where th' Crowd was great, by heaps the Sickness lay.
 Some in the Streets, some near the Fountains lay,
 Which quench't their flame, but wash't their souls away.
 And some in publick, half alive, half dead,
 With filthy Coverings o're their Members spread,
 Did lie and rot; the Skin, the poor Remains
 Of all the Flesh, the starting Bones contains,
 All cover'd o're with Ulcers, next with Pains.
 Death now had fill'd the Temples of the Gods,
 The Priests themselves, no Beast the Altar loads:
 Now no Religion, now no Gods were fear'd,
 Greater than All the present plague appear'd.

All Laws of *Burial* lost, and all confus'd,
No *solemn Rites*, no *decent Order* us'd ;
But as the state of Things would then permit,
Men burnt their Friends, nor lookt on just, and fit :
And *Want*, and *Poverty* did oft engage
A thousand Acts of *Violence*, and *Rage*.
Some (*O imperious Want !*) a Carcass spoyl,
And burn *their Friend* upon *another's Pile* ;
And then would strive, and fight, and still defend,
And often rather *die*, than leave their Friend ;
The *Other* lost his *Pile* by *pious Theft*,
A poor possession, All that *Fate* had left.

The End of the Six Books of
LUCRETIUS.

All laws of civil life, and all contrivances
 No lawless King, no lawless Order used;
 But as the first of things would then permit,
 Men built their friends, not look on self, and sit;
 And we, and others, did our image
 A thousand, and a thousand, and a thousand
 found (O sweetest, all in one) a common good;
 And thus the world upon a single pile;
 And then we lived, and died, and still the same;
 And often more, the same, the same, the same;
 The Obedience, the Obedience, the Obedience;
 A, not rebellion, all that was and is.

The End of the 12 Books of
 LACTANTIUS



NOTES

UPON

The First Book.

WE need not look far for a reason for the *Invocation*; the Practice of the *Poets* is obvious, and the Wantonness of the *Epicureans* is as notorious. *Epicurus* is observed by *Dionysius*, Bishop of *Alexandria*, to fill his Book with *Oaths* and *Adjurations*: * Ὅρκους δὲ καὶ ὀρκισμὸς μὲν τοῖς ἑαυτῷ βιβλίοις ἐγγράφει, ὁμνὺς τε συνεχῶς μετὰ Δία, καὶ νῦν Δία ὀξορκῶν τὰς ἐνδυναμίζοντάς, καὶ πρὸς ὅς διαλέγοιτο, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν. He inserts many *Oaths* and *Adjurations* in his Books, swearing often, and adjuring his readers by *Jupiter* and all the *Gods*: And we may find *Lucretius* too sometimes of this humour: But I rather believe, that like a *Poet*, and according to the Principles of his Philosophy, he applies himself to *Venus*, that is, the common natural appetite to Procreation; which nevertheless he treats as a *Goddeß*, and gives her all her Titles, as if really he expected some assistance: yet even here he shews his spight to *Religion*, and scatters bitter reflections on the then fashionable devotion. And had he stopt here, had he not propos'd Principles

* *Euseb. Præp. lib. 14. cap. 27.*

of *Irreligion* drawn from the Happiness of the Deity, which therefore must be universal, and against all *Religion* under whatsoever denomination; he might have been read with much profit, and satisfaction, as an excellent *Satyr* against the *Heathen* worship, for he severely scourges the mad zeal of Men-sacrificers: and tho perchance he hath not propos'd a true instance in *Iphigenia*, yet *Histories*, both sacred and profane, of former, and present Ages, give us too many sad relations of such cruelties. But since he openly declares that the design of his writing is to free men from the fears of that Heavenly Tyrant, *Providence*, and induce perfect *Serenity*, that boasted *Ἀταραξία* of *Epicurus*, and in pursuit of this, endeavours to maintain the great *Dictate* of his Master, *Nihil beatum, nisi quod quietum*; Nothing is happy but what is supinely idle and at Ease: I shall examine his vain pretensions, and in order to it present you with a Summary of the *Epicurean* Religion.

If any man considers the inconsistencies that are in the *Epicurean* Notion of a Deity, how the *Attributes* disagree, and how the very *being* thwarts all their other Philosophy, he will easily agree with *Tully*, and admit his censure to be true, *Verbis ponunt, Re tollunt Deos*: In words they assert, but in effect they deny a God: which is seconded by *Dionysius* in *Eusebius*, * ἀλλὰ τῷ μὲν πρὸς δὴλον ὅτι καὶ Σοκράτης θάνατον κατὰ πετλήχας Ἀθηναίους, ὡς μὴ δοκῇ τῷ ὅτι ὡς, Ἀθεῶν ἐστίν, κενὰς αὐτοῖς ἀνυποστάτων θεῶν τερατοδυσάμεναι. Ἰσογράφη

* *Eusebius lib. 15.*

NOTES.

3

σε οικίας. 'Tis evident that after Socrates was put to death being affraid of the Athenians, that he might not seem what really he was, an Atheist; he fashioned some empty shadows of fantastical Deities: But since Antiquity hath but Three Atheists on record, why should we increase the Catalogue? He therefore asserts a Divine Nature, and proves it from the common consent of Mankind; which doth not arise from any innate Idea's, as Gassendus phrases it, those being altogether strangers to his Hypothesis: for every Idea is a mode of thinking, and no Thought can arise, according to the Epicurean Principles, but from a previous Image; and therefore Lucretius makes the Cause of this general Consent to be the constant influx of divine Images, * which strike the Mind: And Atticus the Platonist (a) asserts it to be the common doctrine of the Garden, τὰς βελτιονας ἀπορροίας τῶν θεῶν τοῖς μεταχῶσι μεγάλων ἀγαθῶν παραιντίας ἔχουσαι. That the good Emanations from the Gods bring great advantages to those that receive them: To this Democritus his Prayer, ἀγαθῶν εἰδῶλων μετέχειν, That he might receive good Images, and (b) Cicero agrees, and I hope Gassendus his bare denial cannot stand in competition with all these. This Divine Nature is brancht out into many, his Gods are numerous, and even exceed the Catalogue of Apollodorus; and this he gathers from that ἰσχυρομύη, which must be in the Universe, Si enim mortalium tanta multitudo, immortalium non minor, & si qua interimant, item qua conservent, Infinita. Their sub-

* Plutarch de Placitis Phil. lib. 1. cap. 7. (a) Eusebius præp. lib. 25. (b) De Nat. Deorum. lib. 1. sect. 107.

NOTES.

stance is not immaterial, and *Velleius* reprehends *Plato* for his *ἁσώματα*, as inconsistent with *Sense*, *Prudence* and *Pleasure*, and yet he cannot allow it to be a coalition of *Atoms*, for that would destroy their necessity of Being, and infer *discerpibility*; but they have *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguinem*, a fancy perchance received from *Homer*,

'Ου γὰρ οἱ τὸν ἔδ' ἔσθ', ἔ' πίνουσ' ἀδοπα ὄνον :
Τένεχ' ἀναίμωγες εἰσι καὶ Ἀθάνατοι χαλεόνται.

*They drink no Wine, they eat no common food,
And therefore nam'd Immortal, void of blood.*

They are of the figure of a *Man*, That seeming the most beautiful, and the only receptacle of *Reason*, without which the Gods cannot be virtuous, nor happy : Their knowledge *infinite*, and boundless ; for *Velleius* in *Tully*, to confute *Pythagoras*, boldly inquires *Cur quidquam ignoraret Animus Hominis, si esset Deus?* Easy and quiet is their life, and therefore unconcerned with the affairs of the World ; for being full of themselves, why should they look on others, or trouble their minds with the considerations of less perfection, when they can expect no advantage nor addition to their happiness : yet these glorious Beings are to be revered for the excellency of their *Nature*. Our *Piety* and *Religion* must be *Heroical*, not forced by *Fear* or raised by *hope* : Interest must not bribe, nor Terror affright us to our Duty ; but our Devotion must be free, and unbiassed by the solicitations of the One, or the impulse of the other. These in short

short are *Epicurus* his Deities, and this is the Sum of his Religion: A sufficient instance, that men may dream when they are awake, and that absurd fancies are not only the consequents of Sleep. Let us look on the Favorers of these *Opinions*, and what are they but exact Images of *Timon's* Philosophers?

"Ανδρῶν περὶ κενῆς οἰήσεως ἑμπροσὶ ἀσχός,

Men, Casks of vain Opinion full.

For, as *Tully* long ago observed, tis their usual custom to avoid difficulties by proposing Absurdities; that the *less* may not be discerned, whilst all mens eyes are on the *greater*. For first, not to require an explication of their unintelligible *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguis*, it is very easie to be prov'd, and a direct Consequence from their established Principles, that the matter of the Deities is perfectly like that of our Bodies, and so discernible; nor can they find any secure retreat for their Gods, beyond the reach and power of troublesome Atoms, which scattering every where must disturb their ease, destroy their quiet, and threaten a dissolution. For since the Images that flow from them, move the *Mind*, which they assert *material*, Those must be *Body*, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res*. And since tis the nature of *Body* to resist, the greater and heavier the *Atoms* are, the stronger and the more forcible will be the stroak on the Divine Substance; and consequently in this dissolution of Worlds, in these mad whirls of Matter, unless they remove them beyond the infinite space, their Deities must be endangered: for they are not perfect

fect Solids, and above the power and force of Impulse, such combinations being unfit for *sense*, or *Animal motion*. And thus the *Epicureans* must necessarily fall into that absurdity, for which *Velleius* lashes *Anaximander*, *Nativos esse Deos, & longis intervallis orientes & occidentes*. But since they offer as a reason, that Immateriality is inconsistent with Sense and Prudence, I shall consider that in its proper place, and now examine how *Omniscience* can agree to their Gods. *Lucretius* in his fifth Book asks the question, How the Gods could have those *Ideas* of Man, Sun, Moon and Stars, before they were formed? From whence tis easily concluded, that they imagine the *Divine* Perception arises from the same causes that *Mans* doth, viz. from some subtile *Images* that flow from the surfaces of Things, and enter at the *Senses*. Now it had been an attempt worthy the soaring wit of our Poet, to have described the passages of these *Images*; how they reach the Happy Seats entire, how these light Airy things are undisturbed by the rapid whirls of Matter, and how at last they should all conveniently turn round, and enter at the eyes of the Deity. For if ours can ascend thither, why not the Forms of these things, that lie scatter'd thro the infinite Worlds, reach us? No, their Gods must be as senseless, as they are careless; no intruding Images must disturb their thoughts, or turn them from the contemplation of their *happy* Selves; no doubt their Ease will scarce agree with such troublesome agitations, and like the soft *Sybarite*, should the Image of a Man digging incroach upon them, they must necessarily undergo a *πῆγμα*.

As for the figure they please to allow them, we must needs acknowledge it a wonderful chance, that Man (for that's the most proper Opinion) should so much resemble the Divine Nature; but I had rather believe all the *Adulteries* in the Poets, than that Man was made after the Image of the Deity without his *direction*. Besides, what need of all these members? Why must they have Eyes, unless they have a Looking-glass in their hands? Why mouth, and Teeth, which will never be employed? and why doth not that fancied *ἰσονομία* in the Universe, require *immortal* Men, and *immortal* Beasts? for that would make the *Equability* more perfect. These are absurdities fit for the credulity of an *Epicurean*, beyond imagination had not these men abetted them, and made good to the utmost that severe reflection of Tully, *Nihil est tam absurdum quod non aliquis à Philosophis asserat*.

Now I come to consider, whether *Providence* is inconsistent with the happiness of the Deity.

p. 3. l. 21.

For whatsoever's *Divine*, must live in peace.

And here the *Epicureans* are prest with the Consent of Mankind, there being no Nation but hath some shadow of *Piety*, which must be founded on the belief of *Providence*, That being the *Basis* of all Natural Religion. The *Stoicks* took the notion of their *Πνευματικὸν νοερὸν καὶ πυρρὸν*, their intelligent and fiery Spirit, from the excellent order and disposition of the Universe. The New Mind of *Anaxagoras* is sufficiently known. Nor was *Aristotle* an enemy

to

to Providence, tho, as 'twas generally thought, and as Atticus the Platonist words it, *μεχρὶ Σελήνης πῆσας τὸ θεῖον τὰ λοιπὰ τὰ ἡσμέ μέρη περιελάφει* & τὸ θεῖον διοικήσει, *confining Providence within the Moons orb he leaves nothing below to his direction, and compares him to Epicurus ; πὶ καὶ διαφέρει πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἢ τὸ ἡσμέ τὸ θεῖον ἔχοντα, καὶ μηδεμίαν πρὸς αὐτὸ κοινωνίαν ἀπολίπειν.* For 'tis the same thing to us to have no Deity at all, as to have such a one with whom we can have no Communication. And Athenagoras delivers it as the Doctrine of the Peripatetum, *ἀπρονόητα πάντα ἔτι κατωτέρω τῷ ἕραν;* that Providence takes care of nothing below the Skie: And Origen, *ὁ ἐλαττον Ἐπικούρου εἰς τὴν πρόνοιαν ἀσέων Ἀριστοτέλους.* Aristotle's opinions concerning Providence were somewhat less impious than those of Epicurus: But Authority will prevail little with a proud Epicurean, whose Talent it is to scoff at all beside his own Sect, and undervalue every man that is not delighted with the weeds of his Garden.

And here it must be observed, that as Epicurus circumscribed the Deity with the finite figure of a Man; so he measured all his actions by the same model, and thought an intermeddling with the affairs of the World, would bring cares, trouble and distraction; because he sometimes observ'd a necessary connexion betwixt these two, in those little intervals of business that disturbed his ease and quiet. A fond Opinion, directly contrary to the consent of the World, his own Principles and Practice. For what trouble can it be for that Being, whom a bare intuition (for he grants him Omniscent) acquaints with all the springs and wheels of Nature;

Nature ; who perfectly knows the frame, and with a nod can direct and rule the *Automaton* : for Self-existence necessarily infers *Omnipotence*. For what can determine the mode of Existence in that *Being*, what confine its Power, what circumscribe it, since it depends on nothing but it self ? And since the Deity is the most excellent of Beings, how can it want that Amiable Attribute *Benevolence* ? Will not an *Epicurean* commend it in the Master of the Garden ? will he not be prodigal in his praises, and call the *Athenian* a God for his Philosophy, and make his numerous Books (*Laertius* calls him *πολυεργόντατον*) an argument for his *Αποδωσις* ? And are all these commendations bestowed on him, because he made himself unhappy ? Or must the Deity be deprived of that perfection, which is so lovely in Man, and which all desire he should enjoy ; because when dangers press, they seek for relief to *Heaven*, and passionately expect descending succour ? Which sufficiently declares that the belief of the *Providence*, is as *Universal*, as that of the happiness of the Deity, and founded on the same reason : for, as *Tully* argues, *fac imagines esse quibus pulsantur animi, species quædam duntaxat obijciuntur, num sitam cur beata sit ? cur æterna ?* And consequently, the same Reason dictating that *Providence* is an *Attribute*, requires as strong an assent, as when it declares *Happiness* to be one, since neither can be inferred from the bare impulse of the *Images*. For suppose the stroke *constant*, yet what is This (as *Lucretius* would have it) to Eternity ? And why may not anything we think upon, be esteemed *immortal* on the same account ? Suppose the Impulse *continuant*, yet what connexion between that and happiness ? So

(b)

that

that the *Epicurean's* Argument recoils against himself, and he is foiled at his own weapons.

And now who can imagine such absurd Principles proper to lead any *rational* Enquirer to *Serenity*? Will it be a comfort to a good man to tell him, as (a) *Aristophanes* speaks, ἀντὶ Ζήλου ὁ Διὸς βασιλεύει, instead of Jupiter a Whirl-wind rules, when 'tis his greatest interest that there should be a merciful Disposer, who takes notice of, and will reward his Piety. It will be an admirable security no doubt for his honesty, to assure his malicious enemies, that nothing is to be feared but their own discovery: and unless their Dreams prove treacherous, or their Minds rave, they are secure in their villanies, and may be wicked as often as they can fortunately be so; as often as Occasion invites, or Interest persuades. When Common-wealths may be preserved by breaking the very Band of Society, τὸ σὺλδεμα τῆς πολιτείας, as (b) *Polybius* calls Religion; when Treasons may be stifled by taking off from Subjects all obligations, but their own weakness, to Duty; and when a *Damocles* can sit quietly under his hanging Sword; then the denial of Providence, then the belief of a World made, and upheld by chance, will be a remedy against all Cares, and a necessary cause of that desired Ἀταραξία, serenity of Mind.

p. 6. l. 25. Nothing was by the Gods of Nothing made.

For the confirmation of his absurd opinions con-

(a) *In Nebulis.* (b) *Hist. lib. 6. cap. 54.*

CON-

cerning the *Deity*, he begins his *Philosophy* with the denial of *Creation*; and here he is copious in his Arguments, but not one reaches his design: for tho All things now rise from *proper Seeds*: and grow by *just* degrees, tho they spring only at convenient Seasons of the Year, yet how doth this evince that these *Seeds* were not the production of the *Almighty Word*? But to confute his *impious Opinion*, and demonstrate that 'tis *impossible*, Matter should be *self-existent*; that it cannot be (a) ἀδελφὴ τῷ Θεῷ, *Sister to the Deity*, as the *Platonists* imagine; 'tis sufficient to look abroad into the World, and see that *Stones*, and *Mud*, are not *Beings* of *infinite perfection*: for whatsoever is αὐταυτο, as *Scaliger* calls the *Deity*, can have no bounds set to his excellency. For what can hinder the utmost perfection in that Being which depends only on it self?

p. 12. L. 29. A *Void* is Space *intangible*.--

The two Principles of *Epicurus* are *Body*, and *Void*: that the former is, Sense sufficiently declares; and the latter is here evidently proved by two (for the others are easily eluded) Arguments: the first is drawn from *motion*; the second, from the parting of two flat smooth Bodies.

(b) *Plutarch* roundly tells us οἱ ἀπὸ Θάλεω φυσικοὶ πάντες μετὰ Πλάτωνος τὸ κενὸν ἐπέγνωσαν. All the natural Philosophers from *Thales* to *Plato* deny'd a Vacuum. But (c) *Laertius* declares, that *Diogenes*

(a) *Hierocles de Fato & Provid.* p. 10. (b) *De Placitis Philosophorum*, lib. (c) *In his life.*

Apolloniates, who lived in the time of *Xerxes* pronounced, τὸ κενὸν ἀπείρητον. *Void space is infinite.* For the Antiquity of that Opinion I shall not be solicitous, tho the Reasons are strong, and obvious enough to make it ancient; for what is more obvious than *motion*? and how necessarily this infers a *Vacuum*, is very easily discovered. *Motion* is change of Place, which change is impossible in a *Pænum*; for whatever endeavours to change its place, must thrust out other Bodies; and so if the *Full* be infinite, the Protrusion must be so; if finite, the Endeavour is in vain; and therefore all must be fixed in *eternal rest*, and *Archimedes* himself with his Engine would not be able to move the least Particle of Matter. (a) *Cartes* proposes a solution, much applauded by his admirers, but a little attention will find it vain, and weak, and contradictory to his own settled Principles. For when any *Body* moves in a strait line, it must give the Body that lies before it the same determination with it self; and how this determination should alter, and the motion prove *circular*, neither *Cartes*, nor his followers, have condescended to explain. But grant (tho the former reason hath proved it impossible) that there may be such an attending Circle of ambient Air, yet unless it be perfectly *Mathematical*, (a thing very hardly supposed) each Particle will require another attending Circle, and so not the least Fly stir her wing, unless the whole Universe is troubled. To this may be added, that 'tis unconceiveable how the most solid Matter (for such is his first Element) can so soon alter its fi-

(a) In the second Part of his Principles.

gure, or be so easily dissolved and fitted to the different spaces that lie between the little *Globules*. We see Gold and Adamant resist the roughest stroak, 'tis pains and constant labour that must dissolve them; how then can we imagine this Element will yield? But indeed *Cartes* proposes his ambient attending Circle as the only way to solve the *Phenomenon* of Motion in a *Full*, which he thought he had sufficiently before evinced: but his Arguments are weak and *sophistical*. For in the first of his *Meditations*, he never takes notice of *Impenetrability*, in which the very Essence of *Matter* consists; and in the second Part of his *Principles*; he mistakes the notion of a *Void*, and confounds *Substance* and *Body*; take his own words. *Vacuum autem Philosophico more sumptum, h. e. in quo nulla plane sit substantia dari non posse manifestum est; ex eo quod extensio Spatii non differt ab extensione Corporis; nam cum ex eo solo quod Corpus sit extensum in longum, latum, & profundum, recte concludamus illud esse Substantiam, quia omnino repugnat ut nihili sit aliqua extensio; Idem etiam de Spatio, quod Vacuum supponitur, concludendum est; quod nempe cum in eo sit extensio, necessario etiam in ipso sit substantia.* For *Void* doth not exclude all *Substance*, but only *Body*; and *Substance*, and *Body*, are not convertible in the full latitude of an *universal Proposition*.

Secondly, 'tis evident, that when two *smooth flat Bodies* are separated by a *perpendicular force*, the ambient *Air* cannot fill all the space at once, and therefore there must necessarily be a *Void*, and this (a)

(a) In the 3d of his Ten Dialogues.

Mr. *Hobs* a great *Plenist*, freely confelleth would follow, if the *Bodies* were *infinitely hard*; but since Nature knows no such, any *Bodies* tho perfectly smooth, may be separated by a force that overcomes their *solidity*, and yet no *Vacuum* ensue. A pretty Invention, but extreamly disagreeable to the *Phenomenon*; for in the *exhausted Receiver*, where there is no prop of Under-Air left to sustain it, the *lower Marble* falls by its own weight. Mr. *Hobs* adds another Argument, which is of no force against the *Vacnists*, but overthrows his own notion of a *material Deity*: These are the words. *He that created Natural Bodies, is not a Fancy, but the most real Substance that is; who being Infinite, there can be no place empty where he is, nor full where he is not.*

Now the other reasons of *Lucretius* are *insufficient*: for that drawn from the *different weight* of *Bodies*, would infer *immense vacuities* in the *Air*, which is two thousand times (a) lighter than *Gold*; and that from *Rarefaction*, and *Condensation*, is not cogent, tho 'tis the most rational opinion, and more agreeable to the mind of *Aristotle*, then that which is commonly proposed as his. (b) Πυκνὸν μὲν καὶ τὰ μέγα σιμωέχον ἐν ἀλλήλοις, μακρὸν δὲ τὰ διεσπῆναι ἀπ' ἀλλήλων. *That is Dense between whose parts their is a closer; That Rare between whose particles there is a looser connexion.*

(a) *Glisson de Substantia, c. 26.* (b) *In Categoria Qualitatis.*

Pag. 13. Vers. 15.

This all consists of *Body* and of *Space*.

This tho particularly designed against those who take *Accidents* into the number of *real Beings*, yet hath a farther reach, and endeavours to overthrow the belief of *immaterial* substances; for an *Epicurean* perception being nothing else but *Imagination*, as arising from the stroak of a piece of *Matter*, he had no way left to get a notice of any such Being but by some deduction from those appearances of which his senses had assured him; thus from *motion* he infers that there is *Space*; and *that* being once settled, he proceeds to the *Solidity* of Atoms: Now tho the very same method with less attention had forced him to acknowledge substances *immaterial*, & to have made the *Universe* more compleat by another kind of Beings; Yet 'twas hard to thwart the *Genius* of his Master, to start new fears that might disturb his soft hours, and amaze himself with melancholly thoughts of a future State: and therefore to silence the *Clamors* of his *Reason*, (for he could not but see such plain Consequences) he secures *Motion* as a property of *Matter* necessarily resulting from *Weight*, and this I take to be the Basis of the Epicurean Atheism, which once removed, that *Tower of Babel* which now rises so proudly as to brave *Heaven*, must be ruined and overthrown; For if *Matter as such* is destitute of that power, the inference is easie that there must be some *other Being* to bestow it; this cannot be *space*, and therefore an other kind of substance is required; and hence follows all that train of Consequences of which the Epicureans are so affraid; For he that first moves the *matter* hath no reason to
 cease

cease from his operation, and so must still govern and direct it. And Providence is nothing else but an orderly preservation of that frame which it first raised: and if there is such a director, how easily it follows that He would discover his pleasure unto man, and prescribe rules how he may be happy? And this makes a fair way for revealed Religion, and that necessarily infers a future state: This methinks is a considerable advantage of *Natural Philosophy*, that it can proceed from such sensible things, and plainly shew us the τὰ ἀόρατα τῶν θεῶν, the invisible things of God, in these his visible operations: now that weight is not a Property of Atoms, will be afterward demonstrated, and so another sort of Beings proved against the Epicureans.

Pag. 17. l. 1.

The Principles of Things no force can break.

Sextus Empiricus declares, that *Epicurus* hated the *Mathematicks*, and we may believe *Lucretius* follows his Master; since in his disputes concerning the indivisibility of *Atoms*, he proposes the popular argument against the known and demonstrated property of *Quantity*, *infinite Divisibility*: for as long as *Mathematicks* can boast any certainty, that must be acknowledged to be such.

I shall not engage in this unnecessary Controversie, (tho I believe those common Arguments against *infinite divisibility* are empty *Sophisms*, and a little attention (as whoe're considers the method in which they are proposed must observe) will find them full of *contradictions*, and founded on *absurdities*;) for the *indivisibility* of an *Atom*, proceeds not from the

the littleness, but the solidity: for since the *Atoms* are of different figures, some *Triangular*, some *Square*, &c. 'Tis absurd to imagine, that the *Mind* (by which only *Atoms* are perceived) cannot fancy a *Diagonal* in the *Square*, or a *Perpendicular* erected to the *Basis* of the *Triangle*: yet from this *Mental* to the *Physical divisibility* of an *Atom* (as *Cartes* proceeds) is extremely weak and deficient. That there are some *solid Particles*, *Lucretius* hath evidently proved: These *Democritus* called *πρώται μεγέθη*, first *Magnitudes*, *Epicurus* *Ἀτόμους, δια τ' ἀλυτον σεῖρότητα*, *Atoms* from their indissoluble solidity, but as (a) *Dionysius* observes, *πισθ' ὅσον ὅμ', ἐλαχίστας πάσας, καὶ διὰ τὸ ἀνεπαίδητ' ὅς δ' Δημόκριτος, καὶ μέγιστας εἶναι τινὰς ἀτόμους ὑπέλαβεν*: they so widely disagreed that *Epicurus* made all his *Atoms* to be leasts, and therefore insensible, but *Democritus* suppos'd some of his to be very great: *Heraclides* *Ὀγκύς*: but none of all his reasons prove them unchangeable. For if *Solidity*, i. e. immediate *Contact* were a necessary cause of indivisibility; it would follow, that no piece of *Matter* could be divided, because the parts that are to be separated, enjoy an immediate *Contact*, and that *Contact* must be between *Surfaces* as large as *Atoms*, or, at least, some of their fancied parts. Besides, let two hard *Bodies* perfectly smooth be joyned together in a common superficies, parallel to the *Horizontal Plain*, and certain experience will assure us, that any force that is able to overcome the resistance of the supporting

(a) *Eusebius Præp. lib. 14. cap. 7:*

(c)

Air,

Air, will easily divide them. His other Arguments are all *unconcluding*: for suppose the Seeds not *eternal*, i. e. *divisible*, 'tis a strange inference, *Therefore Beings rise from nothing*, since any *Body*, and therefore one of these *solid Particles*, is not reduced into *Nothing* by *division*, but only into smaller parts: And the weakness of the rest is so obvious, that I shall not spend time in declaring it.

The rest of the *first Book*, contains a *successful* dispute against *Heraclitus*, *Anaxagoras*, and others, and concludes with the *immensity* of the *All*, where tho he hath scatter'd many things, (as the *motion*, and *weight* of *Atoms*, &c.) which deserve *examination*, I shall not disturb him in the midst of his *Triumphs*, but only take notice that, p. 31. l. 18. he overthrows his *own Opinion*, concerning the *Nature* of the *Deity*, and makes it subject to the same *dissolution* with other *Compounds*.

NOTES

NOTES

UPON

The Second Book.

P AG. 37. l. 21. he alludes to the (a) λαμπαδη-
δρομία, the Race of Torches, of the Athenians,
where the Racers carried a Lamp, and when they
had performed their Courses delivered it to the
next; from whence λαμπαδευέω is used to sig-
nifie, to deliver successively, and in order. Thus (b)
Plato: Γενῶντες καὶ ἐκτρέφοντες παῖδας καὶ δάω περ λάμ-
παδος ἢ βίον ὡς δίδοντες ἄλλοις ἢ ἄλλων. Begetting
and breeding Children, as it were delivering the Lamp of
Life.

p. 39. l. 1.

All have their *Motions* from their *Seeds*.---

When (c) Democritus had given only two Pro-
perties to Atoms, Bulk, and Figure; Epicurus be-
stowed a third, Weight: ἀνάγκη γὰρ (φῆσι) τὰ σώ-
ματα κινεῖσθαι τῇ τῷ βάρους πληγῇ, ἐπεὶ ὃ κινηθῆσεται;

(a) Casaubon in Persum. Sat. 6: (b) lib. 6. de Legibus
(c) Plutarchi de placitis Philosophorum, lib. 1.

'Tis necessary that Bodies should be mov'd by their weight, otherwise they would not be mov'd at all: and beside this, he endowed his Atoms with other motions, $\kappa\tau\epsilon\pi\epsilon\chi\lambda\iota\sigma\iota\nu$, & $\kappa\tau\epsilon\pi\lambda\eta\gamma\lambda\omega$: of inclination, and of stroak, which two last, tho prest with a thousand peculiar difficulties, yet because they depend on the other motion $\kappa\tau\epsilon\delta\delta\mu\lambda\omega$, downwards, which proceeds from the weight, are likewise liable to all those exceptions that may be made against that. First then, that Weight is not a property of Atoms, is evidently proved from the difference of Weight in Bodies: For take a Cube of Gold, and hollow it half thro, and weigh it against a solid Cube of Wood of the same dimension; that Gold, tho it hath lost all its Matter, and consequently half its weight by the hollow, is twenty times heavier than the Wood: from whence the Consequence is natural, and easie. For if Weight were a property of Matter, it would be impossible that that hollow piece of Gold should out-weigh the Wood, because the Wood cannot contain a ten times greater vacuity than that Hollow. And this Argument, if applied to the Air, more strongly concludes, because that is lighter, especially if we consider that the Air is a Continuum, and not a Congeries of Particles, whirl'd about without any union, and connexion; for innumerable Experiments almost in all Fluids evince the contrary. I shall pass by those Dr. Glisson hath proposed, and content my self with one concerning the Air, which may be deduced from the faithful Tryals of the Honourable Boyle. The 38th of his Continuation of his Physico-Mechanical Experiments, sufficiently evinces, that the exhausted Receiver is quite void of all

'all Particles of Air, which evidently pro ves (as little attention to the Experiment will discover) that there is *Motus Nexûs*, as Bacon calls it, in the Air, which cannot be but in a *Continuum*: The same may be proved in Water from *Refraction*; for why are not the Rays disturbed, if the Parts are in motion? when experience tells us, that a little stirring with the finger troubles them. Not to mention, that this notion of Fluidity, tho embraced by the *Plenists*, is inconsistent with their *Hypothesis*, an ambient attending Circle being not to be found in Nature for each moving Particle; and to pass by the difficulties that press their opinion, who fancy Rest to be the Cause of Continuity, since two smooth Bodies, whose surfaces touch, and eternally rest, will never make one *Continuum*; my next Argument against the *Epicureans* is drawn from their own Principles. For suppose Weight a property of Atoms, 'tis impossible the World should be framed according to their *Hypothesis*, for how could the higher Atom descend, and touch the lower, when the motions of both were equal? Nor can that little declination, that κίνησις μὴ παρ' ἐγκλίσειν (which the *Epicureans* are so bold to assume, contrary to all sense and reason, and which (a) *Plutarch* declares as the great Charge against *Epicurus* ὡς ἀνάγκη ἐπεισδόντι κίνησιν ἐκ τοῦ μὴ οὐκ, as asserting a new motion without a cause) lessen the difficulty; for, as *Tully* argues, if all Atoms decline, then none of them will ever stick together, if only some, hoc esset quasi Provincias Atomis dare, quæ rectè, quæ obliquè ferantur. But grant there could be

(a) De Animæ Procreatione, ex *Timæo*.

a combination, and grant that combination (which is impossible) should stop in some parts of the Space, yet from the very nature of Weight, and Motion, it follows that the World, according to their Hypothesis, could not be made in that order we now perceive it. For suppose this quiet frame ; the Atoms that fall on it, as the Laws of Motion in solid Bodies require, must leap backward ; but meeting with other descending Atoms, their Resilition is soon stopt , and so they must descend again, and then striking, return, but not to so great a distance as before, because the velocity of the descent was less : and so the distance still decreasing, the Atoms in a little time must rest, and only a vast heap of Matter, close, and moveless, must lie on that supposed quiet frame as its Basis.

p. 42. l. 18.

Whence comes that freedom, &c.

Since the Epicureans acknowledge the Liberty of the Will, we may take it as a supposition already granted, and without any farther proof make use of it in our disputes against them : but because it is of great consequence, and is the foundation of Seneca's and Plutarch's discourses, *Cur Bonis malè, & Malis bene*, it deserves some confirmation. The Liberty of the Will is a power to choose, or refuse any thing after that the Understanding hath considered it, and proposed it as good, or bad. This is that τὸ ἐφ' ἡμῶν of Epictetus, and, as he calls it, ἐλευθερον, ἐκώλυτον, ἀπερεμπόδιον : free, not subject to hindrance or impediment, and Adrian delivers it as his Doctrine, τὴν παρὰ τὴν φύσιν ἢ τὴν τοῦ Ζεὺς νικῆσαι

δύ-

δύναται : our Will not Jupiter himself can fetter : Epicurus calls it τὸ πάριμάς ; and that such a power belongs to every Man , is evident from the general consent of Mankind, for every Man finds such a power in himself, and thence proceeds this agreement ; 'tis the foundation of all Laws, of all rewards, and punishments. For it would be very ridiculous for a Prince to command a stone not to fall, or break it for doing so. Origen declares, ἀρετὴς εἰάν μὴ ἀνέλθῃ τὸ ἐκύσιον, ἀνέλθῃ αὐτῆς καὶ ἡ βία and Lucian ingeniously makes Sostratus baffle Minos, after he had granted, that all men act according to the determination of Fate, ἡ ἐκάσῳ ἐπέταξε θεὸς γενέσθαι τὰ περὶ αὐτῶν ; which ordains every mans actions as soon as he is born ; and the Compassionate Philosopher, who would have all offences forgiven, produceth this argument : οὐδὲν ἄμαρτάνειν ἀλλὰ τιμωρὴν κατὰ τὴν ἀνάγκην, for none sin willingly, but are forc'd. But more, this may receive a particular confirmation from every man's experience : for let him descend into himself, he will find as great evidence for the liberty of his Will, as for his Being, as Cartes delivers ; tho he is extreamly mistaken, when he tells us in a Metaphysical Extasie, *A quocunque sumus, & quantumvis ille sit potens, quantumvis fallax, hanc nihilominus in nobis libertatem esse experimur, ut semper ab iis credendis quæ non planè certa sunt & explorata, possimus abstinere, atque ita cavere, ne unquam erremus* : for what doth he in this, but determine the extent of that Power, of whose bounds he is altogether ignorant ? and placeth this Cogitation beyond his reach, whose power

to deceive is infinite, and his will equal to his ability. But let us all consider our usual actions, and we shall find every one a *demonstration*. For let a thousand men think on any thing, and propose it to my choice, I will embrace, or reject it according to their desire, which necessarily proves my *Liberty*; unless these Thousand or perhaps the whole World, were determined to think on the same thing, I was to act. For my part, if any one would take the *bit* and *bridle* of Fate, I shall not envy him the honour; nor be very willing to *blind* my self, to have the convenience of a *Guide*. Let *Velleius* think it a Commendation for *Cato* to be good, *quia aliter esse non potuit*, and *Lucan* agree with him in his sentence: I should rather be freely so.

This is opposed by those who imagine the Soul *material*, and therefore all her Actions *necessary*; because *matter* once moved, will still keep the same *motion*, and the same *determination* which it received, which must needs destroy all *Liberty*, and evidently proves the *Epicurean Hypothesis* to be inconsistent with it. Others urge *Præscience*, and think themselves secure of victory, whilst the *Deity* is on their side. The weakness of the former Opinion will hereafter be discovered; and *Cartes* hath said enough to silence the later objection: *His difficultatibus nos expediemus, si recordemur mentem nostram esse finitam, Dei autem potentiam, per quam non tantum omnia, quæ sunt, aut esse possunt, ab æterno præscivit, sed etiam, voluit, ac præordinavit esse infinitam, ideoque hanc quidem à nobis satis attingi, ut clarè & distinctè percipiamus ipsam in Deo esse; non autem satis comprehendi, ut videamus quo pacto liberæ hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat; libertatis autem satis comprehendi, ut vi-*
deamus

deamus quo pacto liberæ hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat. Libertatis autem, et indifferentiæ quæ in nobis est, nos ita conscios esse ut nihil sit quod evidentius & perfectius comprehendamus. Absurdum enim esset, propterea quod non comprehendimus unam rem, quam scimus ex natura sua nobis debere esse incomprehensibilem, de alia dubitare, quam intime comprehendimus, atque apud nosmet ipsos experiri.

p. 50. l. i.

Are infinite, &c.

The rest of this Book is spent to prove, that the Figures of Atoms are very various, that those of each shape are infinite; and this last is the greatest absurdity imaginable. For infinite Atoms must fill all the space that is; for if there is any place that can receive another, there may be conceived an addition to the former number, and therefore to say it was infinite is absurd: and this proves, that the infinite Atoms of Epicurus can be nothing else but a vast heap of dull moveless Matter, coextended with the infinite Space. And how then the World could be made, how these various alterations of Bodies, all which proceed from motion, 'tis difficult to be conceived: and this likewise presseth the Hypothesis of Cartes, and his indefinite Matter, as a little application will discover.

His next design is to free his Atoms from all sensible Qualities, which he convincingly performs; and is of late seconded by so many Experiments of the Honourable Boyl, that 'tis now past all doubt. And if we can believe our senses, we must forsake Forms and Qualities, and allow what we formerly called such,

to be only *Phantasms* arising from the stroak of external Bodies on our *Organs*. There is no need to discourse of his *infinite Worlds*, or the decay of *this*; those Opinions depending on his absurd fortuitous Concourse and falling with it, only we may bid any man that is fond of these, to look on the face of the *World* as it is painted in *Histories* down from the *Trojan Wars*, (for I press not more ancient infallible Records) about which time *Society* first began, and he will see it look as *young Now* as *Then*, and its vigor still as great.

Another fancy of his is this. *Animals*, those things of *sense*, can spring from *senseless* Seeds, and there is no need of any *Superiour Principle* to Matter, but a fit Combination of *Atoms* can *Think*, *Will*, or *Remember*, and this is endeavoured to be proved, in order to his design in his *Third Book*, where he employs all his Forces against the *immortality* of the Soul, and therefore shall be examined with it. And after that I shall take off his exceptions against *Providence*, discover the absurdities that abound in his *explication* of the *Beginning* of the *World*, the *Origine* of *Man*, and the *Rise* of *Societies*. But to examine his accounts of the particular *Phænomena*, wou'd swell into a Volum. And tho I have made *pertinent Collections* for it, it will be an unnecessary task, his absurd Opinions being so palpable, and easy to be discovered, and the others being excellently confirmed by the *modern Philosophers* and agreeable to common Observation.

NOTES

NOTES

UPON

The Third Book.

Lucretius grants the Soul to be a *substance*, distinct from these visible members, and divides it into two parts, the *Soul*, properly so called, and the *Mind*, which is the governing and ruling part, and takes the Heart for its proper seat, whilst the *Soul* is diffus'd over the whole Body: but *these two* are but *one Nature*, and united, because the *Mind* can act on the *Soul*, and the *Soul* on the *Mind*; and therefore both are *material*, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res*, and no *Action* can be without *Touch*. This *substance* of the Soul is a *congeries*, of round smooth *Atoms*, and consists of four parts: *Wind, Vapour, Air*, and a fourth *Nameless thing*, which is the *principle of Sense*. This *Soul* is not equal to the *Body*, as *Democritus* imagined but its parts are set at distance, and when prest by any external Objects, meet, and jumble against one another, and so *perceive*. This is the description of the *Epicurean Soul*, and the manner of its acting: and all the Arguments they propose against its *Immortality*, endeavour likewise to evince it *material*, and that too from the mutual acting of the *Soul & Body* on one another.

To examine each particular, I shall first grant it *material*, and then consider the validity of that *consequence*; secondly prove it *immaterial*, and show that

(d. 2)

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an *immaterial* Being can act on a *material*, and then discourse on the validity of that Consequence which infers it to be *immortal*, because 'tis *immaterial*.

And here I shall admit the distinction between *Soul*, and *Mind*, taking one to be the principle of *Life* and the other of *Sense*, but cannot allow them to be one nature because of their *mutual* acting, unless the *Body* too on the same account be but one nature with the *Soul*, which *Lucretius* himself denies. This *Mind* is seated in the *Brain*, a thousand Experiments assuring us, that when there happens any obstruction in the Nerves, the *Animal* feels not tho you cut the part that lies below the stoppage; and yet the least prick above it, raises the usual pains and convulsions. Now suppose this *Mind* *material*, and consider that it hath been already proved, that *Matter* is not *self-existent*, & therefore depends on another *Substance* for its Being; now I suppose any man will grant, that 'tis as easie to preserve, as to make a thing; for Preservation is only a continuing that Being, which is already given: and therefore tho the *Soul* were *material* yet the Consequence is weak. And thus the *Stoicks*, tho they acknowledge nothing but *Body*, τὴν δὲ ψυχὴν ἡμετέραν καὶ φθαρτὴν λέγουσιν ἐκ εὐδύς, ὅτι τὴν αἰσθητικὴν ἀπαλλοτρίωται φθίρεσθαι, ἀλλ' ὅτι μένει ἐν τῷ σώματι, καὶ ἐαυτῇ, καὶ μὴ ἀποδαίνομαι μέχρι τοῦ εἰς πῦρ ἀναλύσθαι τῷ πάντων, καὶ ὅτι τῷ ἀφρόνων πρὸς ποῦς τις χρόνος. And affirm the *Soul* to be generated and *Corruptible*; yet it is not destroyed as soon as divided from the limbs, but remains some time in that state, the *Soul* of the vicious and ignorant some few years, but those of the *Wise* and good till the general Conflagration of the *World*.

Secondly, that the *Soul* is *immaterial*, is evident from

from its operations, for when any external object presseth on the Organ, it can only move it. Now let this motion be *inward*, arising from the pressure of the external Object; or let it be an endeavour *outward*, proceeding from the *resistance* of the Heart, as Mr. Hobbs imagines; or else a little trembling of the minute parts, as the *Epicureans* deliver; yet what is either of these motions to *Sense*? For strike any piece of *Matter*, there ariseth presently that pressure *inward*, and the endeavour *outward*; and yet I believe no man accounts a *Workman* cruel for breaking a *Stone*, or striking a piece of *Timber*, tho according to this opinion, he may raise as quick a sense of pain in these, as in a man. Nor must any one object the *different figures* and contrivances of *Stones*; and *Nerves*, for those only make the motion more or less easie, but cannot alter the nature of the Pressure. Besides, let us take several round little *Balls*, and shake them in a bag that they may meet, strike and reflect, who can imagine that here is any *perception*? that these *balls* feel the motion and know that they do so. And indeed the *Epicureans* grant what we contend for, since they lie to a fourth nameless thing, i.e. they cannot imagine any *Matter* under any particular *Schematism* fit to think or perceive. But grant that *simple apprehension* could belong to *matter*, yet how could it unite two Things in a *Proposition*, and pronounce them agreeable? How after this conjunction, consider them again, and collect, and form a *Syllogism*? for there is no Cause of either of those two Motions, and therefore they cannot be in *matter*. For suppose two things proposed to consideration, and let their *simple pressure* on the Organs raise a *Phantasm*; this is the only motion that can be caused by the *Objects*:
 now

now let these be removed, and any *man* will find himself able to consider the *nature* of these *Objects*, compare their properties, and view their agreement, which must be a *distinct motion* from the former; and this too can be done several hours, months, or years, after the first pressure of the *Objects*, and after the *Organs* have been disturbed with *other motions*, and consequently the *first* quite lost: And after all this he can joyn these *two Objects*, thus compared with a *third*, and compare them again, and after that bring the two *Extreams* into a Conclusion; and all this by the strength of his own judgement, without the help, the pressure, or direction of any external impulse. Besides, the *Epicureans* grant they have a Conception of *Atoms*, *Void*, and *infinite*, of which they could never receive any *Image* and consequently no *cause* of their Conception; *matter* being not to be moved, but by *material Images*, and those too of equal bigness with the *Corpuscles* that frame the Soul. Other Reasons may be produced from the *disproportion* of the *Image* of the *Object* to the *Organ*, it being impossible that any thing should appear bigger than the *Organ*, if *Sense* were only the *motion* of it, or of some parts contained in it; because it would be able to receive no more *motion*, than what came from some part of the *Object* of equal dimensions to it. But I hasten to show, that an *immaterial Being* can act on a *material*. And here we must mind again, that the *sublunary Matter* is not *self-existent*, and therefore depends on something that is so: now this *Being* cannot be *Matter*, for all *Matter* is *divisible* and therefore inconsistent with *necessary existence*; now this *Substance*, as *He created*, so he must move *Matter*, for *Motion* is not a necessary Mode of it, as every mans Senses will evince.

evince: And 'tis the same thing to create and preserve a Being, with such and such a Mode or Accident, as it is barely to create it. And this infers that *He* can act on *Matter* as much as the *Soul* now doth, and this Action is not any thing distinct from his *Will*; the same *Power* that created, moves it; and that this may be easily conceived every man hath a *secret Witness* in himself, and may be convinced from his own actions. But let us consider a little farther, and we shall find *Motion* as difficult to be conceived as this *mode of acting*; for those that define *motion* to be only a *successive mode of Being in respect to Place*, only tell us the *Effect* of it, when we enquire after its *Nature*: I shall therefore take it for a *Physical Being*, and distinct from *Matter*, as its transitions out of one *Body* into another sufficiently evince; and any man may easily observe how full of contradictions *Cartes* is, when he treats of this Subject, having determined *Motion* to be only a *mode of Matter*. Now all the definitions of the Philosophers prove, that we have no *Idea* of this but from its effects; and therefore its manner of *acting*, of *transition*, &c. is as hard to be conceived, as the *mode of Action* in an *immaterial Substance*; and yet no man doubts it.

Thirdly, there is a great contest about *Brutes*, some allowing them *perception*, others asserting them to be nothing but *Machins*, and as void of all sense as an *Engine*. This later Opinion is irreconcilable to their *Actions*, and to that experience we have of their *docility*, and the relations of their *Cunning*, even from those mens mouths, which are great sticklers for this fancy: and this arises from a common Opinion, that if they grant *Brutes immaterial Souls*

(as they must do if they allow them *perception*) the *Consequence* will be unavoidable; *Therefore they are immortal.* But to speak freely, I could never perceive any strength in this argument ; and if I had no stronger convictions, I could subscribe to *Sene- ca's Opinion.*

(a) *Jurabat de Anima eternitate querere, imo me- hercule credere ; credebam enim facile opinionibus mag- norum virorum rem gravissimam promittentium, magis quam probantium.* For *Immateriality* doth not infer necessity of *Existence*, or put the thing above the power of him that framed it : And therefore *Im- mortality* is a gift of the Creatour, and might like- wise have been bestowed on *Matter* ; and therefore *Beasts* may be allowed *Substances* capable of *Percep- tion*, which may direct, and govern them, and die, and be buried in the same Grave with their Bodies. But we have such great evidence for the *immortality* of the *Mind* of Man, both from the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, and infallible *promises*, that I could not give a firmer assent, nor have a stronger ground for my *Opinion*, if the *Proofs* could be reduced to *Fi- gures*, and proposed in *Squares*, and *Triangles*.

Besides the *general*, he produces many *particular* arguments, from the different operations of the *Soul* in the several stages of our life. He had obser- ved (and who can be ignorant of that) that tho both in *Childhood*, *Youth*, and *old Age* the notices of external Objects are equally clear and perfect, yet at first our apprehensions and our memories are weak, our judgment and reason little, and very dif- ferent from the accurate perception of riper years.

(a) *Sen. Epist. 102.*

and

and that decays again, and extream old Age slowly leads us back to our Swadling Cloaths and our Cradles : To these he adds the various distempers that are incident to man ; how sometimes the mind is lulled into a *Lethargy*, and then wak't again into a *Framtick* fit ; and how at last *Death* steals in upon our Life, and wins inch by inch till it becomes Master of the whole : And hence he infers the increase and decay of the mind, and that it is born and dies : Now these arguments cannot startle any one that considers the *immortality* of the Soul is not to be inferred from any attribute of its own substance ; but the will and pleasure of the Author of its Being : and therefore did it really suffer all those disturbances he imagines, yet who doubts but a tormented Thing may be *kept in Being* since the torment it self is not *Death* ; But Natural Philosophy will account for these distractions ; if we consider what *Life* is, and how the *Soul* must depend on the *Body* as to its operations ; If we distinguish *Life* from *Sense*, 'tis no thing else but a due motion, and digestion of the Humors ; and this agrees to *Plants* as well as *Sensibles*, They are nourisht, grow and live alike ; and an Animal dies because some of these are either lost, or depraved ; for were her habitation good and convenient, the *Soul* would never leave it, she hath no such reluctancy to *matter*, nor is so affraid of its polutions as the *Platonists* fancy, that she should be eager to be gone ; but when the *Body* fails, and is unfit for those animal motions, over which it was her office to preside, she must retire from the lump of Clay, and go to her appointed place : So that the Soul suffers nothing when the Limbs grow useles, as even Common

observation testifies, for a Palsy in the Arm or Leg, doth not impair the judgment, and often when the Limbs are feeble, and the Body sunk to an extremity of weakness, the mind is vigorous and active, and very *unequal* company for the decaying matter. And as for the Pain and Torture that accompany Death, and make the Tragedy more solemn, 'tis evident, that suppose the Soul immortal, tis impossible it should be otherwise; so that this can be no argument for the *Epicureans*, which, admit the contrary supposition, can be so easily explained: And here we must conceive the *mind* as the chiefest *part* of man, a *judging substance*, but free from all *Anticipations* and *Ideas*; a plain *Rasa Tabula*, but fit for any impressions from external Objects, and capable to make deductions from them; in order to this she is put into a Body curiously contrived, fitted with nerves and veins, and all necessary Instruments for *Animal* motion; upon these Organs external Objects act by pressure, and so the motion is continued to the Seat of this *Soul*, where she judges according to the first impulse, and that Judgment is called either *Pain* or *Pleasure*; so that the action of the Soul is still *uniform* and the same; and the various Passions arise only from the variety of the Objects she contemplates: But now because she has *memory*, and from these notices once received can make deductions; she is capable of all those *affections* which are properly called *Passions*, as Grief, Joy, &c. All which are acts of *Reason*, and are compatible to *Brutes* too, according to their degree of Perception; And besides since the *Mind* makes use of the *Body* in her most *intellectual* actions, as is evident from that weariness

rinefs that is consequent to the most *abstracted* speculations ; the *disturbance* she receives proceeds from the *unfitness* of the Organs, but she works as *rationaly* in a *mad-man* as in a *sober*, in a *Fool* as in the most *wise*, because she acts according to the utmost perfection her *Instruments* will permit.

But because this notion of a *Rasa Tabula* will not agree with those, who are fond of some I know not what *innate speculative, and Practical Ideas* ; it will be necessary to consider the instances they produce. The first is that of many *Geometrical* figures, for instance a *Chiliagon* of which we can make perfect demonstrations, which presuppose an *Idea* of the *Subject*, tho we can have no *Image* nor representation of it from our fancy ; But in proposing this instance, they do not attend, that these Properties belong to a *Chiliagon* ; because it contains so many *Triangles* which is a figure obvious enough to *Sense* ; The Second is that of a *Deity*, upon which *Cartes* his whole Philosophy depends ; and here he grants this to be *imperfect*, i. e. really *none at all*, because not agreeable to the Object whose *Idea* it pretends to be : yet this is enough to guide us in our *Religion*, because the highest our minds can reach ; But even this we have from *Sense* ; from the consideration of the *imperfections* of all things with which we are conversant, we rise to the knowledge of an *All-perfect* ; so that all the *Attributes* we can conceive are just in opposition to what we discover here ; and therefore according to the different apprehensions that men have entertained of such Things so various have been their notions of the *Deity*, as is evident from the *Heathen World* ; And this makes way to discover how we got all those particular

particular notions which we call the *Law of Nature*, and are said to be written in our hearts : For when man was first created in his perfect state, without any prejudice of *Infancy* or *Education* ; He had as much knowledge as was designed for that order of Creatures , in the Universe ; the notions of all things were clearly represented, and *Good* and *Evil* appeared naked, and in their proper shapes : these notions have been delivered down to us, and from these once made plain the mind necessarily infers such practical rules as are called the *Law of Nature* : And this explication will give an account of the diversity of Manners and Opinions amongst men : and the various interchanges of Barbarity, and Civility thro the World.

NOTES

NOTES

UPON

The Fourth Book.

PAG. 103. l. 19. *And show pale Ghosts, &c.*
 After He had copiously discoursed of the *Nature of the Soul*, and endeavoured to prove it *Mortal*, he goes on here, and pretends, to solve *One Argument* which still seemed to press his *Opinion*, and that is drawn from the various *Apparitions* that sometimes present the *Image* of our deceased Friends, and makes so lively and vigorous impression on the fancy, that we cannot but think them real, and something beside naked *imagination*: But because he *intermixes*, this with his discourse of the *Senses*, and makes it depend on the *Epiceurean* explication of *Vision*, I shall be obliged briefly to consider his *Doctrine*, and that being overthrown, discourse of the strength of the *Argument*: Well then, not to trouble him about his other *Senses*, concerning *Vision* he delivers this; *Thin subtle Images constantly rise from the surfaces of all Bodies, which make an Impression on our Organs, & then the notice is communicated to the soul.* To confute this, we need look no farther than his own *Principles*, & consider that he hath made *Weight* a Property of *Matter*, and an Endeavour *Downward* a necessary Adjunct: and therefore all motion *upward* is violent, and proceeds from external pressure, or impulse.

Now

Now any man knows that the *species* are propagated any way with equal ease, and we see as well when the Object is placed *below* our Eye, as when *above* it : But there is no *force* to make these *Images* rise, and therefore 'tis impossible they should. Their own *Nature* opposes, the Air (as all must grant) that lyes behind the *Object*, is unfit to give this impulse to the solid parts of the upper surface, *that on the side*, to drive it upward: and I believe none will think these *Images* are raised by the *Air* that is perpendicular to the *superficies*; and this Argument more strongly concludes, if we consider his explication of *Distance*, for there he requires that these *Images* should drive on all the *Air* between the *Object* and the *Eye*, tho it often resists and beats furiously against them, which cannot be done, but by a considerable *force*, and a greater *strength* than can be allowed these subtle *Forms*, tho rising from any *Body* in the most convenient *posi-tion*, and when their *Weight* can assist their Motion : But more ; if such *Images* arose, it must be granted that the *Object* must seem changed every *Minute*, and it would be impossible to look upon a *Cherry* for the Space of an hour, and still perceive it *blush* with the same Colour ; because every *Image* that moves our Eye, cannot be above one hundred times thinner than the skin of *that Fruit*; for I believe any man will freely grant that *this skin* so divided will be too *transparent* to be perceived: or if it may still be seen, let the *division* proceed, and at last the *Absurdity* will press, & follow too fast, and too closely to be avoided : I shall not mention, that *contrary Winds* must disturb these *Images*, break their loose order, and hinder their passage; but only take notice, That 'tis impossible such *Images*, should enter at the *Eye*, and
 repre-

represent an *Object* as great as we perceive it: for these *Images* rising from the *surface*, must proceed by *parallel* lines; and their *parts* maintain as great a distance as the parts of the Body whence they Sprang; because they come from every part of the *Object*, and are commensurate to it; and therefore cannot be pressed closer without *Penetration* or *Confusion*.

But suppose *Vision* might be thus explained, grant every one like the Man in *Seneca* had his own Image still walking before him yet *Imagination* and *Thought*, have their peculiar difficulties.

Pag. 123. l. 31.

These pass the Limbs, &c.

Tully examining this *Opinion* saies, *Tota Res, Vellei, nugatoria est*, and adds farther, *Quid est quod minus probari potest, quam omnium in me incidere Imagines, Homeri, Archilochi, Romuli, Numæ, Pythagoræ, Platonis, nec eâ formâ quâ illi fuerint? quomodo ergo illi?* Let us consider our *Dreams*, where the powers of *Fancy* and *Imagination* are most observable, These our *Poet* explains by entring *Images*, which pass thro the body and strike the *soul*: How deficient this is any one may be satisfied from his own *Observation*, for *That* will tell him that he dreams of things at a vast distance, and not thought on for some Months: What then? Can the *Image* pass thro those large tracts of Air whole and undisturbed? Are they not as thin a substance as the *Epicurean soul*, and as easily dissolved? Can they enter the *Pores* of the Body and still preserve their order, and the *Mind* be accounted mortal for the same way of passage, and thus be used as an Argument against its *Infusion*? Strange power of
Pre-

Prejudice ! that can blind the *sharpest Eyes*, make them dull and unfit to be moved by these *thick* and almost *palpable* Errors, but perchance there is no *Image* of an *Absurdity*, and therefore we must excuse the *Epicurean*: Beside, some things are presented to our *Imaginations*, of which there can be no *Image*; a *Harp* seems to sound, when it lyes *silent* in the *Case*; when there is no brisk *vibration*, of the strings to impel the ambient *Air*, and create a sound ; for *sound* doth not consist of parts that fly from the *Body*, (as *Lucretius* *imagins*) 'tis only an agitation of the Rigid parts of the *Air*, as a Thousand Experiments can evince, but Two may suffice ; *One* is taken from *Common Observation* : For touch the sounding Wire of *Virginals* at one end, and the noise ceases, tho the *Touch* cannot hinder the flux of *Atoms*, from any part, but that which it immediately presseth. The *Other* is known to all, who have heard that a *Bell* will not sound in the *exhausted Receiver*, tho the parts might there fly off with greater ease : they being not troubled with any *Ambient resisting Air*.

Pag. 126. l. 3.

Unless she sets her self to think, &c,

It being demanded why any man could think on what he pleased, the answer is; That *Images* are constantly at hand, but being very thin and subtle they cannot be perceived unless the *Mind* *endeavours* ; which tho pressed by all the difficulties proposed concerning *Images*, yet may receive a farther examination. For first, the *Mind* must think on the *Object* before this *endeavour*, else why should she strive, why apply her self particularly to that ? and that this At-

gument is strong against the *Epicureans*, is evident from that question which *Lucretius* propoſeth in his fifth Book, about the beginning of *Ideas* in his Deities, which I have already reflected on. But more : This *Endeavour* of the *Mind* is a *Motion*, Nothing being to be admitted in the *Epicurean Hypotheſis* but what may be explained by *Matter* variously figured and agitated : Now *Epicurus* hath ſet- tled but Three kinds of *Motion*, $\chi\tau\iota$ $\sigma\alpha\delta\mu\lambda\omega$, $\chi\tau\iota$ $\pi\alpha\rho\acute{\epsilon}\gamma\chi\lambda\iota\sigma\iota\nu$, and $\chi\tau\iota$ $\pi\lambda\eta\gamma\lambda\acute{\omega}$, and the two latter neceſſarily ſuppoſe the former, and therefore if that $\chi\tau\iota$ $\sigma\alpha\delta\mu\lambda\omega$ cannot belong to the Soul, 'tis abſurd to conclude this *endeavour* to be either of the latter ; And here it muſt be conſidered, that the *Epicurean* Soul is *Material*, and therefore *Weight* is a *Property* of all its parts, which will neceſſitate this Soul, to ſubſide in all the Veſſels of the Body, as low as poſſible ; and therefore it cannot actually enjoy this motion, and conſequently no *Endeavour*.

Here I might be copious (for 'tis an eaſie task) in laying open the weakneſs of the Arguments by which he endeavours to prove that our *Limbs* were not made and deſigned for proper Offices and Employments; it would be an endleſs trouble to purſue him thro all the *Absurdities* which lie in his *Opinions* concerning *Sleep*, and *Spontaneous motion*, for every Man hath his own conſtant experience to confute them, and therefore as *Lactantius* thinks a loud laughter the only ſuitable reply to the former, let the others be contented with the ſame answer ; nor hinder me in the proſecution of the propoſed Argument.

And here it must be confessed, that a Thousand of these Stories are the genuine productions of *fear* and *fancy*: *Melancholy* and *Inadvertency* have not been unfruitful; and we owe many of them to *Superstition*, *Interest*, and *Design*: but to believe all counterfeited because some are so, is unreasonable, and shows a *perverseness*, as faulty as the greatest *credulity*. For when such are attested by multitudes of Excellent Men, free from all Vanity, Design or Superstition, who had the testimony of their Senses for their assurance, and would not believe it till after curious search, and tryal; we must assent, or sink below *Scepticism* it self, for *Pyrrho* would fly a threatening Dog, and make his excuse, *χαλεπὸν μὲν ὅλον τ' ἀνθρώπων ἐκδύναί*: 'tis hard to put off the whole Man: And that there are such Stories delivered with all the marks of Credibility, I appeal to the Collection of Mr. *Glanvil*. Let any one look on that which is recorded by the Learned Dr. *Gale* in his Notes upon the Fifth Chapter of the Third Section of *Iamblichus de Mysteriis*, and then I shall give him leave to use his *Atoms* and his *Motion* to the greatest advantage, but for ever despair of an explication: The Story speaks thus in *English*. ' In *Lambeth* lives one *Francis Culham*, an honest man, and of good credit, this man lay in a very sad condition Four Years, and Five Months: The first Symptom was unusual *Drowsiness* & a *Numness* for three days, which forced him to take his Bed: In the first Month he took little or no meat or drink, the second, he fasted Ten days and often afterward Five, or Seven: He fed on Raw and Boyled meat with equal greediness, never moved himself in the bed, and waked constantly

stantly for the First years, at last never closed his Eyes, but kept them fixt and steddy. He made no Articulate sound, nor took any notice of his Wife, and Children, nor seemed to feel the Knives and Lances of the Chyrurgions. At last given over by all, he thus unexpectedly recovered : In the *Whitsun* week 1675. He seemed to be wakned out of a very sound Sleep, and (as he relates it) his Heart, and Bowels grew warm, and his breast freed from that weight which before oppressd it, and he heard a voice which bid him go to *Prayers*, and then he should be well : Paper and Ink being brought, with a trembling hand he writ these words, *I desire that Prayers be made for me*, Two Ministers came, and when they had sufficiently examined the matter, and found it free from all cheat, they began those Prayers which the *English Liturgy* appoints for the Sick, and when they were come to *Glory be to the Father, &c.* The Sick man spake with a loud voice, *Glory be to God on high.* And in two days time, his Feet, Hands, and other Limbs, were perfectly restored : but he could not remember any thing that was done to him during all the Four Years : and this Relation I assert to be very true : Now tho such as these do not directly prove the *immortality* of the Soul, yet they sufficiently take off all pretensions of the *Epicureans* against it ; since they evidently prove, That there are some *subtle unseen Substances* permanent, and durable, and consequently *Immaterial*, for they cannot imagine, that any Material substance thinner than Smoak or Air, can be less subject to dissolution than those ; tho they contradict themselves, and grant the Eternal Bodies of their Deities to be such.

Pag. 116. l. 18.

He that would establish a *Criterion*, is certain to have the *Sceptrick* for his Enemy, and what is more uncomfortable, to be unable to confute him : He is an *Animal* incapable of conviction, his folly may be exposed, but to endeavour to bring him to sense and reason is as wild a design,

— ut si quis *Asellum*
In campum doceat parentem currere frenis.

Pyrrho would venture on a *Præcipice* in spight of his senses, and tho the more *Sober* are careful of their lives, yet they are as proof against convictions ; a perverse sort of creatures, born to contradict, and instructed in all the studied methods of foolery : Scepticism according to their own definition is δύναμις ἀντιθετική φαινομένων, καὶ νοουμένων ; its effect, is freedom from Assent, and its end Serenity. The Principle of the Sect is, παντί λόγῳ λόγον ἴσον ἀντιθεῖν, yet this is not proposed as a Dogma, for that is an assent, τινὶ πράγματι τῶν καὶ τὰς ἐπισήμας ζητούμενων ; nor is it laid down as so in its self, and a real Truth ; but only in appearance, and therefore *Empiricus* prefaceth his discourse with these words, προέπων ὅτι περὶ ἔδανος καὶ λεχθέντων διαβεβαίεται ὡς ἔτις ἔχοντες πάντας καὶ δάπερ λέγω. And yet they follow their natural Appetite for their preservation, seek the good and profitable, and fly the bad and hurtful according to appearance, for they do not deny but that they may

may be warm and cool, and are capable of pain, and Pleasure; yet none, like a dogmatist, affirms it as *ὑπάρχον*, but *τὸ αὐτῷ παινόμενον καὶ πᾶθος ἀπαιγόμεναι τὸ αὐτῷ ἀδοξάσας*. The Law of their Country, is the rule of *Just* and *Right*, and the *Custom* of the nation determines their *Religion*.

This is the face of a *Sceptick* as it is drawn by his own hand, and since we find it condemned to *diffidence*, there are some reasons sure of this unsettledness, this *ἐποχὴ*; and some propose Ten, others Fifteen, and others increase the number; but one will comprehend them all, and that is enough to ruin every science in the world; 'Tis taken from the variety of Opinions about the same thing: for there can be no appeal for a decision, because he that would judge, acts by the same faculties that those do that are at strife, and so he that loses the Cause will be still dissatisfied, and to invert *Sensus, Citius inter Horologia quam Philosophos convenit*. This difference riseth from the various tempers of mens Bodies, the dispositions of their Organs, and situation of the Object; Thus Melancholly and Sanguine take different notices from the same impression, Young and Old, Sick and Healthy, Drunk and Sober do not agree; nor is it enough to answer that some of these are indisposed, whilst the others are in order; for since that *Change* is nothing but an *alteration* of the Humors, they demand a reason why such and such a disposition should be more capable of receiving Impresses from Objects that are agreeable to the nature of the things, than another: Besides they observe, that the *Complexions* of Animals are various, and the texture of their *Organs* diffe-

different: so that there cannot be the same refractions in their eyes, the same windings in their ears; and therefore not the same notices from the same Objects; And indeed did the *Scepticks* proceed no farther than *Sensible Qualities*, we must acknowledge them to be very happy in the discovery; for 'tis certain that those are *Phantasms* alone, and those that think Honey sweet, and those that think it bitter have equally true representations of the Object, because the little parts of Honey act upon both their Organs according to their figure.

Hence they proceed to deny all first *Principles*, and so are put beyond all possibility of Conviction, for still demanding proof after proof, they must reel on to eternity without satisfaction; But this is too long a Journey, and too fruitless a trouble to pursue, and so we must take our leaves of these *contradicting Animals*; who have no other reason to deny the clear light of Science, but because some mens Eye are too weak to look steddy upon it.

NOTES

NOTES

UPON

The Fifth Book.

PAG. 144. Here begins his *Impiety* anew, and he endeavours to raise a *dust*, and blind mens understandings, and to secure his former *Opinion* pretends Objections intermixt with Scoffs, against all those, who upon *sober Principles*, and a strict search into the order and disposition of Things, were forced to confess this *Frame* to be the contrivance of some *intelligent Being*, and the Product of *Wisdom* it self. And here, agreeable to the *Epicurean Principles*, he supposeth *Interest* to be the cause of all *good nature*, and the only *spring* of *Action*, and then peremptorily demands, what *suitable returns* Man could make the *Gods* for all their labour, or what *additional happiness* they could receive? Where he makes another wild *supposition*, which will never be granted, viz. That to *create*, or *dispose*, is *toyl*, and *trouble* to *Omnipotence*, for such I have proved every *eternal*, and *self-existent* to be. Now let us look a little on the immoderate Praises he bestows on his *Epicurus*, and ask him what rewards could *Posterity* give him for his *Philosophy*, how could he receive any benefit from their *praises*, and *Commendations*? What then

was

was his *God Epicurus* a fool, who lost his own Ease, opposed himself to so many *Philosophers*, and laboured to write almost *infinite Volumes*, when he had no motive to engage himself in all this trouble? No, *Lucretius* highly esteems him for the benefits he bestowed on Mankind; and thus answers himself, whilst he allows *single benevolence* to be a strong motive to Action: And this is allowed by *general consent*, he being hated who looks only on his own interest, and makes that the measure of all his designs. And that the *Deity* is *benevolent* in the highest degree, is as evident as that it is a perfection to be so: for 'tis already proved, that *infinite perfection* is a necessary consequence of *self-existence*. But when he endeavours to prove, that *to Be* is no good to man, what but laughter can be returned to such an idle opposition of common Sense? For if, to be continued in *Being* is so great a Good, and so desirable, as all mens wishes and endeavours sufficiently evince, then surely to bestow that *Being*, is at least an equal blessing. And to answer his *impudent question*, How the *Deity* could have his *Knowledge*? 'tis sufficient to return, that his *method* of Knowing is not to be measured by ours, that he is *Omniscient*, that being a *perfection*, nor needs any external impulse from Images.

But leaving this, he finds fault with the *Contrivance* it self, and, like that proud King of *Arragon*, could no doubt have mended the Design. And here tho' 'tis unreasonable to demand a particular Cause and Motive for every Contrivance, since we are not of the Cabinet-Council of *Nature*, nor assisted at her *Project*, yet his Exceptions (no doubt the best his labouring Wit could invent) are so weak, so of-

ten answered, and so easily (on Principles grounded on certain History, and infallible Record) to be accounted for, that there is no need to frame a particular Answer, and no fear that any, the meanest Reader, can ever be surpris'd with such Trifles.

Having as he imagined, freed the *Deity* from all care and trouble, and kept him in ease and quiet, whilst the *world was making*, he proceeds to delineate the Order. And here I cannot imagine a man could act more agreeable to his Principles or describe, *chance* better; resolving all *Philosophy*, all our search, and enquiry into these matters, into a *naked May be*; nay often scarce standing within the *comprehensive* bounds of Possibility. But to pass by all the Contradictions that lie in the very Principles, and beginning of his *Hypothesis*, of which I have before discours'd; let us suppose these *infinite Atoms* moving in this *infinite Space*, and grant they could strike, and take hold, and squeeze out the lesser and more agile parts into Seas, Heaven, Moon, Stars, &c. I shall first demand, why this *weighty Mass* of Earth, as its nature requires, doth not constantly descend? why fixt and steady? If tis answered (as *Lucretius*) that it lies in *cogeneal Matter*, and therefore presses not, the question still returns, Why not this *cogeneal Matter* fall, since it hath Weight, the *Epicurean* property of Atoms hath that other *fit Matter* spread below it? The Demand constantly returns. Besides, this *Matter* was squeezed out of the Earth by the descending heavier particles, and therefore the Mass may press and descend thro it. Well then if his Earth cannot be framed, neither any of the other Elements, since, according to his description, the latter de-

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pende

pend on the former ; and since he refuses to stand to any one cause of the *motion* of the Sun, or Stars ; it would be endless to pursue this flying Bubble, and follow him thro all the mazes of Conceit, and Fancy.

p. 171. l. 14.

Then Neighbours, &c.

Those that endeavour to disgrace *Religion*, usually represent it as a *trick of state*, and a Politick invention to keep the *credulous* in Awe; which however absurd and frivolous, yet is a strong argument against the *Atheist*, who cannot declare his *Opinions*, unless he be a *Rebel*, and a disturber of the Commonwealth : The Cause of *God*, and his *Cesar* are the same, and no affront can be offered to *one*, but it reflects on *both* ; and that the *Epicurean* Principles are Pernicious to *Societies*, is evident from the account they give of the rise of them. First then we must imagine men springing out of the *Earth*, as from the teeth of *Cadmus* his *Dragon*, (*fratres fungorum, & tuberum*, as *Bias* called the *Athenians*, who counted it a great glory to be *Αυτόχθονες*,) and like those too, *fierce*, and *cruel* ; but being softened by *natural* decay, and length of *Time*, grew mild ; and weary of *continual* wars, made leagues, and combinations, for *mutual* defence and security ; and invested some *Person* with power to overlook each mans actions, and to punish, or reward those that broke, or kept their promises. Now if *Societies* began thus, 'tis evident that they are founded on *Interest* alone, and therefore *self-preservation* is the only thing that obliges Subjects to *Duty* ; and when they are strong enough to live without the
pro-

protection of their *Prince*, all the bonds to *Obedience* are cancelled, and *Muriny* and *Rebellion* will necessarily break forth ; for we all know, how ambitious every man is of *Rule*, how passionately he desires it, and eagerly follows, tho ten Thousand difficulties attend the pursuit : What if he breaks his *promise*, recalls his *former* consent, and acts against the *Law* that was founded on it? Why need he be concerned, if he hath got the *longest sword*, and is above the fear of Punishment ; will not a prospect of *certain profit* lead him on to villany ? and why should his *Conscience* startle at wickedness, that is attended with pleasure ? since all the *Epicurean* virtues are nothing but *Fear*, and *Interest*, and the *former* is removed, and the *latter* invites. 'Tis true as *Lucretius* says, strange discoveries have been made, and *Plutarch* gives us very *memorable* Instances : Plots have been defeated, but as many proved *successful*; and how weak that single pretence how insufficient to secure *Government*, is evident from the daily *Plots*, and *Contrivances*, *Murders*, and *Treasons*, that disturb us ; tho all the *Terrors of Religion* joyn with these fears : and endeavour to suppress them. And therefore these *Opinions* are dangerous, & destructive of *Societies*, and, as *Origen* says of his *Purgatory fires*,
 ἡ ἀκρίβεια τῶν τοιούτων σαφένειαν πειθεσθαι γραφήν,
 ἃ τε τῶν πολλῶν ὡς χρηζόντων πλείονος διδασκαλί-
 ας ὡς τὴν πλείονα τῶν ἀμαρτανόντων κολάσεως,
 εἰς τὸ τὰ ὑπερέκιστα αὐτῆς ὡς χρησίμην ἀναβαίνειν διὰ τὴν
 τῶν μεγάλων φόβῳ αἰώνιου κολάσεως καὶ συνελλόντας ἐπὶ
 πόσον τὴν κακίαν, καὶ τῶν ἀπὸ αὐτῆς ἀμαρτανόντων χύπιν.
 Others tho pretending to better *Principle* than those of *Epicurus*, yet are altogether as faulty in stating the *rise*

of *Power*; and more absurd: for his *Opinion* is agreeable to his other Positions, but theirs contradict the *Creation* they assert, and the *Providence* they allow; I mean those that declare the *People* to be the *spring* and *fountain* of *Power*, and that from their *consent* all the *Authority* of the *Governour* is derived: Sure these men never considered the relation betwixt *God* and his *Creatures*; and what an *absolute dominion* he hath over those to whom he first gave, and still continues *Being*. But let us look on *Man* under that *circumstance*, and then how naked; how destitute of all *power* will he appear? how unable to dispose of himself, and submit to the *Laws* of his fellow *free Agent*? unless he endeavours as much as is possible to disown the *Right* of the *Deity*, and turns *Rebel* against the *Author* of his *Being*. For how can any one submit himself to another, without the express permission of him that hath *absolute dominion* over him? And where is that *Permission*? Is it founded on *Reason* or *Scripture*? doth *Benevolence*, or *Self-preservation*, the two proposed motives to *Society*, speak any such thing? and doth not *Scripture* expressly oppose this *Opinion*? Well then, all *Power* descends from above; 'tis the gift of that *Being* to whom it *Principally* belongs, and $\epsilon\kappa\ \tau\epsilon\ \Delta\iota\omicron\varsigma\ \beta\alpha\sigma\iota\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\varsigma$ *Kings* are from *God*, is true both in the account of the *sober Heathen*, and *good Christian*: and therefore every *King*, that ever was, or is, whether he obtains the *Crown* by *Succession*, or *Election*, (except the *Jewish*) must be acknowledged *Absolute*. *Liberty* and *Property* of the *Subjects* depend on his *Will*, and his *Pleasure* is *Law*; for none can confine or limit that *Power* which *God* bestows, but himself; And therefore to prescribe *Laws* to the *Governour*, to choose or refuse

him

him on certain *conditions*, is to invade the *Prerogative* of Heaven, and *rebell* against the *Almighty*. Thus when God designed to limit the Power of the *Jewish Monarchy*, he prescribed Laws himself; but since he hath not fixt any to other *Princes*, every *King*, as such, (for I do not respect their *particular Grants* to the People, which they are bound to observe) is Absolute.

To free this from all exception, it must be considered that the discourse is concerning the *Origine* of Power, which is now settled in some *Persons*, and by which *Communities* are govern'd; The *Epicureans* act very agreeably to their impious principles, when they make fear and distrust the only motives to agreement, and the pacts to which the *scatter'd multitude* agreed to be the foundation of the Power of the *Prince*: it being impossible for them, who had excluded *Providence*, to find any other Original: But this Opinion as delivered by them, depending upon their other absurd and impious Philosophy must be weak and irrational; yet still this notion is embraced, tho not upon the *same* motives; *Faction* and *Ambitious* propagates that *Error*, which was nothing else but *innocent ignorance* in the *Antients*; They considered Man as *Single*, unable to live with security or Comfort, because his fellows, either out of *Pride*, *Lust* or *Covetousness*, would endeavour to rob him of his *Enjoyments*, and his *Life* too, if it hindred them in the prosecution of their wishes: Thus they saw a necessity of *Government*, and because it proceeded from mans natural imperfections, they thought him, that by his *Wisdom* or his *Strength* was most fitted for the defence and preservation of others, was as it were a
Lord

Lord by nature, and Born a Sovereign: Thus, *Plutarch*, ὁ πρῶτος νόμος τῶ ἀνθρώπῳ δομένῳ ἔστιν ἐν δυνάμει ἀρχόντα καὶ φύσιν ἀποδιδόναι. 'Tis the first and most fundamental Law, that He that is able to protect, is a King by Nature to him that needs protection: Thus Historians make the Election of the first Kings to be for their strength, their wisdom or their beauty: and *Aristotle* Peremptorily determines that the Barbarians are slaves by nature to the Greeks; This was innocent enough in them, but how can we be excused who have such perfect knowledge of a Creation, who hear *Wisdom* proclaim that by her Kings reign, who made it an Article in *Edward* the 6th time, and now every day in our publick prayers profess that God is the only ruler of Princes? from whence 'tis necessarily inferred that he only bestows the Power, for if it came from the multitude, what is more evident than that they could make what Conditions they pleased, subject them to an High Court of Justice, and call them to an account if they act contrary to their pleasure? It being certain, and confirmed by Common Practice that he that voluntarily parts from his right, may do it on what terms he thinks fit: Now if it is certain (and demonstration proves it) that God is the alone giver of Power, if the Prince is, as *Plutarch* and *Menander*, εἰκὼν ἑμψυχος θεῶν a living Image of the Deity, if, as *Pliny*, qui vice Dei erga hominum Genus fungeretur, and every King whether Elective or Successive, Rules by the same Authority, as 'tis certain they do, because Both have Power, and the People can give them none; then what is more certain than that all Kings which way

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way so that they are inthroned before they have made any grants to their People are *Ab* And that their *Pleasure* is *Law*, for otherwise there could be none, that Liberty and Property depend upon their Will.

*Nam propria Telluris herum neq; me, neq; illum,
Nec quenquam statuit Natura——*

nor doth *Nature* provide more *Priviledges* for one than another: And if the *Principles* are true, and the *inference* naturally follows, as it doth, because the *People* that cannot bestow the *Power* have no right to make conditions for its *Exercise*, and set limits how far it shall extend, and make such and such agreements for the admission of the Prince; what harm is there in this *innocent* truth? for we discourse only of *Kings* as they first are, without any reference to such and such *particular* Communities, where they have been pleased to limit themselves; to grant *Priviledges* to their Subjects, and settle *Property*, and confirmed all this with *Oaths*, and engaged their Royal word, and promise before God and Man for their performance.

I suppose it is granted on all hands that the *King* is supreme, that upon any pretence whatsoever it is *Treason* to resist; and so there can be no fear of *Punishment*, no tie upon the King but his own *Conscience*; *sufficit quod Deum expectet ultorem*; yet tho the Law cannot *Punish*, it can direct: tho it is not a *Master*, it is a *Guide*, and such a one, as, because of his Oath, he is bound to follow; For tho the people cannot, He can limit himself; for being a *Rational Creature*, and intrusted with Power, without

without any particular Rules for the Guidance of it; his *Reason* is to be his director, and therefore according to the tempers and particular humors of the People, he may make Laws, settle Maxims of Government; and oblige himself to make those his *measures*, because his reason assures him that this is the best method for the preservation of the Society, the maintenance of Peace, and obtaining those ends for which he was intrusted with this Power.

And since *Princes* must dye, and Government being necessary, *Succession* is equally so, and therefore it may seem that every Prince owing his *Power* only to the same *Original* from which the first derived it, is at liberty to confirm such and such *Priviledges* and immunities which his *Predecessors* have granted; yet upon a serious view of the premised *reason*, no such consequence will follow; for since the *Predecessors* have found these Laws agreeable to the tempers of the *People*, and the only way to preserve *Peace*, 'tis evident that those are *Rational*, and since he is to use his power according to *Right reason*, there is an antecedent *Obligation* on him to assent to those Laws; and make those the measures of his Government; unless some extraordinary Case intervenes which requires an alteration of these Laws, and then that method of abrogating old, and making new ones is to be followed, which constant experience hath found *Rational*: and since a *Prince* cannot be bound by any ties but those of *Conscience*, this opinion leaves all the obligations possible upon him.

NOTES

NOTES

UPON *The Sixth Book.*

PAG. 196. l. 29.

And why doth heedless lightning, &c.

30 The last *Exceptions* which he brings against *Providence*, are drawn from that common Observation; *Good men are oppress'd with trouble, and misery, subject to all the rage and violence of the wicked; whilst the impious swell with the glories, and revel in the delights of life*: This hath been the subject of many *solicitous disquisitions*, Disputes have been multiplied; and some have been as industrious to vindicate the *methods of Providence* from all seeming irregularities as others to defame them. Some have sent us to look for *retribution* in an other World, and indeed this is an easy way of solving the difficulty, and with little pains deducible from the *immortality* of the Soul, which I have already asserted. But because to look beyond the *Grave*, requires a sharp and steady eye, I shall observe the reasons of the *Philosophers*, and propose what *Plutarch* hath excellently delivered. And here we must take notice, that only that part of the *Objection*, which concerns the prosperity and impunity of the *Wicked*, seems for-

(h)

mid-

dable, and concluding; for all those men we generally call *Good*, as their own Conscience will tell them, deserve those afflictions which the most miserable have endured. And upon this the Poets, Orators, and Historians have been very copious.

Τολμῶ καλεῖσθαι μήποτ' ἔκ εἰσιν θεοί.

Κακοὶ δ' εὐτυχῶντες ἀπηλάντισαί με.

*I dare to say no Gods direct this Whole,
For villains prosperous distract my Soul,*

says *Aristophanes*: and *Diagoras* resolved to be an Atheist, as *Empiricus* delivers, because he did not see vengeance fall presently on the perjur'd person, and consume him; *Velleius Paterculus* produceth the long and quiet Reign of *Orestes* as a convincing proof that the Gods directed him to murder *Pyrrhus*; and approved the Action: and *Martial* hath contracted all the force of the Argument into one Epigram.

Nullos esse Deos, inane Calum

Affirmat Selius, probatque quod se

Factum, dum negat hec, videt beatum.

Seneca in his Treatise, *Cur Malis bene & Bonis male, cum sit Providentia*, talks much of the Priviledge of sufferings, that to afflict argues care, and kindness; and in short, thinks this a great commendation of Vertue,

Τῖς δ' ἀπείνης ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔδρυξαν
Αἰθέρατοι ——— *Th' Immortal Powers have sweat
near vertue plac'd.* But

But this is not the way to answer the demands of an *Epicurean*, to satisfy his doubts, who had rather be accounted an happy *Servant*, than a miserable *Son of the Deity*, who would not be fond of torments; that he might show *spectaculum Jove dignum; virum fortem cum malâ fortunâ compositum*: who cannot think that fears and jealousies are the necessary products of *Irreligious* Opinions; but makes such the only Means of obtaining happiness, and perfect serenity of Mind: who is most delighted with the most pleasing *Physick*, and would think him cruel who makes use of *Saws* and *Lances*, when a gentle *Cordial* would restore the Patient to his health; we must therefore look for other Answers, and *Plutarch* presents us with enough, some of which have a peculiar force against the *Epicureans*; who confess Man to be a free *Agent*, and capable to be wrought on by Example and Precept.

First then, *Quick vengeance doth not blast the wicked that they themselves might learn Lenity, and be not greedy to revenge injuries on Others*: τὸ τέλος τῶν ἀγαθῶν τὸ ὁμοιοῦναι Θεῷ, 'tis the end of good men to be like God, says *Plato*, and *Hierocles* places the Life of the Soul in this Imitation: Here God sets forth himself an Example, and any Noble and Generous Mind would rejoyce to have the Most Excellent for a Pattern of his Actions: *Lucretius* followed *Epicurus*, because he thought him so, and the rest of the Admirers make his fancy'd *Virtues* the ground of their respect; This taken by it self, I confess, is but a weak answer, since one *Thunder-bolt* would secure them from doing mischief, whilst *mercy*, and *forbearance* often exasperate; and because God holds his tongue they think he is even such a one

as themselves : but if we consider it as a Consequent of another reason that is drawn from the *Goodness* and *Kindness* of the Deity, then it proves strong, and satisfactory.

The second Reason follows, *God doth not presently Punish wicked Men, that they may have time to become better*, and here *Plutarch* brings Examples of such whose Age was as glorious as their Youth infamous : if *Miltiades*, saith he, had been destroyed whilst he acted the part of a Tyrant: if *Cimon* in his Incest, or *Themistocles* in his Debaucheries, what had become of *Marathon*, *Erymedon* and *Dianium*, what of the glory and liberty of the *Athenians* ? for as the same Author observes, ὅθεν αὖ μεγάλα φύσεις μικρὸν ἐκφέρουσιν ὃ ἄργεῖ δι' ὀξύτητα τὸ σφοδρὸν ἐν αὐταῖς, καὶ θρασυῖον, ἀλλ' ἐν σάλῳ διαφέροντας πρὶν εἰς τὸ μόνιμον, καὶ καθεστηκὸς ἥδος εἰλθεῖν, great Spirits do nothing mean, the active Principles that compose them will not let them lye lazily at rest, but toss them as in a Tempest before they can come to a steady and settled temper.

Thirdly, the wicked are sometimes spared to be scourges to others, and execute just judgment on men of their own Principles, this is the Case of Tyrants and outrageous Conquerours ; such was *Phalaris* to the *Agrigentines*, such *Pompey* and *Cæsar* to the *Romans*, when Victory had made them swell beyond their due bounds ; and *Pride* and *Luxury* fled from other Countries upon the Wings of their Triumphant Eagles : Such *Alexander* to the *Persian* softness, and if we look abroad ten thousand Instances occur, and press upon us ; *Cedrenus* Pag. 334 tells us, that when a Monk enquired of God, why he suffered

suffered cruel *Phocas*, treacherous to his *Emperour Mauritius*, and an implacable Enemy of the *Christians*, to obtain the *Empire*, and enjoy Power as large as his Malice: a Voice, ἀρχαῖος, gave this answer to his demand, χείρονα ἔκ εὐρον πρὸς τὴν κακίαν τῶν κατωκύντων ἐν τῇ πόλει: because I could find none worse to scourge the wickedness of the Citizens: and *Alaricus* declared, ἔθελοντὲς καὶ ἐκεῖ πρὸς εἶναι, ἀλλὰ τίς καὶ ἐκαστὴν ὀχλεῖ μοι βασιανίζων, καὶ λέγων, Ἀπιδι τῶν Ρωμαίων πύρρῃσιν πόλιν: 'tis not of my own accord that I attempt this, but something will not let me rest, but urges me on, and cries, go sack Rome: and this requires that they should not be only free from punishment, but likewise enjoy wealth, and power, and all the opportunities and instruments of mischief: and this answer is equal to the *Objection* in its greatest latitude, and gives satisfaction to all those numerous little doubts which lye in the great *Objection* as it was proposed.

Fourthly, *The Impious are not presently consumed, that the Method of Providence may be more remarkable in their punishment*; The History of *Bessus* and *Nariobarzanes* in *Curtius* is an excellent instance of this; and amongst others our *Author* gives us a memorable one of *Bessus*, who having kill'd his Father and a long time concealed it, went one night to Supper to some friends, whilst he was there, with his Spear he pulled down a *Swallows Nest* and killed the Young ones, and the reason of such a strange action being demanded by the Guests, his answer was, ὃ μὲν πάλα κατὰ μαρτυροῦσιν αὐταὶ ψευδῶς,

οὐ καταβωσιν ὡς ἀπεκτενόντ' ὁ δὲ πατήρ : do not they bear false Witness against me, and cry out that I kill'd my Father ? Which being taken notice, and discovered to the Magistrate : the Truth appeared and he was executed.

A great many other reasons are usually mentioned, but these are the Principal, and suppose the *Liberty* of the Will ; for if a man follows *Fate* blindly, is *driven* on, not *persuaded* to act, if he is an *Automaton*, and moves by *Wheels* and *Springs*, bound with the chain of *Destiny* : 'tis evident that *Fate* is the *Cause* of all his miscarriages, and the Man no more to be blamed for wicked actions, than a *Clock* for irregular strikings when the Artist designs it should do so. No *Example* can prevail on him, no *promises* entice, no threatnings affright him ; being as unfit to rule himself, or determine his own actions, as a *Stone* in its descent ; and a piece of *Iron* may be said to act as freely as a man, if he is led on by *Fate*, and its motion as *spontaneous*, if *Liberty* consisted in a bare *absence* of Impediments.

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